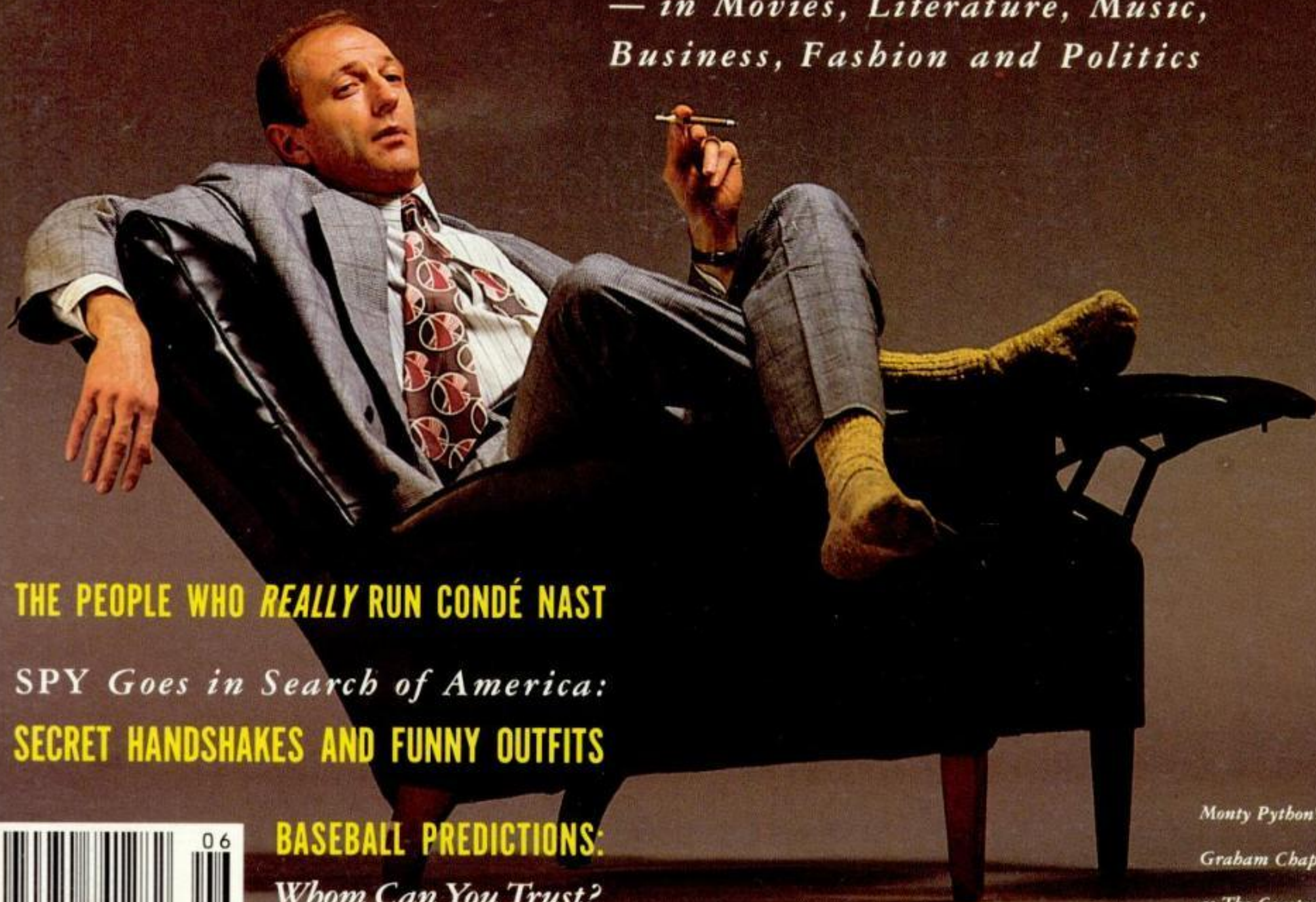


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Whom Can You Trust?

Monty Python's

Graham Chapman

as The Coaster

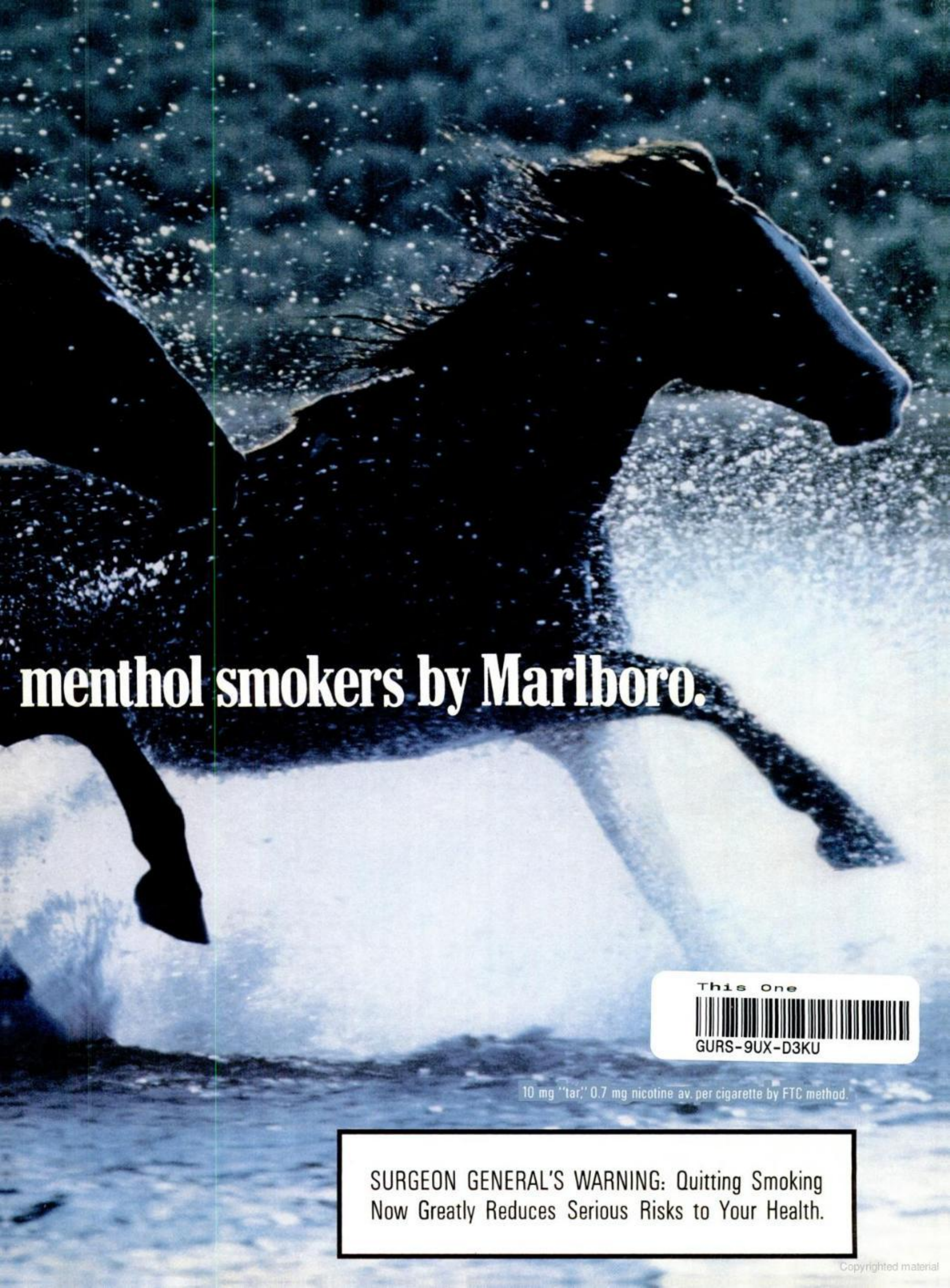


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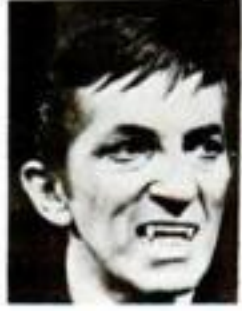
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DEPARTMENTS



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NAKED CITY

► George Bush checks his vision, the Reverend Al Sharpton plans his next move and the Mayflower Madam does stand-up. Plus, the presidential candidates grapple with culture, baseball writers predict the future and SPY gives two thumbs-up to our brand-new Blurb-o-Mat 26

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NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

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► When we look at America, we see a vast wasteland of Babbitt-like boys in white hoods and red fezzes. SPY sent NED ZEMAN to rip the sheet from the just-deposed leader of a New York faction of the Ku Klux Klan, while ERIC KAPLAN unearthed the silly secrets of the Masons, the Elks and their ilk and RANDALL SHORT discovered alarming similarities between Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt and our current president. Plus, the first map of the nation's politico-psycho-sociographic zones 70

COASTERS

► Mike Nichols, Stevie Wonder, Carl Bernstein, IBM, Yankee Stadium, CBS News and Great Britain: all coast on the memory of bygone glories. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS assays those with high profiles and low productivity. Plus MIMI SHERATON on Coaster restaurants 84

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OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

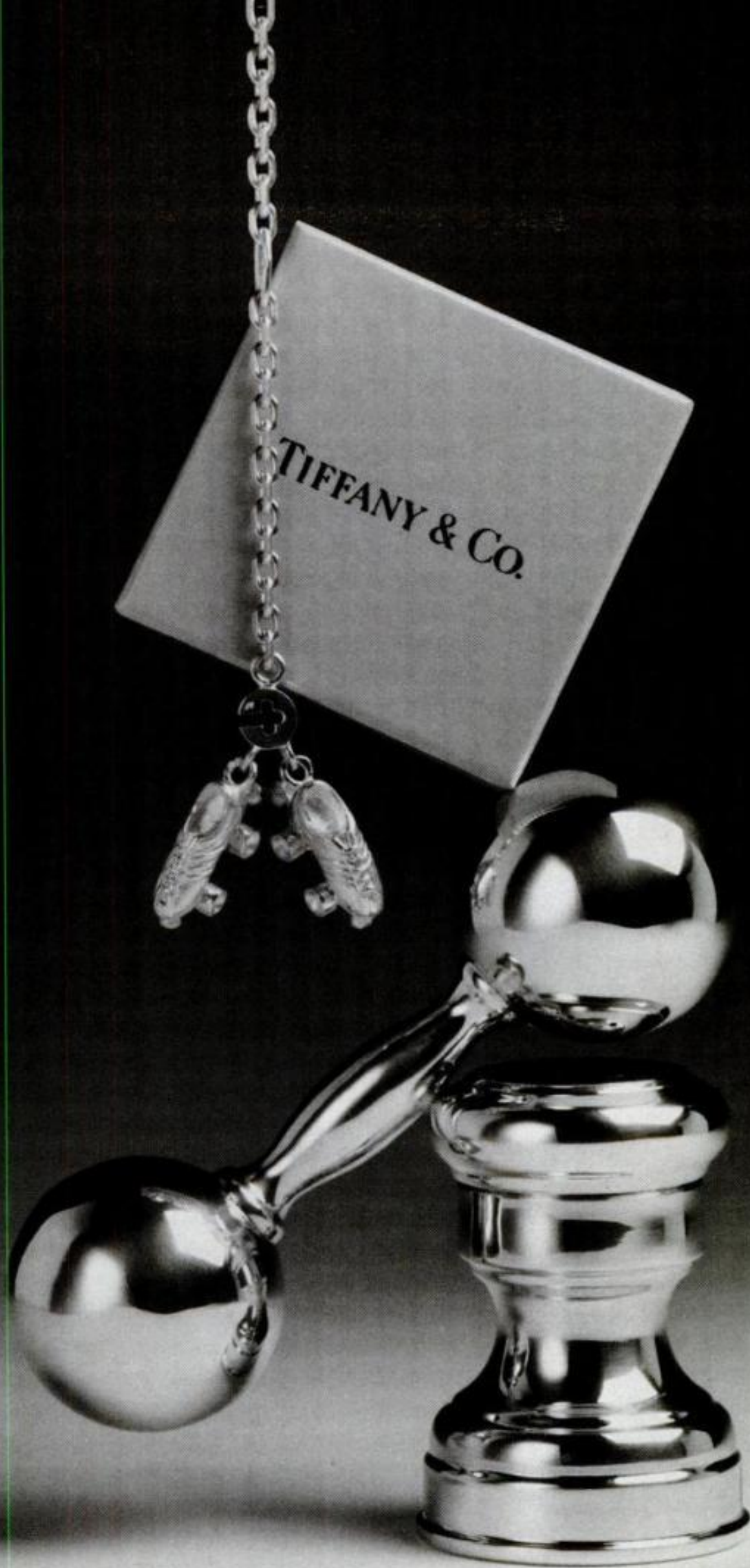
► BY ROY BLOUNT JR. 120



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JUNE 1988



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Oh, we could understand how you might make that mistake. Entertainment magazines aren't quite *The Atlantic Monthly*. But entertainment magazines aren't US, either.

Our reader is a far cry from a gum-chewing teenager or your grandaunt who's devoted to soaps.

Our median age is 31. (Not quite what you thought, is it?) And she's educated. She's got more schooling, in fact, than all of the Seven Sisters.

About half our readers are single.

They earn over \$30,000 a year. They've got money to spend. And they spend it on themselves. They buy clothes, they buy cars, they travel. And they go out like crazy. They're your media estimator, your account executive, your young executive on the way up.

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macy's

From the SPY mailroom: Luc Sante's exploration of the Zarem Letters ("Sincerely, Bobby," March 1988) has, predictably, sparked lively debate among scholars seeking to understand the Bobby Zarem phenomenon, and has also encouraged others

to share anecdotes and reminiscences.

One anonymous writer, who worked for The Master for a year, contributes some Zarem-

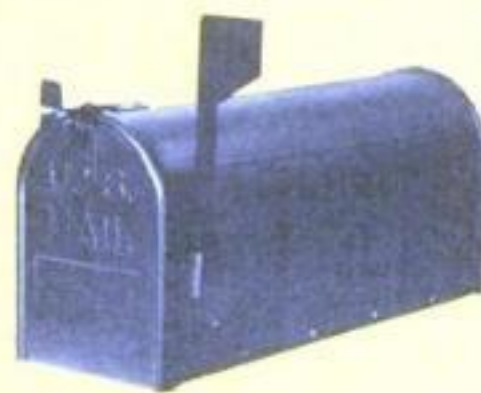


abilia that is significant by anyone's standards—a breathtaking inside glimpse of the typical Zarem lunch order: "two turkey sandwiches on toast with lettuce, half a cantaloupe, regular coffee and tomato juice." The same writer also describes the mechanics of "Bobbying"—appending the Zarem signature to correspondence—and admits that even after a solid year of Bobbying under Zarem's expert eye, "[neither] I nor anyone else could make a y curve like he could." Another writer (and former SPY staff member), Lisa Lampugnale of Trumbull, Connecticut, has expressed her awe at Zarem's managing to track her down at her home address, via the post, to impart vital information concerning the impending movie-stardom of comic Jackie Mason. SPY hopes that these and other testimonials will shed even more light on the enigma that is Bobby Zarem.

Summer is nigh, and as summer activities go, internships at SPY are second in popularity only to mowing lawns. With good reason: it's generally known by now that Eric Kaplan® began his career at SPY as a summer (1986) intern, guiding a mop slowly around the office floor and running numberless top-secret errands involving United States surface-mail postage. Such was his enthusiasm that before long we were giving him writing assignments and, eventually, having him trademarked. The rest is history, of course, and today it's hard to get him to have lunch with us—and almost impossible to get him to mop the floor. So it's natural that people would wonder how to land a coveted summer internship at SPY. Here is how one person—Jason de Menil, Harvard '92—set about doing it:

First, Flatter the Editors. "I can't believe you didn't include yourselves in The SPY 100 [SPY's annual tally of the annoying, alarming and appalling].... You're sink-

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ing to the level of *Penthouse*." With this letter, received last fall and printed in the December 1987 Letters section, Jason introduces himself to us. Perhaps sensing that some magazines offer art as well as editorial internships, and wisely not wanting to limit his horizons, he also ingratiates himself with our art department by applauding its "cutesy bursts and ugly postmodern layout."

Second, Show You Appreciate the Editors' Efforts. "I enjoy the cheap shots you take at critical letters....I'm sure they make you feel good all over, too," Jason writes in a letter printed in the March 1988 issue. As reinforcement, this missive is excellent: Jason's sarcasm isn't lost on us, and pretty much ensures that we will never forget his name.

Third, Seize the Day. Sensing that we are primed to look upon him kindly, Jason strikes while the iron is hot. "I need a job. This is serious now, not a little joke letter....I'm begging. Please let me know if anything is possible." In this third letter, dated last March 21, Jason caps his brilliant campaign by asking for employment—citing, among other things, the fact that he has already selflessly provided much grist for our mill. It would be hard to overstate our reaction to this letter. Very hard. And while the ultimate resolution of the matter is between Jason and our personnel department up on the eighteenth floor, we offer the De Menil Correspondence as one—though not the only—method of applying for a summer internship at SPY. *These positions, by the way, have all been filled. Save your résumés, writing samples, boxes of chocolates and cash gifts.*

What else? Plenty: in the past few months, everyone has figured out everything about us.

To begin with, there is the matter of the magazine's name. In SPY's seventeenth month of publication, Katie Rezucha of Brooklyn writes, "It occurs to me that perhaps the name SPY was taken from the *Spy* magazine in *The Philadelphia Story*....Could this be?" It could. Dan R. Olson, of Omaha, Nebraska (a fine, fine little city), encloses a copy of a lithograph signed by Leslie Wade (the nineteenth-century English illustrator who signed his caricatures "SPY") and wonders, "Was this your Dickensian-or-otherwise inspiration for the name SPY?" It might have

DEAR EDITORS I enjoy your magazine more than any other magazine I've encountered in a very long time. It's so *refreshing*! When I recently picked up a copy, my friend who was with me said, "Why are you buying *that*?" I whirled around, and for the very first time I realized what a stuffed shirt he was, and totally out of touch! Needless to say, I no longer converse with him.

Stay the fantastic publication you are.

Beverly Beckoff

Hackensack, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS I wish I could get SPY in the none-too-trendy section of Flatbush, Brooklyn. I know, I know, I work in Manhattan, where SPY is available. But *just once* I would like to go to my corner newsstand and get SPY when I ask for it. Usually I get a weird look, a "...Spieh?...no." Or they hand me some flimsy, lurid detective-story rag.

There are a few of us D (definitely for doom) train riders who haven't moved to more "in" neighborhoods yet. I plan to move to one soon, where I assume I will be

able to get your fine publication. But until then, I would love to see SPY comfortably nestled between old favorites *People* and the *Bay News*.

I love SPY, and I love Brooklyn.

Elizabeth Comen

Brooklyn

SPY should be available at Flatbush newsstands by January 1, 1989. In the meantime, have you considered an overseas subscription?

DEAR EDITORS Since you thoughtfully warn us on every issue's contents page that your snappy magazine is not published in July and January, I was wondering if you could take the time to recommend some reading alternatives for those SPY-less months. That Swedish magazine sounds like just the thing. Do you have its address?

Joe Gioia

Brooklyn

Mr. Gioia is referring to Z, our self-styled "sister" publication (see *From the SPY Mailroom*, March). Z's address is Månadstidningen Z, Box 162 80, Stockholm, Sweden. Månadstidningen? We're not sure, but we think that's Swedish for "Puck Building."

DEAR EDITORS Here, you may want your magazine back. If I had a puppy or a bird, I may have kept it. The Oh-am-I-chic-yet?, overqualified, undersubstantiated, unfunny, juvenile writing makes me want to spit. You've entered the same sphere as those you prey upon. Doesn't that make you feel icky?

Duane Elverum

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Canada

You're right, Mr. Elverum, we do feel icky. We're giving it all up. Our new mission: to produce a really worthwhile magazine in Winnipeg. Thank you for allowing the scales to fall from our eyes.

DEAR EDITORS A parenthetical comment on Bob Hope [The Usual Suspects, March] prompts me to remind you of Rudyard Kipling's observation that "makin' mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep is cheaper than the uniforms, and they're starvation cheap."

Name entertainers like Hope and Martha Raye have endeared themselves to

LETTERS TO SPY

thousands of our soldiers by their willingness to visit remote areas, bringing some moments of cheer to often monotonous or dangerous days and nights.

If you don't like military recruitment policies that afford many working-class young Americans an opportunity to serve, why don't you encourage young men and women in your own family to join, rather than taking a cheap shot at us?

Robert P. Fairchild

Fort Knox, Kentucky

DEAR EDITORS Bob Hope has not been funny since long before 1961. The real question is, has he ever been funny?

John R. Cochran

New York

Hope was born in 1903—so he must have been funny at some point, if only by accident. As far as pre- vs. post-1961: Monsieur Beaucaire, which is very funny, was released in 1946. His book I Owe Russia \$1200, which contains lines like "I've always felt England was a great place for a comic to work in. It's an island and the audience can't run very far," was published in 1963.



SPY and **UTNE READER** were among the five finalists for the 1988 National Magazine Award for "General Excellence" (under 100,000 circulation.) **SPY**'s churlish dwarves tried hard (*really hard* [see visual above]). But **SPY** lost. So did **UTNE READER**.

The consolation prize? **SPY** and **UTNE READER** are two of the fastest-growing magazines in America.

You already know all about **SPY**. (Or at least you're holding a copy.) But what is this . . . this **UTNE READER**? Here's how critics and readers describe it:

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"A literate 'Lifestyles of the Rich in Spirit,' . . . A masterful job." **The New York Times**

"It's real nice." **Laurie Anderson**

To learn more about **UTNE READER** call our churlish dwarf, Mike Tronnes.

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DEAR EDITORS **G**uys with great big long ones, right?

David Owen
Washington, Connecticut

DEAR EDITORS **I** have to comment about your March Party Poop.

The Edwin Schlossberg poem-piece is not stupid enough to be funny. You could interpret the piece in terms of Einsteinian relativity. As something increases in velocity it increases in mass. Relative to something moving slower, as energy is converting to mass time is slowing down. Schlossberg makes a poetic substitution in saying, "Time slows to become mass." The original scientific fact isn't more unbelievable than Schlossberg's poetic assertion, and is equally (probably more) poetic.

Of course, there is the ludicrous price tag, \$7,500.

Tony Powell
New York

DEAR EDITORS **A** couple of things I thought you might be interested in:

1. Celia Brady states in the March issue [The Industry] that "the real trouble . . . is in [Disney's] television department. Try as they might, the boys and girls at Buena Vista still haven't launched a successful series on network TV. . . ."

I believe *Golden Girls* is a coproduction with Touchstone — a Disney, hence Buena Vista, company.

2. Why isn't Russell Baker given the credit he so greatly deserves for holding himself to only six "There won't be any column" columns per year in the *Times*? Frankly, I'm sure he's tempted to write a lot more of them.

Fred Graver
New York

1. Celia Brady replies, "While *Golden Girls* is coproduced by Touchstone Pictures, the series was developed and created independent of Walt Disney Studios by Witt/Thomas/Harris Productions. Disney has no creative input on the show. It is generally acknowledged that the show was given to Disney in return for a feature-film production commitment. Disney's best hopes for this year were pinned on *The Dictator*, a CBS-TV series canceled before the second episode was shot."

2. And then anthologize them in a there-won't-be-any-book book, right? ➡

been. Any other ideas?

Second, and the theories have come considerably more quickly in this case, there are the **SPY** Lists. The first one appeared in the March 1988 issue (*Naked City*), and though each **SPY** List is nothing more than a random series of names, Alice Turner of Manhattan has sent us an interesting photo of a great deal of Iggy Pop (who is on the March list), accompanied by some wild and fanciful comments that seem to suggest she *thinks* she knows what that first list "means." As if any of the **SPY** Lists mean anything at all. As if they're not — did we mention this? — completely random.

Third, pseudonyms. Several readers have risen out of their chairs as one in response to a letter in the March issue signed "Edna Welthorpe, Los Angeles." Patrick Barnes of Brooklyn faults **SPY** for not alluding, in our response to the Welthorpe letter, to the fact that Edna Welthorpe was a pseudonym for the playwright Joe Orton. Mike Obarp of San Francisco is surprised that Welthorpe has evidently dropped the "Mrs." from her name. Lee Reid Whelchel of Manhattan has written excitedly asking us to please put him in touch with Welthorpe ("Mrs. Welthorpe is my aunt. She disappeared from London in the late 1960s after attending an afternoon matinee"). Even someone claiming to be the late Joe Orton himself has written **SPY** to assert that "Edna Welthorpe would never settle in such a dreary, plebeian locale as Los Angeles." All of this is shocking enough (although, for the record, Welthorpe's daytime phone number checked out sufficiently — for a fictional character — and thus justified our publishing her thoughts), but it frankly pales against the news that when Joe Orton died he apparently went to Tacoma, Washington. And, yes, acquired a daytime phone number.

C O R R E C T I O N

In "The New Urban Bestiary," by Dean Rohrer (April 1988), we should have labeled the Urban Aardvark an Urban Anteater — a distinction readily apparent to anyone who has seen either mammal frolicking in Grand Army Plaza. Our Urban Iguana should have been labeled Urban Chameleon — although, in fairness to a well-meaning staff member who shall remain nameless, the American chameleon does belong to the iguana family.



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DEAR EDITORS Philip Weiss's "Super-nerds" [March] was an extremely amusing and well-documented piece. Unfortunately, it did for Mensa what ethnic jokes have done for Poles, Italians, Jews, blacks and other stereotyped groups.

Weiss would have the readers of SPY believe that Mensans are a bunch of sex-starved nerds and other assorted weirdos, and indeed, some of us are. If you look hard enough, you'll find weirdos in almost every organization. But our group is a particularly tempting target because we're all supposed to be smart. And in a society in which most citizens aspire to a life of conforming mediocrity, it is understandable that high intelligence is often held up to ridicule.

What is Mensa really like? Once a really good-looking woman with a thick German accent came up to me at a party and asked if I was Roger Herz. It turns out that she was a member of Mensa back home and had been given Roger's number before she came to New York. Roger had given her directions to the party and said he would meet her there.

So I drew a picture of Roger. Actually, it was more of a caricature. A little later Roger came over to us and greeted the woman by name. "How did you know?" I asked. "I saw the picture you drew," he replied, quite matter-of-factly.

What this all comes down to is that it isn't just how big your IQ is but how you use it. And as long as there are nerds in Mensa, writers like Weiss will regale their readers with Mensa jokes. Perhaps we should do away with our admission standard and take in anyone who wants to join. Then there'd be nothing to write about.

Steve Slavin
Vice president
Greater New York Mensa
Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS Got a free copy of a magazine called *Scene* (it seems they want my money), and it appears the only interesting thing going on in New York is your magazine. It was the only thing worth reading in *that* publication, and the only *good* writing in the article was the prose lifted right out of SPY. I told them to keep their damn gloss.

Edward Keyes
Chicago, Illinois

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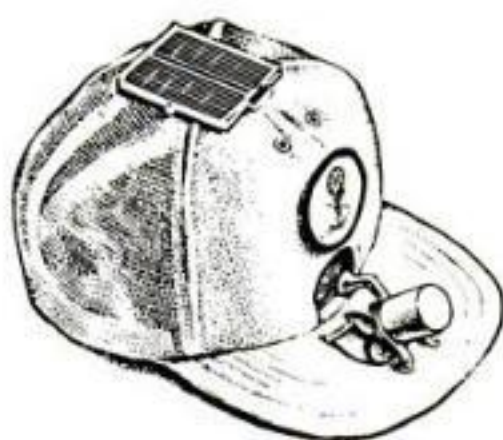
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DEAR EDITORS **A** few corrections are in order concerning your column *The Times* in March [by J. J. Hunsecker]. As the anonymous criminal-justice professor of your story who was incompletely quoted by the *Sunday Daily News* and incorrectly and very misleadingly cited by a much befuddled Douglas McGill of the *Times*, I write to SPY in order to set the record straight.

In November 1987 a press package was sent out by *Art & Antiques* calling attention to an article I had written about art looting during World War II and the failure of our government to meet its promises concerning restitution to the owners. A *News* reporter followed up the press release by asking if I knew of any paintings hanging at the Metropolitan Museum that had been looted. We went to the museum together, where I showed him Chardin's painting *Boy Blowing Bubbles*. It had been looted by the Nazis. We did not discuss whether the painting had been restituted to the heir(s) of the victim. The reporter asked whether there were other paintings in the museum that had been looted by the Nazis. I said I knew with certainty of paintings by Brouwer, Delacroix, Fragonard, Rembrandt, Cézanne and Courbet that had been looted during the war and were now in American collections—museum and individual owners. I also said that the Met probably owned other paintings that had been looted by Nazis but that my documentation was 80 miles away and that the only thing I could say backed by documentation concerned the Chardin.

Several days after the *News* story appeared, McGill called and asked to meet with me. He spent four hours in my apartment, taking no notes. Every few minutes I had to correct things he was saying about information I had just given him. Most of the time he seemed drowsy. Periodically he telephoned what he termed the "muckamucks" at the *Times* asking for direction on the piece, to appear the next day. After he left, he called at least six times for more information, assuring me he would read me my quotations for accuracy (he didn't). His first story appeared the next day—November 24. Its major inaccuracy was the attribution to me of a statement that a Brouwer, a Fragonard and a Delacroix had been looted by the Nazis and were now in the Met [Chaneles had claimed that only the Met's Chardin had been Nazi-looted]. McGill failed to mention that my sole

IN THIS JUNE'S

Interview

DAFOE DISH.

Photograph of Willem Dafoe by Herb Ritts.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: GORE VIDAL, JACQUELINE SCHNABEL, BANGKOK, LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE, AND SUMMER FASHION.

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 Total enclosed: _____

motivation for disclosing that the Chardin painting had been looted was to prompt museums to make public the fact that some of their paintings on exhibition had in recent times been stolen, often under threat of torture or death, by German forces primarily from Jewish owners.

The next day McGill called about eight times, five to ten minutes at a clip. He took down my comments on his word processor. During the last few calls he said the "muckamucks" were insisting he get a quote from me saying that the Met had committed no wrong in acquiring the Chardin. I replied that since I had never said the acquisition represented any wrongdoing, there was no need for me now to say so. McGill astonished me when he said that *he* would have to write in his next article on the subject that *he* concluded there was no wrongdoing and that my research was faulty. Then he read back my quotes. The quotes were accurate, and had they been printed, they would have clarified the nonsense about the paintings other than the Chardin. The story that appeared in the *Times* [the next day, without the accurate quotes] was pure professor-bashing, much of it prepared by the Met's PR office. The museum avoided any mention that the Chardin had been looted by Nazis from a Jewish owner. The Met's charge that my research was slipshod was based entirely on erroneous reporting, and its creation of a straw man was deliberately mischievous—to avoid having to explain a silence of almost 40 years regarding the fact that on the back of the Chardin was a label put there by the Nazi looters, claiming ownership. The straw man also keeps the public from learning the full details about how the museum acquired the painting.

Sol Chaneles, Ph.D.

New York

McGill turned down our invitation to rebut Chaneles's charges. John Ross, director of public information at the Met, acknowledged that the Chardin had at one time been looted by the Nazis, adding that it had been returned to its owner and that this was too detailed a history to include in the provenance prepared for the painting.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎


THE VERY NEXT DAY...

SPY'S MEANSPIRITED SUGGESTION THAT there may be a significant connection between advertising and editorial in the Ralph Lauren-*Vanity Fair* universe ("Polo, Anyone?" by Rachel Urquhart, December 1987) has been disproved. The September 1987 *Vanity Fair* contained 21 pages of Lauren advertising—but did any suspicious puff pieces follow? Nope. The October issue came and went; November, December, January—nothing. In fact, not until *February* did the magazine put Lauren on its cover.

There's more: a *Vanity Fair* fact checker, clearing up a few technical details for that story, didn't ask a Lauren public-relations person enough questions to create the impression that the article was, as Lauren had expected, a puff piece. Lauren's people apparently called *Vanity Fair* editor Tina Brown's people and hinted that his ads might vanish if the wrong kind of article was published. The subsequent eleven-page story featured photos by Bruce Weber, Lauren's official photographer, and included such zingers as "No element in his empire is too insignificant to escape his scrutiny" and "Of all the celebrities around...it is telling that Ralph Lauren...scrupulously protects and nurtures a very traditional private life."

WHEN WE LAST CHECKED IN WITH LEO Damore ("Chappaquiddick: The Unsold Story," by Tad Friend, November 1987), he was having trouble (a) getting his book published and (b) hanging on to his \$150,000 advance from Random House, which no longer wanted to publish the book. Damore has since lost his case against Random House (the publisher sued him for the advance) but found a new publisher: Regnery Gateway will bring out *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-up* on June 23. The book will include a photo of the local chief of police sitting on the roof of Ted Kennedy's car just before it was dragged from the water in 1969 with Mary Jo Kopechne's lifeless body inside. In short, unlikely beach reading this summer at Hyannis Port.

Finally, SPY has received at least two calls from other obsessive Chappaquiddick theorists. (Note to freelance conspiracists: the phone number for Regnery Gateway is 312-295-8088.) ☎

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London, Madrid,
Tokyo, Vienna,
Rio de Janeiro
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of the world,
they know
better.



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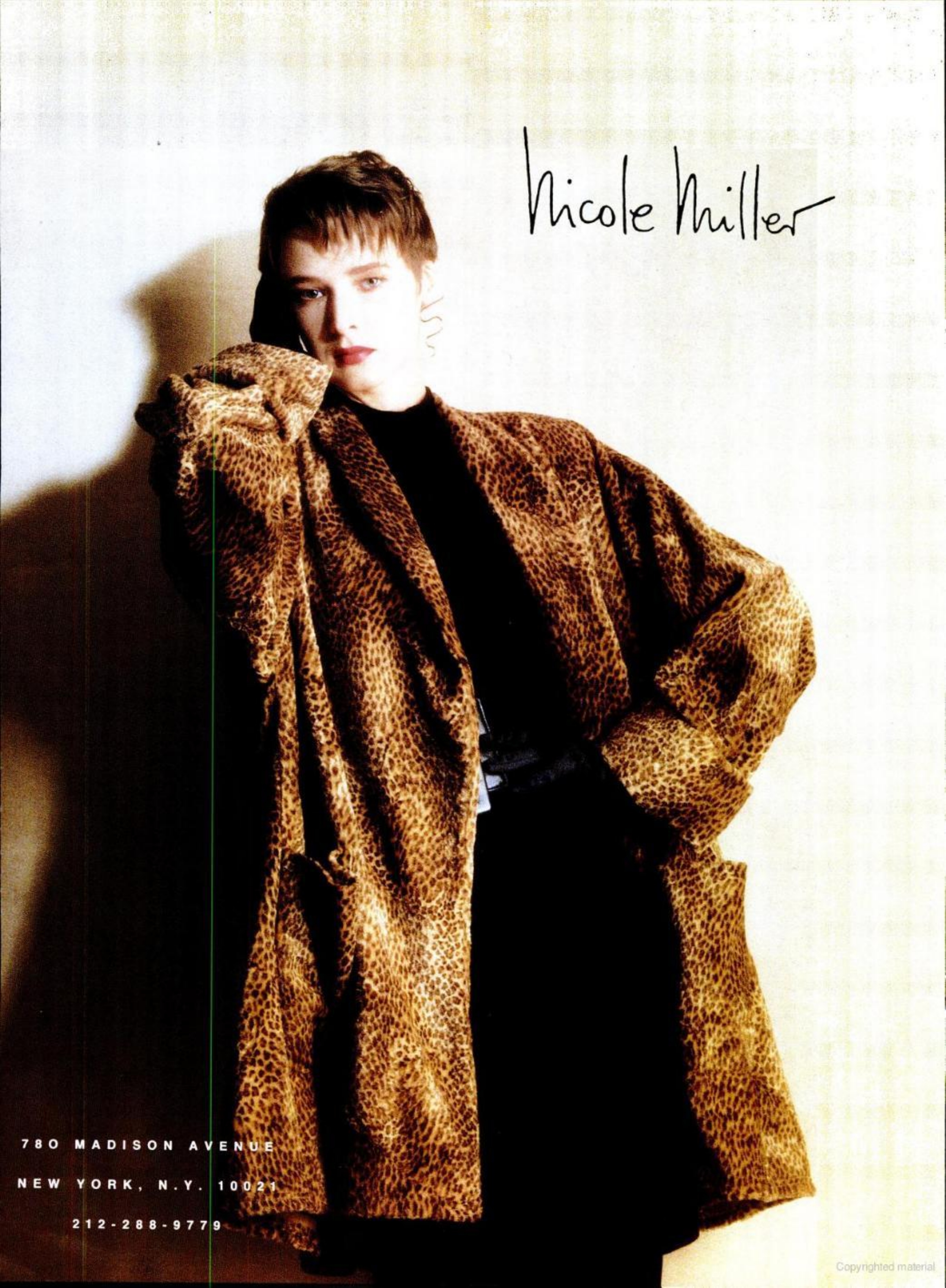
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A fashion advertisement for Nicole Miller. The central figure is a woman with short, dark hair and bangs, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a voluminous, long-sleeved coat with a bold leopard print in shades of brown and tan. Underneath the coat, a dark, high-necked garment is visible. Her left hand is tucked into her coat, and her right arm is bent with her hand near her face. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The lighting is soft, casting a subtle shadow of the woman onto the wall to her left. In the top right corner, the brand name 'Nicole Miller' is written in a cursive script. In the bottom left corner, the store's address and phone number are printed in a clean, sans-serif font. A small copyright notice is located in the bottom right corner.

Nicole Miller

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Dress by
French Connection

Photo Danny Gonzalez

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© 1988 JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET, NEW YORK, NY.



JUNE WAS, OF COURSE, BEAVER'S MOM'S NAME; JUNE IS THE MONTH THEY HOLD THE COLLEGE WORLD

Series; and June, especially this year, is when the remainder of 1988—indeed, the remainder of the century—clicks into focus.  It is the month in which Mike Dukakis, the Jimmy Carter of the 1990s, will become an absolutely sure thing for the nomination. So: get ready for five months of a Democratic candidate who *just won't say* why he is more qualified to be president than his toughest Democratic


opponent. June is the month in which George Bush, having been neglected by the media and the public so thoroughly, begins to seem nothing more than a dim, funny, mid-1960s

memory, like the star of *Mr. Ed* or your junior high school debate coach. Bush (who is called "the perfect yes man"

in former White House press secretary Larry Speakes's new memoir) may soon be reduced to confessing his complicity in Iran-contra crimes just to get some

press. "There are things we can do to give us a

little more attention," the vice president threatened recently.

"I've got to look more *frantic*." So: five months of a Republican candidate pretending to have fits.  Dukakis is smarter

than Bush (Nixon is the only smarter-than-his-opponent

GOP candidate in modern history), but the

respective *teams* may be evenly matched:

Democratic Party leaders are sounding especially

dumb. "I would urge in this summit binge and treaty binge

that we go a little slow," former Klan member and Senate

Majority Leader Robert Byrd said before Reagan went off

to Moscow, "because this Senate is not going to be jerked

around and hastened overly." So:

June is the month we find out

just how thoroughly President

Reagan believes his own dreamy

lies about the workability of a

high-tech nuclear missile defense

system—Star Wars. Reagan, who

"does not read many newspapers

thoroughly," according to Speakes's

memoir, will return from Moscow



June was, of course, Beaver's mom's name

looking vaguely presidential for the last time in his life.

Or else looking really, really *pissed*. "The president gets very angry," one of his confidants told a reporter. "He is very defensive—he thinks Ed Meese is a victim." And this was *before* Meese, whose colleagues call him Poppin' (because he is fat and squishy like Poppin' Fresh, the Pillsbury Doughboy), was forced out of office by a vindictive left-wing media vendetta. So: almost eight months of a president with nothing much to do but pout because nobody else likes his big, dumb pal Ed.

Richard Nixon dumped the criminals in *his* administration as soon as they became political liabilities—although Nixon is now suggesting he should have pardoned Haldeman and Ehrlichman, since they were only committing crimes they thought he *wanted* committed. But his "biggest mistake as president," Nixon says, was that he didn't bomb the hell out of North Vietnam *three years sooner than he did*. So: 10 or 12 more years of a former president's dark, exciting candor.

Demagogues always seem to do pretty well in Wisconsin (Joe McCarthy, George Wallace, William Proxmire, Jesse Jackson),

and that's because the state is perfectly American—half earnest and progressive, half nutty and mean. No wonder, then, that Wisconsin just passed a law setting up rules for blind people who hunt. *With guns*. So: next time you're strolling in the woods around La Crosse, you might as well forget about wearing bright red.

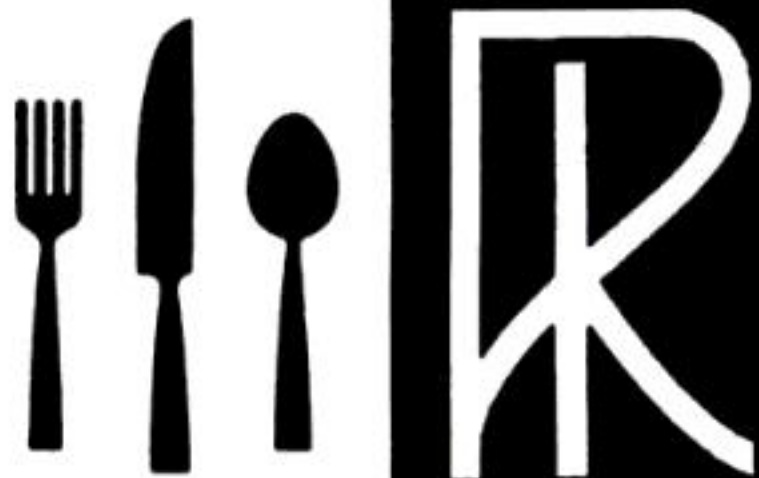
The new statute is already being studied, naturally, by Canadian legislators. Canada is one of the few remaining countries to which Bloomingdale's has not devoted weeks of themed merchandising events—which just might explain why Robert Campeau, a Canadian, was so desperate to buy the store. Now that he has agreed to pay \$6.6 billion for the privilege, how will he transform the retailing giant? What is the grand strategy? "I see a couple of Bloomingdale's," Campeau says, "in Canada."

Honorary Canadian Merv Griffin, bless him, has been causing trouble for Donald Trump by slowing down the Don's scheme to take his casinos private. *Memo to Merv: We forgive you Charo, we forgive you* Wheel of Fortune. So capitalism comes down to this: months of charges and counter-charges between a former talk-show host and the husband of an onyx-mad hotel

decorator while *another* billionaire decorator/hotelier (*Fingerprint Harry first, okay?*) goes on trial for tax evasion.

All at the same time that Tommy Hilfiger, the former bell-bottoms salesman who was plucked from obscurity and called a fashion designer, is on TV endorsing the ABC show *thirtysomething*. In his ads, Hilfiger—Hilfiger, mind you, an entirely synthetic marketing creation—praises the show's "authenticity."

In fact, ABC has been coming up with *all* the really shameless ideas lately—in other words, behaving most like a television network. It's ABC, after all, who just hired the right-wing, breast-enlarged, document-shredding former secretary Fawn Hall to host a segment of a special about "the life-styles of the stylish and beautiful." Fawn was chosen, a network vice president explained, "because she is very spontaneous and has a presence that is indicative she can handle this kind of assignment with zest and energy." It sounds like the sky's the limit for her. So: months, maybe *years* of watching the woman who testified to Congress that she was "above the law." It looks like we may have been a bit too hasty in declaring the eighties over. ■



RAKEL

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THE SEAL OF SUCCESS.

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

FINANCIAL-PLANNING TIP

Everybody believes a recession is coming, but nobody is sure when. The recession didn't come after the October crash, probably because stolid Middle America wasn't as panicky as New York's sophisticated financial community. The recession also didn't come after three consecutive bad reports on the Index of Leading Economic Indicators, heretofore an unfailing harbinger of hard times, when the folks at the White House determined that—whoops!—the figures didn't mean what they said. Smart money now says that the inevitable recession will be a gift for the new administration.

Act now, and move out of New York. New York State is pretty cheap when it comes to paying unemployment insurance. The Empire State's maximum benefit of \$180 a week places it 29th among the states, behind such places as Alaska, Wyoming and Montana, states where a big night on the town is possible any time HBO isn't showing *Hardbodies* or *The Amityville Horror* again. Shrewd victims-in-waiting will look to Pennsylvania (\$252 maximum benefit, unless you're blessed with dependents, in which case the figure balloons to \$260), the District of Columbia (\$250), Michigan (\$242) or Massachusetts (\$236). Best bargain is New Jersey, which pays \$241—\$61 more than New York!—and affords clean and inexpensive

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



G. BUSH



A. FLANDERS



B. BOGGS

PEOPLE SAY THAT **GEORGE BUSH** is nothing but a get-along, go-along clubman, a blue-chip hack, a man without any real convictions at all. But it simply isn't so. Bush, *SPY* has learned, is like **MARIO CUOMO** and **RONALD REAGAN**—a man of vision. Not long ago a White House aide was detached to provide fresh oratory for the vice president's presidential campaign. The new speech writer took a meeting with Bush to find out just what kind of material would be required—something about family values, maybe, or prudence in foreign relations, or the fight against drugs? Nahhh. "Just put in some of that vision thing," Vice President Bush instructed. The new speech writer did not quite understand. "Which aspect of your vision do you want to convey, Mr. Vice President?" he or she asked. "You know," Bush said, as if trying to make a child or a servant understand something obvious simply by repeating it, "that vision thing."

FOR SOME REASON we had been feeling the tiniest bit remorseful about our fun-loving coverage of *Esquire* editor **LEE EISENBERG**. But almost as soon as the qualms bubbled up, the little man proved that he was, indeed, stupendously worthy of ridicule. Eisenberg, it turns out, spent a good part of the early spring wooing **WILLIAM GEIST**, the CBS *Sunday Morning* correspondent who until last fall was *The New York Times*'s finest New York writer. At *Esquire*, Eisenberg explained, Geist would replace the deeply self-satisfied **BOB GREENE** as the American Beat columnist—and, in fact, much of Eisenberg's pitch consisted of reviling Greene. Geist accepted the offer; Eisenberg accepted his acceptance; deal done. But then, just days later, the 57-inch-high editor called Geist and announced coolly and strangely, "Greene got the job," then chattered on nervously about other matters, never explaining exactly why he had deceived Geist.... That other Indian giver—not short, but short-fingered, certainly—**DONALD TRUMP**'s printed invitation to Mar-a-Lago seems at first to be an exquisite practi-

cal joke: the escutcheon of the embossed coat of arms contains an enormous T, the language is both putting-on-airs ungrammatical (*Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Trump requests the pleasure of your company...*) and Fritos-and-Budweiser dippy (...*For A Wonderful Weekend on March 11th thru 13th at Mar-a-Lago*). But it is all terribly, terribly authentic. When *Times* architecture critic **PAUL GOLDBERGER** received his invite to the Trumps' vast Palm Beach vulgarium—in an envelope postmarked after Goldberger's critical story about Trump had appeared in the paper—he mailed off his regrets. Days later—and nearly two weeks after the *Times* piece had appeared—Trump revoked his offer of hospitality in a slightly insane variation on the old *You can't fire me—I quit!* gambit. "My invitation was extended to you prior to your spiteful and vicious attack on me," Trump wrote, going out of his way to claim a sequence of events that seems contradicted by the evidence. "Obviously, the invitation is no longer open to you."

NOW THAT **SI NEWHOUSE** is paying **ANNIE FLANDERS**'s salary (a salary presumably higher than the \$45,000 she had been earning), *Details*'s creator and editrix has been in the market for a personal assistant—not an editorial assistant, mind you, but a personal assistant, of the sort that late-night talk show hosts have. Chief among the position's very important duties is keeping the office stocked with marijuana and going down each morning to Annie's apartment on lower Broadway to help her dress.

"JUST PUT IT ALL IN FIFTIES," said the woman with the notoriously poor judgment. No, it wasn't **URSULA MEESE** talking to the nice people who underwrite her position at the National Multiple Sclerosis Society—it was tabloid oddity and cause célèbre **BILLIE BOGGS**, fashionably rumped at a teller's window in the Dime Savings Bank on Fifth Avenue and 48th Street. ☛

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"[Her] natural vision is the most truly healthy of any living writer."

—David Plante on Mary Gordon's *Temporary Shelter*

"Extraordinary on every level. It should be treasured for its courage, its relentlessness, the matchless beauty of its style." —Gordon on Plante's *The Catholic*

"A remarkable history." —Peter Matthiessen on Robert Hughes's *The Fatal Shore*

"A precise and distinguished social history."

—Hughes on Matthiessen's *Men's Lives*

"One of our most original voices."

—John Irving on Stanley Elkin's *The Dick Gibson Show*

"Irving is one of the best."

—Elkin on Irving's *The 158-Pound Marriage*

"First-rate, first-class, witty fiction."

—Doris Grumbach on Hilma Wolitzer's *In the Flesh*

"Knowing and witty and gorgeously written."

—Wolitzer on Grumbach's *The Magician's Girl*

—Howard Kaplan

THE SPY LIST

Emily Dickinson

Havelock Ellis

Miss Havisham

Adolf Hitler

Michael Jackson

Henry James

Immanuel Kant

Ed Koch

Daisy Miller

Sir Isaac Newton

Pope John Paul II

Cliff Richard

John Ruskin

Brooke Shields

Andy Warhol

Alexander Woolcott

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

access to Manhattan via the PATH trains. Avoid Arizona (\$135), Puerto Rico (\$110) and especially Indiana (\$96).

LITERARY LIONS: PERUSING THE TODAY SHOW LIBRARY

It's morning again in America, and practically the first thing Americans do is turn on their TV sets. The program of choice? The *Today Show*, featuring Bryant and Jane, Willard and Gene and John Palmer. We like these people. We like the way they live, in their penthouse-like surroundings filled with fake ferns and goldfish. We admire their intelligence. Inquiring minds want to know: How'd they get to be so smart? Let's take a look at their bookcase:

Oh, You Dundalk Girls, by Barbara Wernecke Durkin (Morrow)

Retreads, by Prudence Mackintosh (Doubleday)

No More Hot Flashes and Other Good News, by Penny W. Budoff (Putnam)

Forty Acres and a Goat: A Memoir, by Will D. Campbell (Peachtree Press)

Mansharing: Dilemma or Choice, by Audrey B. Chapman (Morrow)

Stutterin' Boy: The Autobiography of Mel Tillis, America's Beloved Star of Country Music, by Mel Tillis with Walter Wager (Rawson Associates)

Elvis and Gladys, by Elaine Dundy (Macmillan)

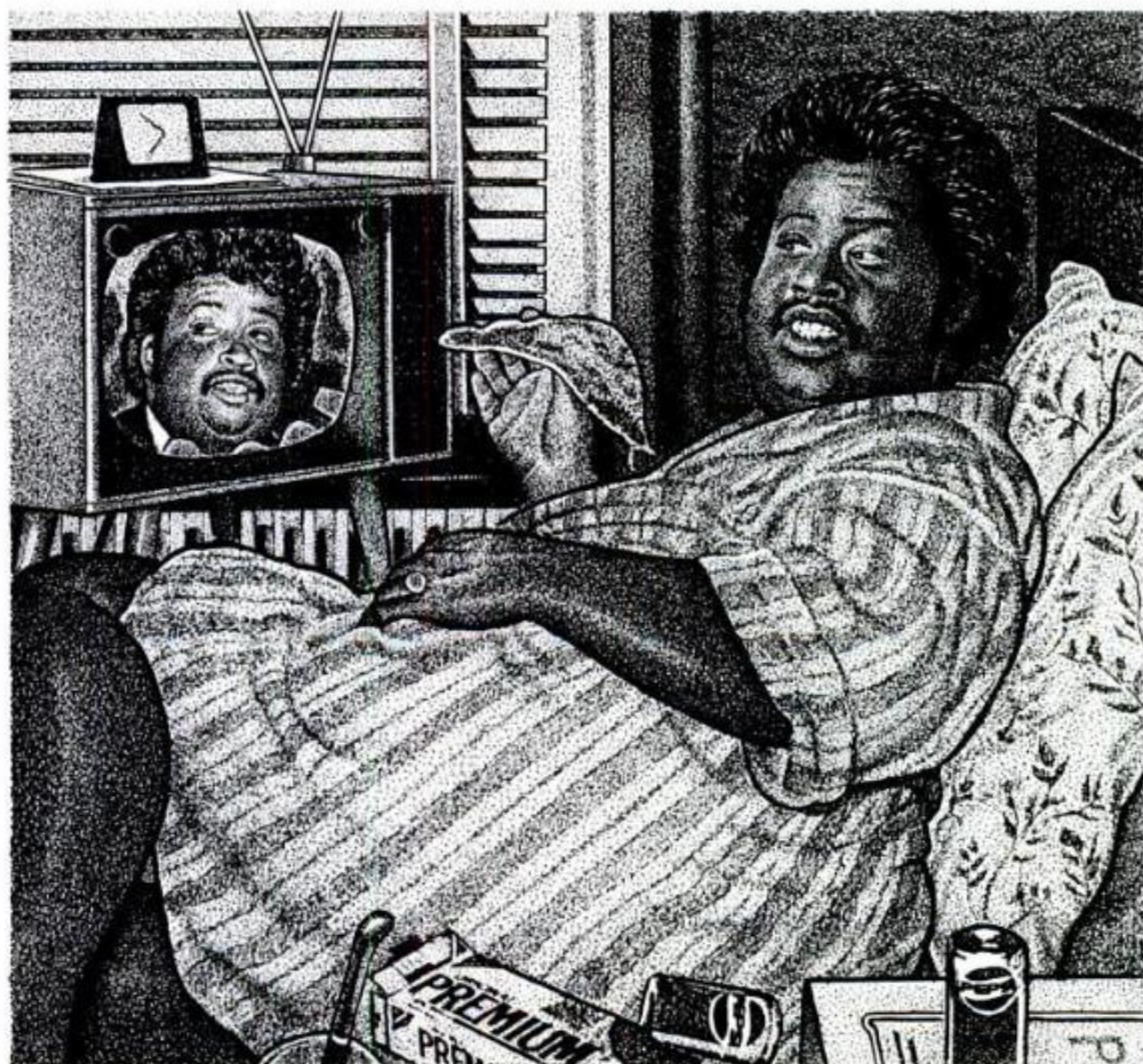
Barbara Cartland: An Authorized Biography, by Gwen Robyns (G. K. Hall)

How to Be a Winner at Love, by Melissa Sands (St. Martin's)

How to Stop the One You Love from Drinking, by Mary Ellen Pinkham (Putnam)

How to Manage a Turnaround, by Stanley J. Goldman (Free Press)

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Rev. Al Sharpton planning new investigative strategies.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A monthly tally

Other gossip columnists	15
Donald Trump	6
Cher	4
Clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards	4
Sylvester Stallone	4
Barbra Streisand	4
Elizabeth Taylor	4
Jackie Collins	3
Bill Cosby	3
Malcolm Forbes	3
Marvin Hamlisch	2
Marvin Mitchelson	2
Yves Saint Laurent	2
Tavern on the Green	2
Burt Bacharach	1
The Grateful Dead	1

JUNE DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

How to Survive Your Adolescent's Adolescence, by Robert C. Kolodny (Little, Brown)

How to Tame a Wild Bore & Other Facts of Life With Lewis, by Kathy G. Schmook (Peachtree Press)

The Rabbi Is a Lady, by Alex J. Goldman (Hippocrene Books)

Women Men Love—Women Men Leave, by Connell Cowan and Melvin Kinder (Crown)

Beyond Baby Fat, by Francis S. Goulart (McGraw-Hill)

Mackie Shilstone's Feelin' Good About Fitness (Pelican)

Are You Hungry? A Completely New Approach to Raising Children Free of Weight and Food Problems, by Jane R. Hirschmann and Lila Zaphiropolous (Random House)

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME VII (S-T-U)

SPY continues its coverage of the changes in *Who's Who in America*.

Who's Newly Who

Ryne Sandberg, baseball player; Peter Schjeldahl, poet and critic; Benno C. Schmidt Jr., president of Yale; Peter Sellers, perpetually giggling enfant terrible of the theater; Barry Serafin, ABC reporter; Maria Shriver, Kennedy relative; John Sias, president, ABC; Mike Singletary, linebacker; Ricky Skaggs, singer; Peter J. Solomon, talkative investment banker; Ted Solotaroff, editor, Harper & Row; Ben Sonnenberg, editor, Grand Street; Joe Spano, who played Goldblum on Hill Street Blues; Michael Spinks, soon (or perhaps by now) fodder for Mike Tyson; Frank Stanton, former president of CBS; David Stern, NBA commissioner; Jerry Tarkanian, basketball coach at the educationally impressive University of Nevada at Las Vegas; Lawrence Taylor, seven-time All-Pro linebacker; Betty Thomas, Lucy Bates on Hill Street Blues; Isiah Thomas, basketball player; Kathleen

3 Tonight, the first of eight big Yankee games being broadcast this month on WPIX-TV (this one's in Baltimore). *Thirteen* of the team's June games are available only on SportsChannel, which itself is not available to most Yankee fans. On the other hand: *two games a week on free TV*. So why is everyone bad-mouthing George Steinbrenner?

4 The annual dinner of The Bronx County Historical Society; Fordham University. Thirty dollars may seem like a lot, but before the evening is out, many secrets will be revealed, among them the names of the winners of the Annual History Teacher Award, the William C. Beller Award of Distinction and the Annual Photo Contest awards.

5 The first auction ever in the People's Republic of China, organized by Sotheby's, is the centerpiece of a food-drink-and-culture binge to raise money to restore the Great Wall. If you happen to be in the Xian-Beijing-Shanghai tri-city area, be sure to drop by and bid. (Cost for ten-day "Return of Marco Polo" trip out of New York: a low, low \$8,400.)

6-10 Fragrance Week in New York, and the

theme is "Fun Is in the Air." Retailers and perfumers, gripped by a promotion frenzy, will know what to do to celebrate. But what about the average citizen? Here, courtesy of The Fragrance Foundation, are some *things that are fun*: "listening to a man with a very sexy voice read passionate love poems out loud"; "window shopping in SoHo until you find the most outrageous, absolutely surreal object"; "winning tickets to hear your hot rockin' favorites in concert and having them sign their latest album just for you."

7 Edgar Allan Poe's *Tamerlane* is auctioned at Sotheby's (the local one this time), fetching enough to keep one anonymous New

England collector in amontillado for this and the next lifetime. Following the evening news, America climbs the steps to the attic as one, looking for old and possibly valuable books.

11 The First New York International Festival of the Arts settles upon the city for a month. Includes a tribute to Fred Astaire at Alice Tully Hall, on June 23, and 349 other, somewhat less spectacular music, dance, theater, movie and television events around town, as well as interminable coverage in the *Times*.

17 James Brown turns 60. Sixty! *Good God!*

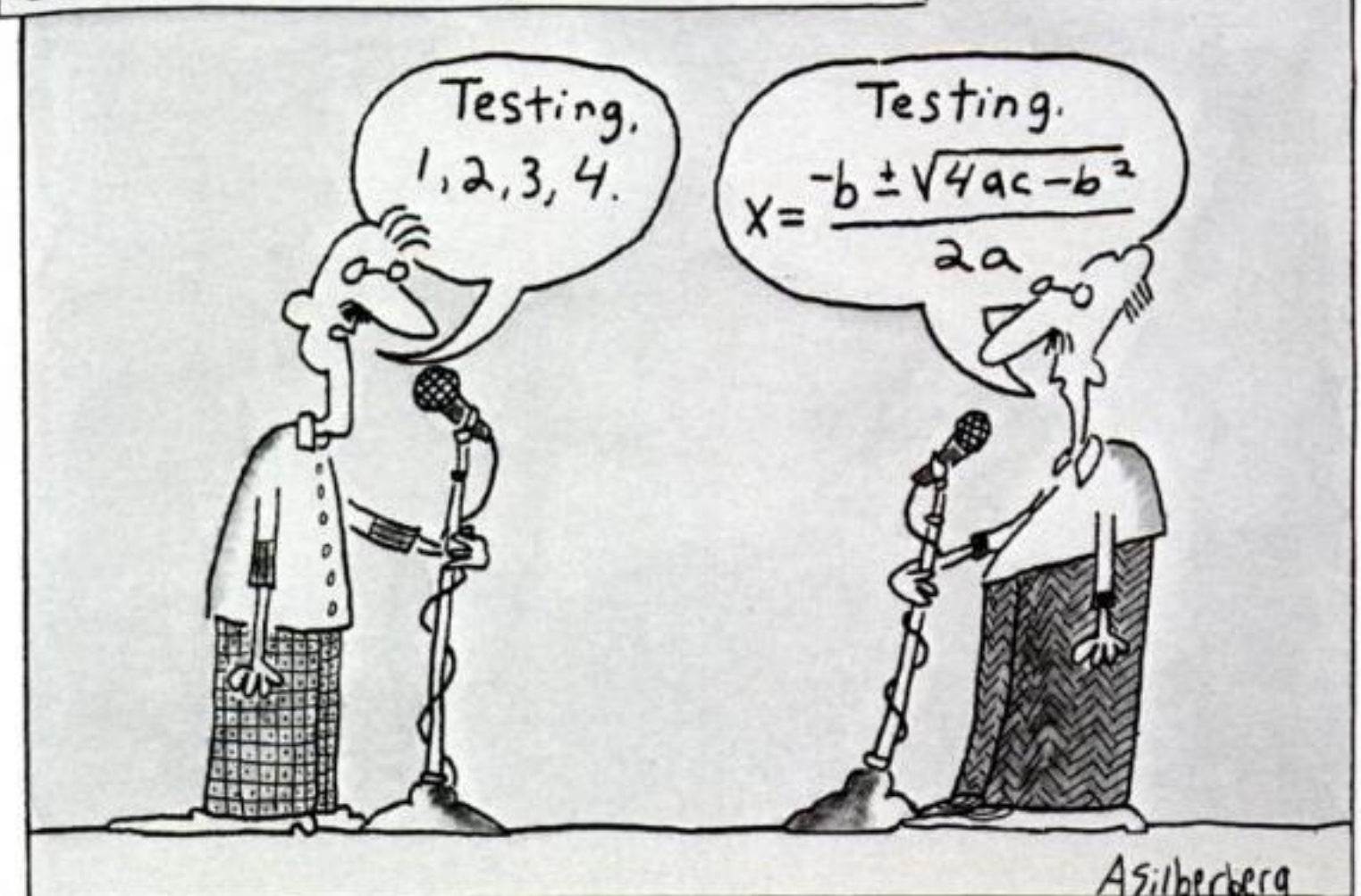
17-19 The first Baseball Cards & Sports Collectibles Show; at the Madison Square Garden Exposition

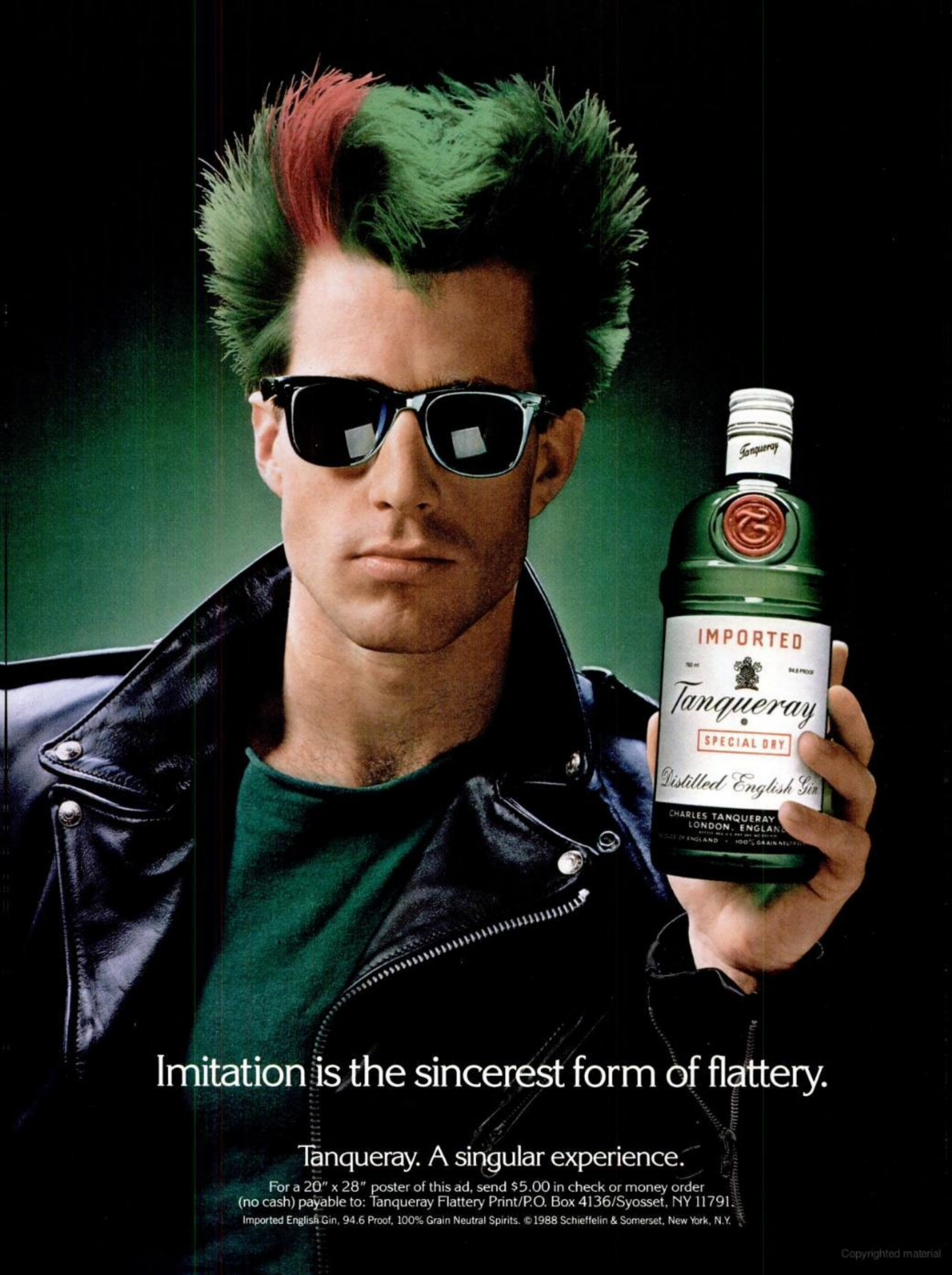


Rotunda. It all sounds wonderful, but if they can get people like Brooks Robinson and Darryl Strawberry and Warren Spahn to show up and sign autographs, then why is it impossible to book Roger Repoz, Dooley Womack and Gil Blanco? Sorry—we're not going.

25 Phyllis Diller is the entertainment on the *S/S Norway*, leaving Miami today for a week-long Caribbean cruise. Sounds... claustrophobic. Still, there are probably life vests. ☺

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Imported English Gin, 94.6 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1988 Schieffelin & Somerset, New York, N.Y.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Turner, star of *Julia* and *Julia*; Peter Ueberroth, former travel agent; Bob Uecker, beer salesman; Adam B. Ulam, Sovietologist; Gene Upshaw, leader of the failed NFL Players' strike.

Who's No Longer Who

J. D. Salinger, book suppressor; Chris Schenkel, bowling commentator; Vito Scotti, character actor; Mary Lee Settle, author; Mimi Sheraton, food critic; William Shockley, right-wing Nobel prize winner; Fred Silverman, father of *Supertrain*; Dmitri Simes, Sovietologist; Brian Sipe, ex-quarterback; Howard Squadron, well-connected lawyer; James Squires, editor, *Chicago Tribune*; Craig Stevens, TV's *Peter Gunn*; Strobe Talbot, Time's Washington bureau chief; William Tavoulareas, litigious ex-president of Mobil; Roy Thinnes, star of TV's *The Invaders*; Richard Todd, onetime inadequate Jet quarterback; Joe Torre, onetime terrible manager of the Mets; Art Ulene, Today Show doctor.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 20202
Carol A. Londers v. Sydney Biddle Barrows et al.
Londers is suing Biddle Barrows, her coauthor William Novak, her publishers, the Lifetime cable network and the representatives of WNEW radio for libel. In her book, Mayflower Madam, Biddle Barrows writes about her experience in the clothing business. She describes discovering that her superior, Carmela, was on the take from handbag manufacturers, and says that her refusal to participate in the scheme led to her dismissal. Londers, who was Biddle Barrows's supervisor in 1978, claims that she is "Carmela," that she was never on the take and that Biddle Barrows libeled her by saying that she was. Londers is suing Lifetime and WNEW because Biddle Barrows appeared on The Dr. Ruth Show and on The Ted Brown Show and repeated her tale. Londers is seeking \$60 million to repair her ruined reputation. ☛

"LADIES AND GERMS..." THE STAND-UP CAREER OF SYDNEY BIDDLE BARROWS



Pudgy, Sydney, Soupy. Sydney, Soupy, Pudgy. Soupy, Pudgy, Sydney. At first we thought that the muttering, ruddy-cheeked old fellow ricocheting from this wall to that at the South Street Seaport like a dazed pinball was simply speaking with the voice of one too many hot buttered rums—and yet he had a point. It was rough keeping the acts at Caroline's from merging into a comic blur. Our notebook from one recent period gives the following hastily scribbled information: Pudgy is a rotund insult comedienne. Soupy is a children's-TV and radio personality.

Sydney, of course, pimps.

Or used to, until the money got better in stand-up. Who knew there was a massive audience out there willing to brave New York club prices for wry, lighthearted...wacky insights into the world of top-dollar prostitution? Not us, which explains why we labor for pennies while Sydney does (and by *does*, we mean *presents her lecture before*) the lucrative college circuit. We're happy for her. But there are things to keep in mind. Sydney comes from certain social milieus—please don't make us spell it out—where certain delicacies go without saying. *We feel she expects no less from her listeners.* We're talking class; we're trying to save you from serious *embarrassment*, for heaven's sake. So if you'll all just pay attention for a moment.

1 *Don't confuse Sydney with fellow comics John Belushi and Steve Martin.* True, John is dead and Sydney is *echt* WASP, conditions not always easy to discriminate. And Steve's stage persona is that of a dim-witted, amoral airhead with *white* hair—which under stage lighting *often appears blond*. Who said it was easy? Yet failure to catch the finer points distinguishing S. and colleagues can, God knows, make for some awkward moments over the Darjeeling at Bergdorf's. Your best bet: keep an ear cocked for characteristic tag lines.

STEVE
JOHN
SYDNEY

"Excuuuuuuuse me!"
"But nooooooooo!"
"What's wooooooooong with it?"

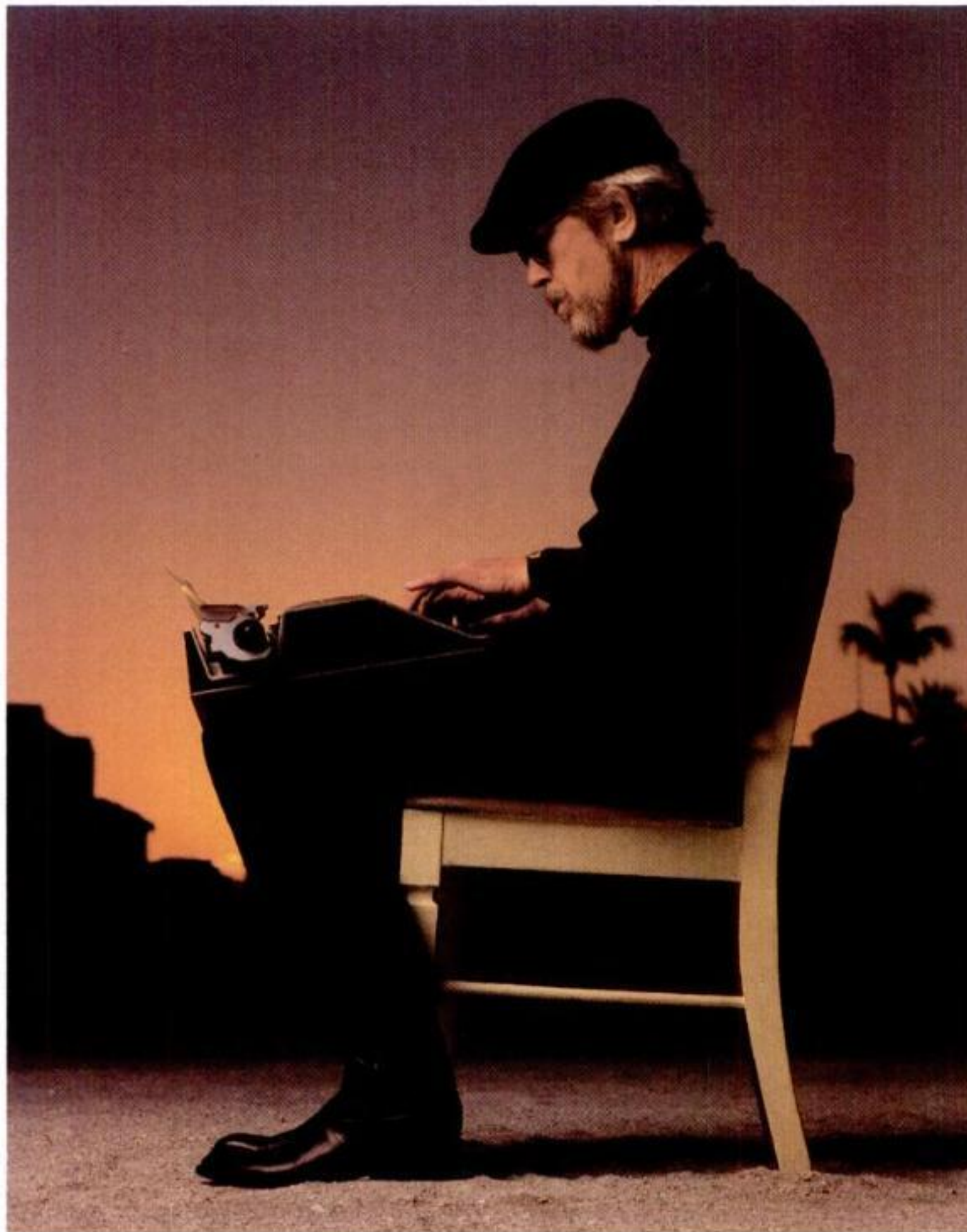
2 *Those P words.* You know which ones. Maybe they wouldn't raise an eyebrow at an Eddie Murphy concert—but Eddie, unlike Sydney, has not been booked to appear at a management seminar titled "Marketing a High-Cost Service." Sydney prefers *working girl* and *escort service entrepreneur*—managerial, Republican, nice. *Nice*. Touchy ground here. When, during the Q&A portion of the evening (a device borrowed from comedy legend Carol Burnett), S. explained the philosophical distinc-

tion between a, *you know*, and an escort service entrepreneur (phone answering, major medical), a *not-nice* guy spluttered, "Isn't what you were doing pimping?" Sydney, clearly riffing humorously on the bicentennial of the Constitution, chuckled that he had a right to believe that if he wanted to. But one eyebrow was, well, *arched*.

3 *The Middle East: a powder keg waiting to explode.* Everyone knows what things are like on the West Bank. Sydney, like Russian funnyman Yakov Smirnoff, is working to reduce international tensions through roguish, *Reader's Digesty* japes about her contact with non-Connecticut cultures. Especially those darn Arabs! "Little bitty men in weird outfits!" There's good work here in the classic one-two Henny Youngman manner: "Most of my girls were skinny. Occasionally we'd get a call saying, 'I prefer a girl with a little more to her'—unfortunately [*grin*], those men were usually from the *Middle East*!" And a nod to Erma Bombeck: "The problem with [entertaining] Arabs at Regine's is that they like girls covered up—and you have no idea how hard it is to find a *really pretty* cocktail dress that's all covered up." Ho *ho*! Yet, hard to believe, there are certain-hued humorless persons living in New York who *might not find this funny*. Keep them off your guest list the next time an evening of comedy beckons. Otherwise, Sydney's going to be on the cover of the *Post* again, this time for starting a nuclear war—and how do you think her fancy relatives would feel about *that*?

4 *Just say no.* Let's face it: as Robin Williams keeps reminding us, many otherwise admirable jokesters are willing—eager—to tolerate drug use among their friends and business acquaintances. Sydney puts her foot down: "No drugs; we had strict rules about drugs. Maybe grass and cocaine—but nothing else, period. We didn't want to offend the sensibilities of any of the young ladies."

5 *The talk-show-host question.* Competition is heating up at Fox TV, among young comics who work a little more decorously than Joan Rivers, for the coveted *Late Show* host position. Any guesses who's got her eye on a desk job? That, at least, was how we interpreted Sydney's wittily barbed comments on the rest of the field. Ladies and gentlemen broach the subject at the risk of causing a scene, like the poor woman sitting next to us. She asked S. for her opinion of the talk show hosts she's encountered since her emergence into notoriety. "If you just sit there and listen," Sydney replied, "they end up making assholes of themselves." Any questions? —Randall Short



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LIFE INTIMIDATES ART:

A True Story

1:55 p.m., Wednesday, January 27, 1988

Subject, Melissa Bellinelli, a gallery director, arrives at Frick Art Reference Library, 10 East 71st Street.

1:56 Subject approaches Frick coat-check counter in lobby. Frick doorman informs her that she is in violation of Frick Library ordinance: **WOMEN WEARING...SLACKS... WILL NOT BE ADMITTED.**

1:57 Subject turns and proceeds toward door; Frick doorman summons her back. Doorman produces two skirts and explains that they are kept for the convenience of female visitors who are unacquainted with the Frick regulations. Subject inspects garments, L. L. Bean wraparound dirndl skirts—one blue, the other beige. Subject chooses blue one.

1:59 Subject shown to Frick ladies' room.

2:02 Subject emerges from ladies' room wearing borrowed skirt, which she describes as "frumpy" and "librarian-length."

2:03 Returning to Frick counter, subject checks her coat and pants. In response to subsequent questioning, doorman acknowledges that a supply of men's sport jackets in sizes 34, 40 and 42 is also kept behind the counter. Although the library also maintains a ban on "spike heels" for women, doorman informs subject that there is no stock of women's shoes.

2:05 Subject arrives at Frick's third-floor reading room, goes directly to card catalog and requests six books, each on its own

Frick Art Reference Library requisition form. Subject surrenders forms, filled out in ink, to Frick librarian, who rejects them. Librarian points out long-standing Frick edict: **NO PENS OF ANY KIND ARE PERMITTED IN THE LIBRARY.** Librarian further states that the ban extends not only to pens but also to the Frick Art Reference Library's *own memorandums* written with pens. Subject is commanded to transcribe book titles using a pencil.

2:26 Six books are at last given to subject by Frick Library staff member. Subject finds several pages that she wishes to have photocopied. She completes, in pencil, a separate Frick Art Reference Library form for each.

2:57 Subject surrenders forms to librarian. Librarian once again rejects forms, citing convention of putting all photocopy requests on a single Frick form.

3:02 Subject hands single photocopy request form to librarian. Librarian refuses form, refers subject to Frick Library statute concerning photocopies: **NONE ACCEPTED AFTER 3:00 P.M.**

3:05 Subject arrives at Frick lobby, presents coat check to doorman. Doorman delivers coat, which subject puts on. Subject reminds doorman that he still has her pants. Doorman surrenders pants.

3:08 Subject returns Frick Art Reference Library's skirt, leaves building in her own clothes.

—Andy Aaron



wrong clothes

Frick skirt

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER IN A NUTSHELL

Since the *Observer's* epochal decision to become more irreverent (see this space last month), we've thought hard about how to deepen our coverage of "the city's weekly newspaper." And we realized that we've been so enthralled by the headlines that we've neglected the real *creative meat*. That is, the indispensable Neighborhood Map, the fearless graphics and the it's-as-if-I'm-seeing-it-for-the-first-time photo captions. Here-with, an overdue celebration.

*Vital, biting irreverent
front-page graph information*

False alarms: "There were 139,829 false alarms called in citywide in 1987, up from 128,793 in 1986"

(March 28, 1988)

*Caption writing
worthy of the Pulitzer-quality
photojournalism it accompanies*

"As spring approaches the city, a man approaches the pond at the southeast corner of Central Park."

(March 14, 1988)

*Old Yeller: the map
we've come to know and love*

**THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF
MANHATTAN**

(every issue through February 22, 1988)

*Dad, something's wrong with
Old Yeller: the new Observer map*

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
SYSTEM IN MANHATTAN**

(March 21, 1988)

Here, boy... That's a good dog!

**THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF
MANHATTAN**

(March 28, 1988)

*Stop, stop!
The wordplay—it's killing us!*

**CHECK THE MAIL?
NOT IF IT MEANS MAILING A
CHECK**

(March 14, 1988)

—Rachel Urquhart

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

“And yet the same computers threaten to create enormous dislocations in financial markets. Assuming the existence of a hypothetical futures market pegged to the New York Stock Exchange, for example, it is easy to imagine a scenario in which a computer-driven seller's panic could push down the Dow by 500 points in a single day. And it could happen before the end of the next decade.”

—from "The Dark Side of the Computer Revolution,"
by David Owen, SPY, June 1978



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Naked City

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Another look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

Subject: JACK LITMAN, defense attorney for Robert Chambers

Sign: Leo (b. 7/26/43)

Date: Tuesday, February 2, 1988

Notable Activity: In a cross-examination of a police detective regarding a stretched pair of pants, requested that the witness stand with his hands behind his back, then approached him with a pair of panties in an apparent attempt to demonstrate how they might be stretched by tying him up

Horoscopes: "You'll have extra dynamism with the full moon in your sign Tuesday." —Usha, *USA Today*; "This is your power day!" —Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*

Subject: KURT WALDHEIM

Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/21/18)

Date: February 8, 1988

Notable Activities: Was found by Austrian government commission to have known of war crimes and done nothing about them; expressed happiness that commission concluded, in his words, that "knowledge is not a crime"; insisted he wouldn't resign

Horoscope: "Someone appears determined to force a showdown. However, for all their boasting and bellowing, you should know that you will win the day...[and] that you can rely on new colleagues or associates to

give you the cooperation and support you need." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*

Subject: LYN NOFZIGER

Sign: Gemini (b. 6/8/24)

Date: February 11, 1988

Notable Activity: Was found guilty of illegal lobbying of government officials

Horoscope: "This phase or cycle when you are called upon to discard and reorganize both your very personal life and practical matters must be causing you some distress." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*

Subject: BRUCE BABBITT

Sign: Cancer (b. 6/27/38)

Date: February 18, 1988

Notable Activity: Dropped out of presidential race

Horoscopes: "Your ESP is telling you something. Pay attention." —Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*; "Your intuition is particularly good right now, so follow it without hesitation. Get plenty of well-earned rest tonight." —Carroll Righter, *The San Diego Union*

Subject: MARIO BIAGGI

Sign: Scorpio (b. 10/26/17)

Date: February 18, 1988

Notable Activities: Was recommended for expulsion from the House of Representatives by the House ethics committee; said



he was "bitterly disappointed" and that he'd try to persuade fellow representatives not to take action until the appeals process on his 1987 conviction was completed

Horoscopes: "Try not to alienate colleagues or close associates." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*; "Use your creative abilities to improve your chances for success." —Carroll Righter, *The San Diego Union*

Subject: ORLANDO WOOLRIDGE, New Jersey Net

Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/16/59)

Date: February 19, 1988

Notable Activities: Began odyssey that ended with his missing two games and getting fined \$22,500; missed the team bus to Philadelphia, then ran his car into a ditch as he tried to drive there himself

Horoscope: "Clumsiness besets you, and you are accident-prone and absent-minded." —Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine

Subject: EDWARD I. KOCH

Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/12/24)

Date: February 21, 1988

Notable Activity: Announced that, because of lack of popular support, he was giving up his boycott of \$7 movies

Horoscope: "Plan some recreations for the coming week." —Carroll Righter, *The Los Angeles Times* —George Mannes

IGS TO

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, 1985)
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guests at
olm Elliott.

Parenting

VISION
min.

1" (1969)
discovered

7:00

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

9 PM SPY

SILENT VICTIM



Wappingers Falls is the setting for this dark tale of a possibly racially motivated sexual assault on a 15-year-old girl. On a cold autumn night, Tawana Brawley (Kim Fields of *The Facts of Life*) disappears off a bus and into a four-day nightmare of abuse. Before falling silent, she accuses six white men, including one she took to be a police officer. The tormented small-town community wrestles with the case as mysteries abound: the suicide of a local police officer and a quick-tempered stepfather with a murderous past. James Brown in his dramatic debut as the Reverend Al Sharpton. State Attorney General Robert Abrams: Alan (L.A. Law) Rachins. (3 hrs.)



BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan®,
the Movie Publicist's Friend

HOT TO TROT, starring Bob Goldthwait, Virginia Madsen, Don the talking horse (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "Trot, don't walk, to see this one!"

THE PRESIDIO, starring Sean Connery, Mark Harmon, Jack Warden (Paramount)

Eric Kaplan says, "One of the best films of this or any year!"

POLTERGEIST III, starring Zelda Rubinstein, Nancy Allen (MGM)

Eric Kaplan says, "Bing, bang, bong — boffo!"

FUNNY FARM, starring Chevy Chase, Madolyn Smith (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "Busted my laugh meter!"

BULL DURHAM, starring Kevin Costner, Bobby Zarem (Orion)

Eric Kaplan says, "Sure to be on my Oscar list!"

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WELL, THE GLENLIVET Scotch whisky does cost around \$20.00. Which some say is a small price to pay for a Scotch which has been made in the same unique way since 1747. A 12-year-old single malt Scotch with a smoothness and unique character that is unsurpassed to this day. All of which could explain why people are so strangely possessive about The Glenlivet. Which is a pity. You might just have to buy a bottle of your own.

THE GLENLIVET. JUST SLIGHTLY OUT OF REACH.



THE SPY TRIP TIP:

Touring New York's Eternal Resting Places

It's not easy to find outdoor tranquillity in New York City; that's not why people come here. This is a place for boisterously rubbing shoulders with the wealthy and celebrated. But there are a handful of places around town where the aroma of power mingles with the scent of Mother Nature. These are New York City's four great cemeteries. All four provide tourists with maps and lists of interred celebrities. Here, then, is the SPY cemetery-rating system, which assays resting spots in three categories crucial to a successful graveyard visit:

Star Power—even under heaps of soil, glitterati are the same as in life: moguls, movie idols and ball players (0–10). **Setting**—foliage and solitude, please. Demerits for spraypainted swastikas, prying maintenance workers or too many demonstrative mourners (0–5). **Tourist Factor**—does the staff tell good ones about the residents (0–5)?

FERNCLIFF

Secor Road, Hartsdale

In order to seem more like a park for the living, Ferncliff marks its graves with bronze plaques rather than protruding headstones. But what these flat, rather skimpy 70 acres lack in gothic ambience and eccentric RIPs is made up for in pure star density. In the mausoleum, "luxurious Oriental rugs muffle the tread of the bereaved," according to the brochure, while canned organ music soothes Judy



Garland, Joan Crawford and Ed Sullivan in their minimalist crypts.

Six feet under, Ferncliff's soil is enriched by the likes of Moms Mabley, Toots Shor, Thelonious Monk, Adolph Caesar, Elsa Maxwell, Malcolm X, Béla Bartók and Paul Robeson. And for a side trip, just down the road is the Hartsdale Canine Cemetery, where you can see some *real* tombstones.

Star Power: 9. **Setting:** 1. **Tourist Factor:** 2. **Total:** 12.

GATE OF HEAVEN

Stevens Avenue, Hawthorne

Gate of Heaven is a classic example of the way, no matter how systematically we obliterate our cultural heritage, our cemeteries keep getting better. For only in the world of cemeteries is historic preservation a given—nobody puts a mansard roof on a baroque mausoleum. Also, the inexorable falling of the mighty continually improves the pool of deceased talent.

Gate of Heaven boasts the one-two punch of Babe Ruth and newcomer James Cagney, but the supporting players are mostly journeymen: Sal Mineo, Fred Allen, Charles Schwab, Jimmy Walker (the former mayor, not the star of *Good*

Times, who is still living, if you call guest appearances on Florence Henderson's cable-TV show "living") and Dutch Schultz (who was buried here secretly—his name is absent from the register).

Star Power: 6. **Setting:** 5. **Tourist Factor:** 4. **Total:** 15.

GREEN-WOOD

Fifth Avenue and 25th Street, Brooklyn

Even when Coney Island was at its peak, Brooklyn fun-seekers considered a day at Green-wood Cemetery to be more exciting than the Cyclone and a Nathan's Famous. While the Garden City of the Dead, as it is called, is as entertaining as ever, the security-conscious management keeps a watchful eye and forces the modern tourist to register at the office. But as long as you're not carrying a shovel, you're in. Here, on 478 rolling acres with views of Wall Street and the Gowanus Canal, are the quirkiest of graves, the most bizarre and rococo of mausoleums. Mackay's Vault, for instance, boasts heat and electricity.

The movie world, which has taken so much talent from this borough, has given little back: silent-film cowboy William S. Hart and Frank "the Wizard of Oz" Morgan. Other worthies include Boss Tweed, Joey Gallo, both Barnes and Noble, Peter Cooper, Charles Ebbets, Samuel Morse and a favorite with European visitors, Irish whore Lola Montez.

Star Power: 5. **Setting:** 4.

Naked City

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Robert Chambers ...



and Elizabeth McGovern?



WNBC's Gabe Pressman ...



and *Dark Shadows's* Barnabas Collins?



Mario Cuomo ...



and Lebanese leader Nabi Berri?

Tourist Factor: 1. **Total:** 10.

WOODLAWN

Webster Avenue and 233rd Street, the Bronx

Ferncliff may have more show business pizzazz, but Woodlawn's almost 400 acres of woods and lawn have a comfy, brandy-and-chess feel. And despite a dearth of overdosed rockers or decapitated starlets, Woodlawn Cemetery is a veritable Who Was Who: Herman Melville, George M. Cohan, Duke Ellington, Fiorello La Guardia, Bat Masterson, Joseph Pulitzer, W. C. Handy.

According to a cemetery guard, Melville is "numero uno with tourists," although F. W. Woolworth has his hot periods,

"especially during that miniseries with Farrah Fawcett" (*Poor Little Rich Girl*, based on the life of Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton).

Near the Jerome Avenue entrance, former titans of industry hunker together for eternity—J. Walter Thompson, Herman Armour, Jules Bache, Woolworth, Samuel Kress, J. C. Penney and Henry Westinghouse.

Woodlawn also features free outdoor concerts (George M. Cohan music) and a chatty newsletter, but its greatest innovation is the "semi-private mausoleum."

Star Power: 6. **Setting:** 4. **Tourist Factor:** 3. **Total:** 13.

—Jack Barth

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Clarifiance. A welcome
asset to skin that calls for
moisture, not oil.



LANCÔME

PARIS



Naked City

IN THE DAYS OF THE 25¢ LETTER,
THERE ARE STILL SOME BARGAINS TO BE HAD AT THE POST OFFICE



What if, instead of leaving his painting *Iris* lying around on the floor of a mental institution to be scavenged and eventually sold at auction for about \$54 million, Vincent van Gogh had wrapped it up and mailed it off to a friend in Manhattan? And what if the friend had moved without leaving a forwarding address, and the painting had gone "unclaimed," to use post office jargon? *Iris* might have bypassed Sotheby's altogether and been auctioned off at one of the United States Postal Service's Auctions of Damaged and Unclaimed Merchandise, like the one recently held at the J. A. Farley Building, at 380 West 33rd Street.

On that particular day, 343 lots were scheduled to be auctioned. They didn't seem to include any masterpieces of the art world, but the potential bidders studied the goods with the intense concentration usually reserved for a Newmark & Lewis Presidents' Day Sale. How about Lot No. 144: 83 4-ounce containers of Original Muscle-Up Pro-Tan lotion, which promises "Instant Competition Color"? Or Lot No. 129: two SS *Titanic* commemorative coins? Lot No. 264 was brimming with hardcover books, including *The Original Il-*

lustrated Sherlock Holmes, *Wildlife: Making a Comeback* (with color photos), five Holy Bibles, *The Marshall Cavendish Science Project Book of Light* and *The Pooh Cook Book*. Lot No. 164 was a haberdasher's delight, featuring two Yankee baseball hats, one MY COW DIED. I DON'T NEED YOUR BULL baseball hat, one with THE BOSS emblazoned above the visor, a 1984 Olympics cap and a golf cap that said NERDS on it. One potential bidder looked the goods over and said, "But you know, what I really need is a fez." And he found one. In Lot No. 174.

The inspection lasted from 8:00 a.m. to 10:15 a.m., at which time the Damaged and Unclaimed Merchandise connoisseurs moved on to the auction room itself. The handicapping began.

"Right now, I don't have a job, dude. I just don't have the money to spend on something I don't need. But the knives might be worth bidding on."

"With the rifle scope there's ten Victorinox original Swiss Army knives. I'll tell you what—we split it. I get the rifle scope and two knives. You keep eight knives."

"This looks better than the Bell Telephone Trucks auction."

The bidding started promptly at 10:32

after a brief introduction by the auctioneer. He reminded the throng that "these articles may be damaged and probably are," but he held out the hope that "you will be both pleased and profited by your participation at this sale."

As they do at Christie's and Sotheby's, the bidders had numbered paddles, which they waved, tennis-racket fashion, when they wished to bid on an item. Unlike at Christie's and Sotheby's, there were no anonymous bidders and no telephone bids from European collectors. Nor were there any shocked gasps as prices went up, though the winning bid of \$26 for a damaged Lladro figurine elicited one "Boo" from a gentleman in the back. Lot No. 29, a box of corkscrews, sold for \$60. The *Titanic* commemorative coins went for \$80. The hats in Lot No. 164 brought in \$70. Lot No. 144, the suntan lotion, was sold for \$30. Lot No. 200, 75 scissors of varying styles and sizes, fetched \$90.

Two happy winners discussed the next dilemma: how to get their new merchandise home. If a purchase isn't claimed within two days, it becomes "unclaimed" again. In which case it might find its way into the next auction, on July 5. —William Wrubel

WHAT IF UNEMPLOYED ACTORS WORKED IN BANKS INSTEAD OF RESTAURANTS?

9:12 a.m. Loan officer confuses patron by asserting, "Less is more."

10:49 a.m. Ingenue teller decorates brass nameplate area with dreary Pierrot doll collection.

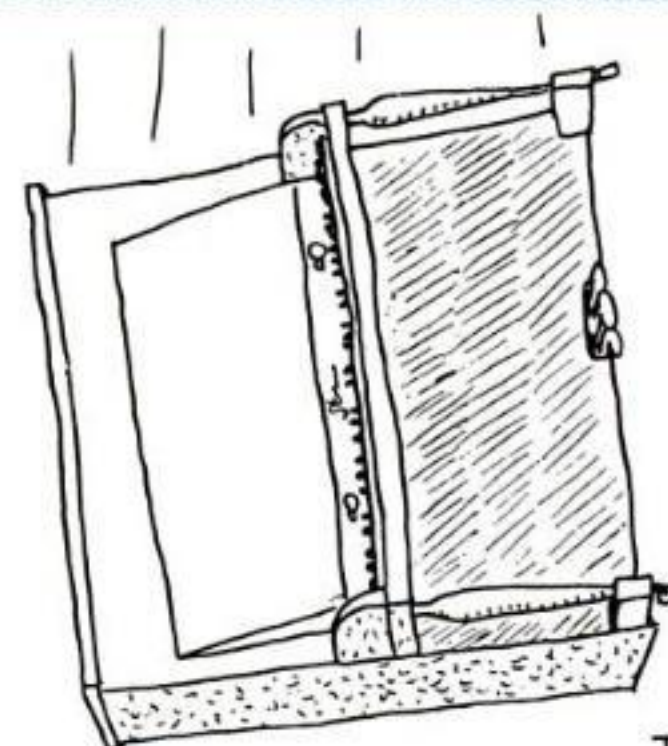
11:30 a.m. Branch manager fires singer-dancer-teller because she wasn't making interesting "choices."

12:09 p.m. Man in torn T-shirt and faded jeans enters bank: surly "Method teller" has finally arrived for work.

1:28 p.m. Competition among tellers to work at window closest to surveillance camera results in tears and vicious gossip.

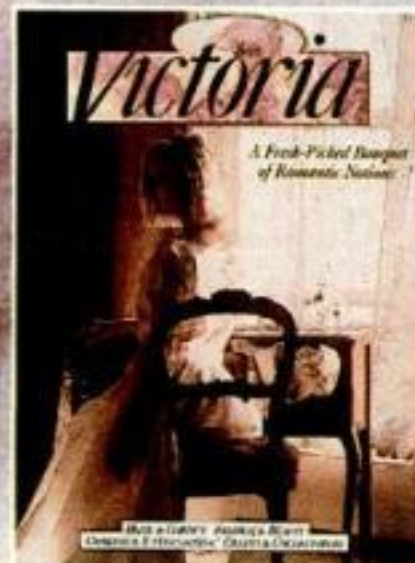
2:59 p.m. Bank robber's forceful "Put your hands up!" unleashes frenzy of precision dancing.

— Henry Alford



THE
DOOMED
MAN
READS
HIS
LAST
T-
SHIRT.

Enter a world
of grace.



The new magazine
of living beautifully
ever after.



Naked City

THE TIMES



Max



Arthur



Abe

TWO OR THREE LOOSE

ends to tie up on the by now dreadfully tired subject of coincidences at the paper of record, before moving on to

other, livelier matters. Which we shall do next month. But first this:

"Nell had seen Violana strap on a huge dildo before she'd brutally turned her onto her stomach again and with crazed wild thrusts had shot the blunt-nosed instrument into her behind. Nell had screamed out in agony...."

Ooooooh. The author of the above snippet of depravity is none other than the literary half of the Charlie Brown and Peppermint Patty of the social set—we're talking here, of course, about bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. Her husband, Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal, is, one must believe, simply not horrified enough at what his wife calls writing—otherwise, surely he would ask her to cease.

But enough about Abe and Shirley. What about Martin Segal, the disarmingly diminutive arts patron? Segal's sheaf of *Times* clips certainly pales alongside the volumes written in recent years about the scandalously underappreciated American playwright Eugene O'Neill. (Hello, Arthur!) But perhaps no living New Yorker who is neither real estate developer nor politician has been so fawned over in the pages of the *Times* as Marty Segal. Indeed, as it is often said around the paper: the greatest amount of coverage for the littlest amount of man. Segal's day job is in the drama-filled, superglamorous world of actuarial charts and employee-benefit programs. That, however, is not the Martin Segal that *Times* readers have come to appreciate. The chairman of the board of Lincoln Center for many years, Segal is

now fairly torturing festival-hungry New Yorkers with portentous news of the First New York International Festival of the Arts that will take over the city this month. The little man's every movement, his every schedule change, every new major talent that he has booked for the festival, have been duly noted by the paper. By mid-July, New Yorkers will undoubtedly have had it up to here with word of the festival's hollow successes. And then you will know what official Soviet arts coverage is like.

The Kremlin...that is, the *Times*, is reported to have donated more than \$2 million to the cause, and once even allowed Segal to stage one of his frequent press conferences for the festival on the fourteenth floor, where the paper's executives sit. Segal is, you might have guessed, a close personal friend of both Abe's and Arthur's, and has long been rumored to have supplied them with investment advice.

Marty's son Paul, the architect, has also enjoyed a bright past, as chronicled by the very friendly *Times*. That at least three major profiles of his firm's work have appeared in the Home section has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that Paul designed the Gelbs' summer villa in Water Mill, on Long Island.

Ever the enterpriser, Segal has fashioned quite a lucrative little concern for himself designing the homes of *Timesmen*. He was in the process of designing Steve "I'm a Pal of Arthur Sulzberger Jr.'s" Rattner's house in Connecticut when he heard that Abe was having second thoughts about the \$2 million apartment he was thinking of buying in the Dakota last year. Segal, who was going to renovate the apartment for Abe, told Rattner, a former *Times* reporter turned \$1-million-a-year Morgan Stanley investment banker, about the cheaper place. Rattner, you see, was

himself about to buy a \$3 million apartment in the Dakota. When Abe bailed out, Rattner—who had previously worked for him as a news clerk—bought Rosenthal's apartment instead of the one he had been looking at. Everybody happy.

Well, almost. Segal then made the very classy, very *professional* gesture of asking Rattner, his friend and client, for a finder's fee. Rattner, incensed, was probably inclined to use Shirley Lord-like language with Segal, except that Segal also happens to live at the Dakota—and, more important, happens to be on the building's co-op board. Segal was therefore in a fairly secure position vis-à-vis demanding his finder's fee. Rattner reportedly battled Segal down to a payoff of \$30,000, paid out in three separate checks, but prevailed in a minor billing squabble he had with Segal over the work being done on the house in Connecticut.

There is a sense around the paper—cautiously optimistic, a *Times* diplomatic correspondent might call the mood—that the sun is finally setting on the whole cozy little I'll-help-you-you-help-me world at the paper. Current executive editor Max Frankel is the direct sort, more than willing to call in an editor and tell him to cease. Or it may just be that everybody is laying off the naughtiness until they figure out just how much they can get away with. And you thought the comparisons to the Soviet Union were just vivid metaphor.

Speaking of ceasing, here's a deal: we'll stop writing about Shirley if she stops writing sentences such as:

"He suddenly threw her face-down onto the sofa to stab her with his enormous prick, first in the backside, then in front, over and over for an ecstatic, mind-bending twenty minutes."

Ooooooh. Stop it! Bye. —J. J. Hunsecker



I've waited years for this!



Grand Siècle Champagne

From Laurent-Perrier

As near to opening day as his publication's lead time will allow, each local and national baseball pundit makes bold to predict teams' standings at season's end.

We fans can only assume that close observation, long experience, access to inside information, crafty calculation and intuition are the sources of these annual forecasts. And so each set of predictions might, then, provide us with a gauge of a sportswriter's, um, expertise.

This April, no fewer than eight sportswriters from four local papers assured us that the home boys, the Mets and the Yankees, will win their divisions. Yet Phil Pepe of the *News* says the Brewers will win the American League East, and in the National League, Hondo* of the *Post* picks the Pirates, and Lyle Spencer the Expos.

In whom, we wonder, can we place our childlike trust?

SOBERMETRICS

Just as the celebrated new baseball-nut science of Sabermetrics aids in the search for "objective knowledge about baseball" (in Bill "Baseball Abstract" James's definition), so our system, Sobermetrics, attempts to establish the lucidity and/or credibility of baseball writers statistically.

Our method is simple—crude, even. Over any year's actual final standings, we superimpose the predicted ones—the total correct guesses being expressed as X. There are 26 teams, each of which must finish *some* where. To establish a writer's level of accuracy in prediction, or "betting average" (BA), we apply this formula:

$$BA = \frac{X}{26}$$

THIS YEAR'S BASEBALL SEASON: A LOOK BACK

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
East	West	East	West
1) Detroit/ Toronto	Minnesota/ Kansas City	St. Louis/ New York	San Francisco/ Cincinnati
2) Toronto/ New York	Kansas City/ California	New York/ St. Louis	Cincinnati/ Houston
3) Milwaukee/ Cleveland	Oakland/ Texas	Montreal/ Philadelphia	Houston/ Los Angeles
4) New York/ Boston	Seattle/ Minnesota	Philadelphia/ Chicago	Los Angeles/ San Francisco
5) Boston/ Detroit	Chicago/ Oakland	Pittsburgh/ Pittsburgh ✓	Atlanta/ San Diego
6) Baltimore/ Baltimore ✓	California/ Chicago	Chicago/ Montreal	San Diego/ Atlanta
7) Cleveland/ Milwaukee	Texas/ Seattle		

Example:

In the chart above, the team on top is listed where it actually finished in 1987; the team on the bottom represents the prediction made by Murray Chass, *The New York Times's* ace.

To the unscientific, this is merely hilarious. But thanks to Sobermetrics, Chass's uncanny wrongheadedness can now be expressed mathematically. Let others evaluate the milky copiousness of his prose. We're just crunching numbers here—something Chass himself does with soporific effect each Sunday. He got 2 right, for a betting average of .077. Pathetic.

Compare his achievement with that of the *Daily News's* Pepe. Although Pepe often writes as if English were his third language, he was nonetheless the only official observer to suspect the Twins of having pennant potential in 1987 (they won the World Series), and with 5 other correct picks as well, Pepe's BA was an almost respectable .231.

Ranked by prediction-average accuracy, here are the 1987 standings of the leading sportswriters:

- .308 Greg Gallo (*New York Post*)
- .269 Lyle Spencer (*Post*), Harvey Araton (*Daily News*)
- .231 Jerry Lisker (*Post*), Bill Madden (*News*), Phil Pepe (*News*), *Sport* magazine
- .192 Bill Gallo (*News*), Dick Young, Maury Allen, Bob Klapisch (*Post*)
- .154 Steve Wilder (*Post*), Jack O'Connell, Mike Lupica (*News*)
- .115 Dick Klayman (*Post*), *The Sporting News*, *Sports Illustrated*
- .077 *Inside Sports*, Murray Chass (*Times*)
- .038 Hondo (*Post*)

Bear in mind that all three of the leaders (Greg Gallo, Spencer and Araton) said Texas would win the American League West (it came last). Also, note that Araton had the American League East perfectly upside down, picking Detroit for last (it came first) and Cleveland

for first (it came last). And consider, in fact, that our betting champ, Gallo, did not predict a single pennant winner.



MOST MISERABLE PERFORMANCE: SEASON

Mike Lupica, 1986

Score: 2 right, 1 winner, .077 BA

Strategy: Got the Mets right. (Who didn't?) Went O-fer (none right in) the American League, with winners Boston and California sixth and fifth. O-fer the NL West, for that matter, with winner Houston sixth.

Competition: 1985—Maury Allen got 5 right by mechanically repicking 1984's worst teams to be worst again. 1987—in the year the first shall be last, *Sport*, *Sports Illustrated* and Araton all picked both Cleveland and Texas to win their divisions.

MOST MISERABLE PERFORMANCE: LIFETIME

The Sporting News (the Bible of Baseball)

Score (1985–87): 11 right, 1 winner, vile .141 3-season BA

Strategy: In a century, TSN has gone from a mouthpiece for the owners to a mouthpiece for hacks who sucked up to the owners to a mouthpiece for writers who might know more if the owners took their calls. ▶

*A pseudonym for Pat Hannigan

Why people who subscribe to the work ethic also subscribe to People magazine.

For some people, sixty-hour work weeks are a way of life. And they wouldn't have it any other way. But the harder you work, the more you need to relax.

Which is why, for a few hours every week, twenty-five million highly motivated people forget about office politics (and world politics) and curl up with the latest issue of People magazine.

Even though they read People for the fun of it, their relationship with the magazine is quite serious. After all, how many magazines have as many subscribers who gladly shell out \$62 a year? And keep coming back year after year.

With this kind of reader loyalty, People advertisers keep coming back as well. That's not surprising. In this environment, your ad dollars will work a lot harder.

Just like our readers.

Nothing grabs people like



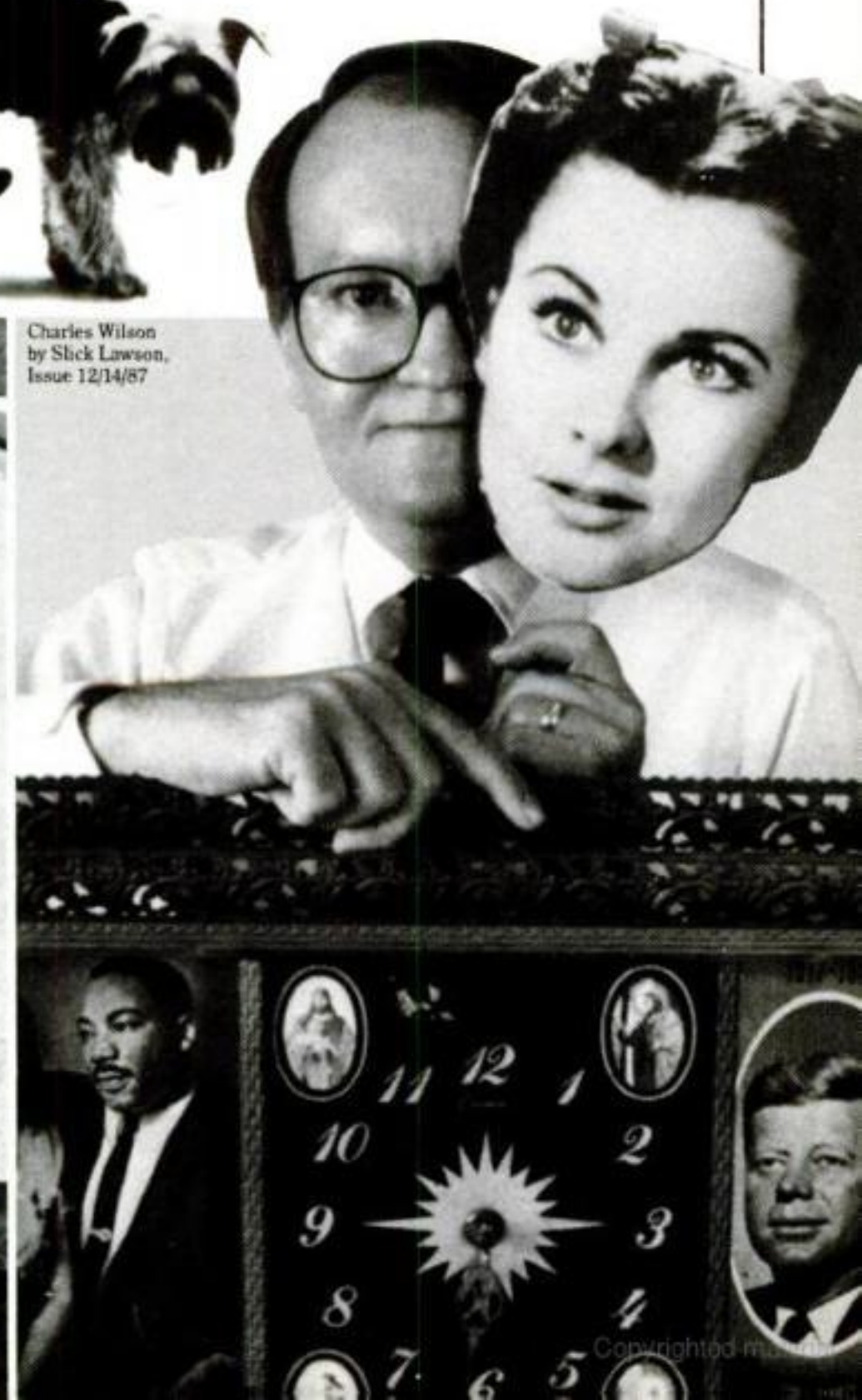
Tracy Ullman by Harry Benson, Issue 12/28/87



Synchro-Energizers by Roger Ressmeyer, Issue 12/14/87



Liberace by Lennis Dean, Issue 2/16/87



Charles Wilson by Slick Lawson, Issue 12/14/87

(continued)

WHOM CAN YOU TRUST?

Those who don't learn from history are condemned to repick it. Over three seasons (1985-87) and across four divisions, our 22 experts got 291 right out of 1,404 possible choices, a .207 betting average—in fact, exactly the *batting* average Steve "Bye-bye" Balboni registered with the Kansas City Royals last season, at the end of which he was released.** More precisely:

DON'T TRUST: Bill Madden of the *News on the American League East, and beyond*. Pick for pick, Madden is New York's most hopeless prognosticator. Going O-fer a division or a league is pretty woeful, but if it's O-fer anybody in the East, it's worse. Since the hometown Mets and Yankees are both Eastern division teams, it suggests either that the natural lines of gossip are not open to you or that you just don't like going out to the park. Screw up consistently on the East and it should probably disqualify your wise counsel for, oh, ever? Now, Bill Madden has gone O-fer the American League East *three straight seasons*. His three-year All-Eastern betting average: a faint .128 (5-for-39).

DON'T TRUST: Hondo of the *Post on the National League East, and beyond*. The National League East was a real mother lode for most of our experts in 1986, mainly because 16 picked the Mets to take the division, which the team did. Hondo, however, chose the Expos to win that year (they came in fourth), and since 1985 he has averaged a remarkable .056 (1-18) in the division, where the sportswriters' norm was .262. Hondo—the *Post's* official baseball oddsmaker—was disastrous in the American League East too.

DON'T TRUST: Inside Sports, Sport, Sports Illustrated, The Sporting News *on the West*. You would assume that any *national* publication might have a few ideas on what's what in the mysterious West. You would be wrong. Consider:

► Each of the national magazines went O-fer a Western division last season, and *Sports Illustrated* went O-fer both.

► Over their last three seasons of intensive Western prognostication, the four nationals, *Sports Illustrated* (5-for-39), *Inside Sports* (4-39), *The Sporting News* (5-39), and *Sport* (7-39), combined for a stunning 21-156. That's a .135 BA.

► Add the *Times* to that accomplishment and the average sinks even lower (.128). The *Times*—and the *Post's* Dick Klayman too—went 4-39, tying *The Sporting News* for Western Worst.

► Free idea for new publication: *Batter Up With Dick Klayman*.

DON'T TRUST: Mike Lupica of the *News on the American League East, the National League West*. In 1985 and 1986 Lupica couldn't forecast a *single* accurate finish in two entirely unrelated divisions. So it's not just that Lupica's stronger on the American than on the National or the reverse—no, the common thread appears to be *baseball*. In 1987 Lupica contrived to spot Baltimore for sixth in the American League East, the division he writes "Cherish Yogi Berra" columns about. On a roll, he also nailed third-place Houston in the National League West. His overall three-season BA: .115, Survey Worst. Beware Mike Lupica.

DO TRUST: Phil Pepe of the *News on who'll finish fifth in the American League East*. Guaranteed. Pepe *owns* fifth place. Boston 1985, Cleveland 1986, Boston 1987—he had them all. No thirds, fourths, sixths or sevenths. Just fifths. An unerring instinct.

DO TRUST: Greg Gallo of the *Post and Inside Sports on who'll finish sixth in the American League East*. Also guaranteed.

DO TRUST: Jerry Lisker, *ex of the Post, on everybody*. Somebody has to know his business, and it's fitting that Lisker is now at Fox and won't be making picks anymore. He has had 22 right predictions over three seasons (.282—Survey Best, by far), with a winner in every division. He got Boston and California in 1986, when *everybody else* with a winner that year just had the Mets.

DO TRUST: *anybody on Pittsburgh*. It stands to reason that a really hapless team is easiest to anticipate. During the last 3 years our 22 experts have accurately predicted Pittsburgh's finish an aggregate of 27 times. Nice going.

1988: YEAR OF THE CHICKEN PICK

Since divisional play began in 1969, an average of 7 teams have finished a season in exactly the same spot as the previous season. And although it may traditionally be hard to repeat as a *winner*, the last-place NL (East and West) team has done it 50 percent of the time, while Cleveland of the AL has wound up last or next to last 80 percent of the time. Thus, a fairly respectable (better than most) BA of .268 can be maintained by *blindly predicting* that teams will simply duplicate their previous performance.

Steve Marcus of *Newsday* must know this. He has picked 10 teams to finish in 1988 where they finished in 1987. He has also called for an NL last-place team to repeat and has forecast Cleveland to finish next to last. Marcus could make money in the market. The *News* was even more timid in 1988. Its experts predicted only the four division winners, not the entire final standings, a policy change perhaps influenced by the *News's* recent BA as compared with its local rivals':

1. *Post* 1985-87: 146 out of 624, .234 BA
2. *Times* 1985-87: 16 out of 78, .205 BA
3. *News* 1985-87: 75 out of 390, .192 BA

BIG APPLE HOMERS

As might be expected, *Post* pickers tend to root for the home team. Greg Gallo, for instance, divined a Subway Series in 1986, 1987 and again in 1988. Last season the *Post's* Klayman, Spencer, Lisker, Young and Wilder recommended getting your money down on the Yankees. That kind of expertise you can get from the fellow on the next bar stool. In 1988, even Chass of the *Times* likes both home teams. So does *Newsday's* Steve Marcus. But feisty Mike Lupica believes the locals will be shut out... so this could be the year after all.

—Sean Kelly and Charlie Rubin

**Our experts' averages vs. the NL East: .262; NL West: .194; AL East: .217; AL West: .159.











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SEVEN REASONS TO HAVE VOTED FOR PAUL SIMON

What sort of man runs for president? We had hoped that when the current and ex-candidates returned cultural questionnaires sent them by *Chicago Tribune* contributor MAGDA KRANCE, we would have the raw data to raise an explosive issue in an otherwise mori-

bund campaign: the question of personal taste. Alas, with the possible exception of Paul Simon, the candidates' answers to questions about their favorite books and movies put the kibosh on the taste question. None of them have any.

	Pat Robertson	Bob Dole	George Bush	Richard Gephardt	Al Gore	Jesse Jackson	Michael Dukakis	Paul Simon
Favorite movies; favorite actor, actress	<i>Rocky, Gone With the Wind, Adam's Rib</i> 	<i>Gone With the Wind, White Christmas, It's a Wonderful Life; Charlton Heston, Katharine Hepburn</i>	<i>The Karate Kid, Chariots of Fire; Clint Eastwood, Meryl Streep</i> 	<i>The Killing Fields, Platoon, It's a Wonderful Life; Michael Douglas, Meryl Streep</i>	<i>King of Hearts, E.T., Local Hero; Tommy Lee Jones, Meryl Streep</i>	Spokesperson says he hasn't seen a movie in 25 years	<i>The Killing Fields; John Dukakis (his son), Olympia Dukakis (his cousin)</i>	<i>Diabolique, Duck Soup, A Day at the Races; Paul Newman, Barbra Streisand</i>
Favorite music	Classical, country and gospel; baroque composers; Ricky Skaggs and Alabama	Show tunes, especially <i>South Pacific</i> 	Country and gospel; Oak Ridge Boys, Loretta Lynn and Sandi Patti	Classical, jazz and opera; favorite album: <i>Whitney Houston</i> 	Country, jazz and rock; Bruce Springsteen's <i>Born in the U.S.A.</i> and <i>Live</i> albums	Blues, soul, country and jazz; spokesperson says, "He likes Waylon Jennings because Waylon Jennings likes him"	Show tunes, classical and folk 	Classical, choir music and show tunes; Handel's <i>Messiah</i> and Scott Joplin
Favorite radio and TV shows	News; country music and easy listening; <i>Family Ties, Mission: Impossible</i> and the <i>700 Club</i>	News; University of Kansas basketball games; <i>Gunsmoke</i>	Country music; <i>20/20, 60 Minutes, Murder, She Wrote</i> and <i>Monday Night Football</i>	News; St. Louis Cardinals baseball games	News; NPR; <i>The Cosby Show</i>	News-talk; <i>The Cosby Show, Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954-65</i>	News; Boston Red Sox games; <i>St. Elsewhere, Cheers, Spenser: For Hire</i> (all set in Boston)	All-news and NPR; football; <i>The Cosby Show</i> 
Favorite books, writers	Ernest Hemingway; <i>Modern Times</i> , by Paul Johnson	Ernest Hemingway; Richard Norton Smith, biographer of Herbert Hoover	James Michener; <i>Advise and Consent</i> , by Allen Drury	<i>In Search of Excellence</i> , by Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman	James Michener, David Halberstam 	Book of Micah, Old Testament; anything by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.	<i>The American Mind</i> , by Henry Steele Commager	<i>The Last Hurrah</i> , by Edwin O'Connor; Carl Sandburg, Lincoln biographer
Other favorites in the arts	Italian Renaissance and some New Realism; Shakespeare; Bill Cosby, Fred Travalena	Twentieth-century American art; Dan Aykroyd and Johnny Carson	Impressionist art; <i>A Chorus Line</i> ; Bob Hope and Rich Little	Asian art; George Carlin and Robin Williams	Impressionist art; Robin Williams and George Burns	Pictures of the children and himself in a glass memorabilia case	—	<i>Hello, Dolly!</i> ; the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields and Whoopi Goldberg
Objets they yearn to own	"Renaissance classics"	Works by Jamie and Andrew Wyeth	Any work by Claude Monet	Asian art	Picasso's <i>The Old Guitarist</i>	—	—	Historical documents relating to Lincoln
Important cultural influences	Gladys Churchill Robertson (his mother)	Elizabeth Dole	—	Parents	"[Former senator Albert Gore Sr.] raised me to be as equally at home in an opera house as a horse barn"	Jackson says he gets his "learnin' not by bookin' but by lookin'" 	Harry Ellis Dickson (father-in-law), associate conductor laureate of the Boston Pops	His parents: "They introduced me to the opera, musicals, plays and classical music")



Cuervo Especial

Kirstie Alley

THE PERFECT MARGARITA

Kirstie Alley knows how to throw the perfect desert party. First, track down the perfect starlit spot. And, like Kirstie, always serve Cuervo Margaritas. The perfectly delicious Margaritas made with Cuervo Gold, the premium tequila, and Jose Cuervo Margarita Mix. Chill 'em down, then shake 'em up. The fiesta starts with Cuervo.

Cuervo

RETHINK YOUR DRINK.
MIX WITH CUERVO.

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THE ERIC BREINDEL STORY

When Bad **One Young**



Man's Remarkable Ten-Year Rise

Things

and Fall and Rise, from Harvard



Star to Kennedy Hanger-on to

Happen to

Senate Intel-



ligence Aide to Convicted Junkie to

Ambitious

Right-Wing



New York Post Editor

People

by Bruce Handy



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ATTOR

A young man you've probably never heard of got married in January at New York's Harvard Club. As do many young men you've never heard of. But on this special day, amid the vaulted ceilings and the dark mahogany paneling and the red leather chairs and the oars from fabled sculls—amid the accumulated reek and tchotchkes of the northeastern establishment—there convened an assemblage of men you *have* heard of, powerful men, statesmen, men who smile a lot and play make-believe in public—men like New York City mayor Ed Koch, City Council President Andy Stein, New York senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Israeli ambassador to the United Nations Benjamin Netanyahu and not-yet-indicted State Department liar Elliott Abrams. Men of letters were there, too, learned men who like to do our thinking for us, men like Nobel prize-winner Elie Wiesel, *New Republic* editor Martin Peretz, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz, *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis and many other journalists, respected and less so. There were powerful men all over the place, making pompous speeches and swaggering through the Harvard Club as if it were the Council on Foreign Relations or Bohemian Grove. Only this was a wedding, and lots of women were swaggering around, too, and the men weren't there to reach consensus on America's national interest or cut secret deals or urinate on trees. They had gathered to celebrate the marriage vows of their beloved friend, Eric M. Breindel, editorial-page editor of the *New York Post*. If there was grandstanding or schmoozing to be done, well, that was surely secondary.

How did one wedding manage to attract representatives

from the entire spectrum of mainstream American political thought, from tired liberal Anthony Lewis to right-wing crank Norman Podhoretz to soulless opportunist Ed Koch, people who would otherwise never be seen in the same room together, people who won't be in the same room together ever again unless hell is a funnier place than seems probable?

It's a long story, and its turning point came just over four years ago, when Eric Breindel was at the center of a different kind of overpowering event—red lights glaring, cops flashing badges, handcuffs encircling wrists in the parking lot of a Washington, D.C., Holiday Inn, a pedestrian place for an extremely unusual bust. At the time Breindel held what was for him a dream job on the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. But the self-described future great statesman and a friend had just bought five nickel bags of heroin from an undercover cop.

"The rising young man of his age in America." That's how one of Breindel's powerful friends described the 27-year-old at the time of the bust. "He is a golden youth, this kid," extolled a more sentimental colleague, "the most impressive young man I've ever come across." And it must have been true—because just two and a half years after a scandal that would have utterly derailed most careers, Breindel was not only contributing to *The Wall Street Journal* and *Commentary*, he was editorial-page editor of the *New York Post*.

This is the story of the rise of Eric Breindel and the powerful friends who made it possible. And the fall of Eric Breindel and the powerful friends who made that possible. And the spectacular resurrection of Eric Breindel and a whole raft of powerful friends who made *that* possible—more powerful

friends than a year's worth of *Agronsky & Co.* guests. Just a lot a lot a lot of powerful friends.

FROM GOLDEN YOUTH TO handcuffed youth to *New York Post* honcho—Breindel's story is like a profoundly dismal tragedy with a wacky epilogue, as if some seventeenth-century hack had appended a sixth act onto *Macbeth* wherein the Scotsman was reincarnated as a talking '65 Chevy. Which isn't to say that Breindel and the *Post* shouldn't be taken seriously. The paper is, after all, a major metropolitan daily with a circulation of 550,000 in the nation's largest city. And Breindel's opinion-making position there is one that journalists at other papers look upon as bearing civic responsibility.

What can be found in the public record about Eric Breindel? A New York native, he grew up on Gramercy Park, a doctor's son, a child of Holocaust survivors. He's an intellectual, a particularly hard-line neoconservative in the tradition of Norman Podhoretz.

vard classmate says, "The guy's got connections out the ass."

CONNECTIONS: PEOPLE KNOWING people, people giving introductions, people getting no doubt well-deserved jobs—steady, sometimes invisible hands helping younger, nervous hands up the social and political ladders. From the local Jaycees to the Old Executive Office Building, connections are the motor that drives America. And when you think about it, *con-*

ATTABOY! YOU'RE ELECTED
TO HORACE MANN
STUDENT COUNCIL
+2 Résumé Points

GROW UP ON NYC'S
GENTEEL GRAMERCY PARK
+3 Silver Spoon Points

DOCTOR'S SON!
+10 Silver Spoon Points

ONLY CONNECT!

The Fun New
Home Version of
Eric Breindel's Life



He's a lawyer by training, one whose nitpicking, increasingly sour and irrelevant essays read as if they'd been written by a witless William F. Buckley Jr. And he's had a lot more jobs than most people—good jobs that most people wouldn't get even if they hadn't been busted for heroin. Few ex-junkies can make these claims. How is it that Eric Breindel can?

Maybe it's because, as a Har-

nections is merely a cynic's word for *friends*. Getting things done in public life would be impossible without friends—just ask Ed Meese or Mike Deaver.

Every campus has its glad-handing young politicians working the student body with an eye toward future gain, but Eric Breindel was legendarily gifted in this regard. "He was fueled with brains and ambition," remembers a college

classmate, "and he moved in a world that rewards ambition for ambition's sake." A world he never made, but one that was patently to his liking. "He was like a little man, not a kid.... He always had agendas," remembers another Harvard friend. "He was a weird, sleazy guy," remembers a third.

Here's an impressive litany of surnames:

After coming to patrician Phillips Exeter Academy from New York's nerdier Horace

ple including Maura Moynihan, the senator's daughter.

Friends' descriptions—and these *are* people who claim Breindel as a friend—make him sound like a genetically groomed mix of Uriah Heep, young Dick Nixon, LBJ and Sammy Glick. "He's slick as eel shit. He sidles up to people. He has a politician's sense of who he wants to be friends with and how to use them," says a Harvard friend. "He learns your background, then lets you

Breindel describe him as charming, intense, bright and, at least as a younger man, handsome. The words *charisma* and *sweetness* come up in conversation about him as often as *brownnosing* does. "He has an obvious ability to make people believe in him," says Robert Garrett, a journalist who worked with Breindel on *The Harvard Crimson*. "He drew people into his myth of himself," says Philip Weiss, another *Crimson* colleague (and a SPY

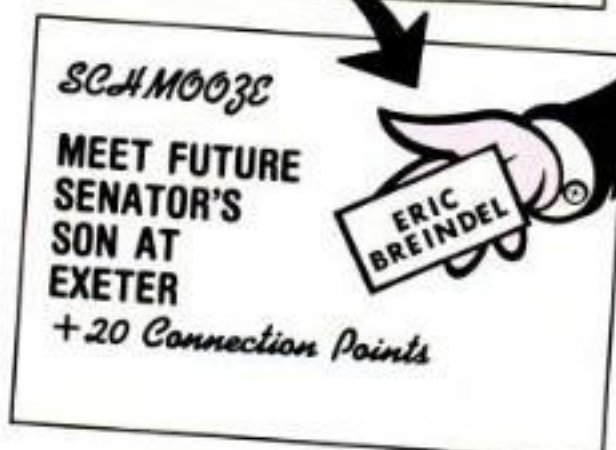
FOMs—Friends of Marty's. Breindel enrolled in Peretz's freshman seminar on American politics and society since World War II, a select, prestigious course that had a reputation as the place to be for ambitious young intellectuals hoping to make their mark on Harvard and beyond. Admission required an interview with Peretz.

With foresight aplenty, Breindel also took a seminar called "Ideology," taught by Moynihan. He too would become a long-

**TRANSFER TO PHILLIPS
EXETER ACADEMY**
+5 Credibility Points

Mann Prep School (where, the 1970 yearbook, *Mannikin*, reports, the freshmen were "represented responsibly" by student council member Eric Breindel), he attached himself to Tim Moynihan, the soon-to-be-senator's son, and through him made the acquaintance of the entire family. Though it's said that young Moynihan wasn't particularly fond of Breindel, "Eric came with the whole Exeter package," according to a family observer. At Harvard, Breindel roomed with Robert Kennedy's son David and befriended his brother Bobby. He also made a point of becoming close to Caroline Kennedy, though friends say they were never romantically involved. "He was obviously a guy who seeks fame, and he tried to cozy up to Caroline," says a friend of hers. "It's as innocent as that." Which suggests what passes for innocence in Breindel's circle. His main college squeeze was Margaret "Pooh" Shapiro, who is now a *Washington Post* reporter (and is the sister of Peter Shapiro, who ran against Tom Kean for the New Jersey governorship in 1985). Later, while at Harvard Law, Breindel lived in an apartment with a group of peo-

PICK A SCAMMOOZE CARD



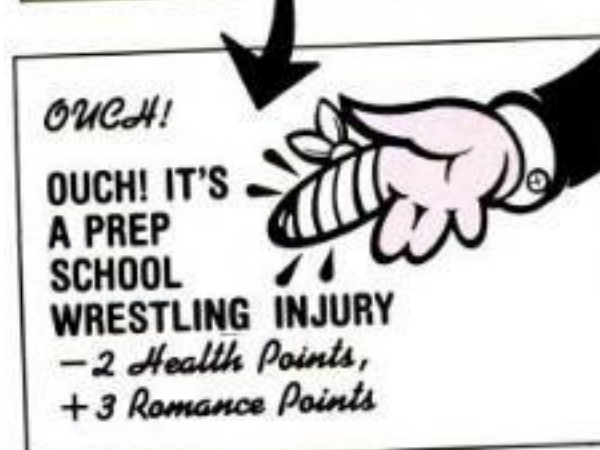
ple know he knows. He comes up to you and asks, "Oh, how's So-and-so?"—the uncle who's an ambassador to Togo, the cousin who ghostwrote Jeb Stuart Magruder's memoirs, whatever the power link.

One friend tells of meeting Breindel on his way to hang out in Caroline Kennedy's dorm room. Breindel was "very excited" by the prospect, and he invited the friend to come along and share in the thrill of second-generation Camelot. "There were a bunch of Kennedy cousins [not including Caroline, or Eric] trading prescription drugs. It was like 'I'll trade you five Valiums for ten Percodans.' Eric just sat there glowing. He was so pleased to be in the midst of all that."

"He was slick and pompous and full of himself," a friend says, "but he was open about it. You knew he was the most ambitious guy you'd ever met, but it didn't bother you."

Even people who loathe

PICK AN OUCH! CARD



contributor). "Ordinary events were laden with significance." A friend says that Breindel's parents' escape from the Holocaust led him to see all conflicts as Manichaeian struggles between good and evil—a notoriously seductive worldview, as the histories of war, religion and petty disputes between spoiled college kids will attest.

Mentors were drawn in, too. "There was this cult of Eric," explains a friend, "that he was a boy wonder, a boy genius. He was ingratiating. He wrote obsequious notes. He was always getting adults to bill and coo."

One such adult was Martin Peretz—a Harvard professor and editor of *The New Republic*—who expends a good deal of energy being a father figure to promising young men. "He likes to think of himself as a mentor, a rabbi," notes a former employee of the magazine. "Marty's always surrounded by young men," known around the magazine offices as

YOU GRADUATED WITH HONORS!
*Go Directly to Harvard—
Do Not Pass U. Penn*

time Breindel booster. "Eric always chose his classes for connections," a classmate says.

Many of the people who've seen him in intellectual action, particularly his mentors, credit Breindel with the kind of stunning mind that appears only rarely in our midst. But a wade through his published oeuvre hardly bears this out. A friend compares Breindel's reasoning process to an ever-expanding grid, making simple, rigid logical connections; and this narrowness is apparent in his writing. He's a great researcher and he's adept at rehashing old debates, but he's no original theorist. At their most Breindelian, his articles typically turn on a debater's kind of small logic. For example, of the Hollywood Ten's refusal to name Communist acquaintances before the House Un-American Activities Committee, he wrote in a 1980 *Commentary* piece, "Just about everyone summoned cooperated, save for those who, as Communists or party sympathizers, were, for the most part, operating under what amounted to an external political discipline"—an inference Breindel draws tautologically from their very refusal to testify, discounting any moral

imperative. "Those who invoked the Fifth Amendment may of course have shielded certain of their friends, but the *purpose* of these 'unfriendly' witnesses was other. If the result was that friends were protected, it was purely coincidence."

For men like Moynihan and Peretz and Moynihan's buddy, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz (who vaguely remembers being introduced to Breindel by the senator), part of the attraction in this young

powered careers in journalism and politics, and he took the loss hard. "It was one of his least charming periods," notes a classmate dryly.

At the time, Breindel was at least nominally a leftist, as were most of the people at the *Crimson*, as were most of the people at Harvard, as, of course, were most future neo-conservatives. His set was a group of ideologically elite social-studies majors (an ad hoc department run as the lefty

paigned vigorously. Breindel's chief rival was Jim Cramer, straightforward and hardworking and unusually dedicated to the *Crimson*. Cramer came from a more middle-class, suburban background than Breindel, and many at the paper began to see the increasingly nasty competition as something of a class struggle, with the more sophisticated Breindel partisans condescending to what they considered to be the hopelessly plebeian Cramer faction. (To 20-year-old prep school Marxists, the word *bourgeoisie* functions as a synonym for *poorly cut suit* or *cheap luggage*.) On a more primal level, what it came down to was the quintessential college-boy fracas: cool guys vs. nerds.

The future right-wing editorialist and his limousine-leftist buddies lost by one vote. Furious, Breindel stormed into the

It was generally a bad time for Breindel. The same semester, he had undergone surgery for a kidney problem, and he was in a lot of pain. And not too long after the *Crimson* election, Pooh Shapiro broke off their relationship. "She stuck it out for a while," says a friend, "but basically, when he started looking a little loserish, she got rid of him." Apparently Shapiro had agendas of her own.

Breindel wasn't down for too long, however. He graduated with honors, won a couple of fellowships and immediately started writing for *The New Republic*, publishing his first piece in June 1977—"Begin Without Smears," a defense of the young Menachem Begin's brand of youthful terrorism as opposed to the PLO's (the moral and tactical difference being that Begin's pre-Partition

**YOU'VE BEEN ANOINTED!
TAKE SEMINAR
FROM MARTY PERETZ
+ 20 Connection Points**

**LOOKIN' GOOD!
DRESS LIKE AN
INTELLECTUAL THUG
+ 5 Aura Points**

SCAMMOOZE
**YOU'RE A
BONA FIDE
KENNEDY CHUM
+ 50 Connection Points**

PICK A SCAMMOOZE CARD

**TAKE SEMINAR FROM
PAT MOYNIHAN
+ 30 Connection Points**

**POWER PLAY GOES AWRY!
YOU LOSE HARVARD
NEWSPAPER EDITORSHIP
- 10 Fast-Track Points,
- 5 Aura Points**

**ATTABOY! YOU MADE
YOUR COLLEAGUE CRY
- 2 Connection Points**

man must have been his eager replication of themselves: here was a kid whose passion for Israel and creepy fascination with the Red scares and sectarian lefty disputes of the 1950s (the guy was an Alger Hiss buff even in high school) reflected their own passions and the battles of their youth.

What was the point of such rare vigilance in the pursuit of connections? The rumor was that Breindel's ritual college pillow-talk consisted of some version of the boast *You just slept with the first Jewish president*. "Well, there goes State," quipped one aficionado upon hearing of Breindel's arrest.

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN to self-aggrandizing people, that's when they show what they're made of. Losing the *Crimson* editorship in the fall of his junior year was the first time Breindel failed in any public way. The job was looked upon as a springboard to high-

intellectual fiefdom of—yes—Marty Peretz) who were known unaffectionately around the *Crimson* offices as "The Cabal" or "The Cadre." The group dressed alike, sporting a proletarian-cool uniform of leather jacket, jeans, work shirt and steel-tipped boots. Breindel is said to have been a tad more independent-minded than his doctrinaire cronies (he was extremely pro-Israel), and he deviated slightly from the sartorial norm by wearing white oxford shirts, the collars of which were habitually flecked with blood from shaving nicks—this last detail courtesy of a Breindel-watcher who confesses to have been itching all these years to feed it to the press.

The Breindel cadre put up a de facto slate of candidates for the executive positions on the paper, with Breindel, naturally, at the top, and they cam-

Crimson offices. There the ungracious loser grabbed Robert Garrett, a vocal Cramer supporter whom Breindel imagined to be the swing vote, and slammed him against a wall. "He told me he knew what I had done," says Garrett. "He said he was going to run me out of the *Crimson*." Then-editor Nick Lemann (now a writer for *The Atlantic*), who also voted for Cramer, was shaken to the point of tears after Breindel and his fellow travelers finished screaming at him. (The coda to this story, as well as to this generation, is that a number of Breindel's cadre quickly shed their ideologies upon graduation and turned into corporate lawyers. The victorious Cramer moved on to Goldman, Sachs and eventually became a private money-manager, numbering Martin Peretz among his clients and Eric Breindel among his friends.)

militia did not *set out* to kill civilians; thus, the "indefensible" massacre of an Arab town in 1948 by Begin's troops was not really his responsibility because it was an aberration—"The killing of Arab civilians was not in Begin's interest," Breindel explains). Shortly thereafter Breindel scored a significant career coup: he traveled to Israel and got an interview with Begin for *Rolling Stone*, having been referred to editor Jann Wenner by Jackie Onassis. According to one friend, Breindel was granted the introduction to the Israeli prime minister through Peretz's friendship with Jerusalem mayor Teddy Kollek.

Among other things, the interview is notable for treating its readers—and the historical record—to the very compelling scene in which the busy Begin tries to make room in his sched-



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ule for his "dear friend" Breindel: "[To an aide] Perhaps on Sunday in the afternoon I can meet our friend? Can I? Yes, Sunday in the afternoon. Let us say between five and six o'clock."

Breindel spent the next two years at the London School of Economics (where JFK and his brother Joe had cooled their heels after graduating from Harvard 40 years earlier), working on a Ph.D. in political science, which he never finished, and hanging around with fellow student Bobby Kennedy Jr. LSE was, "in the mind of the [Kennedy] family, a sort of finishing school for greatness," as Peter Collier and David Horowitz put it in their intergenerational biography, *The Kennedys*.

In 1979 Breindel entered Harvard Law School. He worked briefly on Edward M.

pretty wide political wake. It was, admittedly, a time of general intellectual apostasy, when neoconservatives were coming out of the closet, but even some of Breindel's mentors began to wonder about his cheerful political wantonness. "When you're a young man, you're allowed to have breakfast with the Commies and lunch with the Fascists," says one Breindel-watcher, "but as you get older you have to make choices."

He did. Or Moynihan did. After his victory the senator appointed Breindel to the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and gave him a job on his Senate staff while waiting for Breindel's FBI, CIA and Pentagon security clearance. No longer just another promising politico-intellectual buck, he had become what he would probably have referred to—

RETURN OF THE LIVING CAREER-DEAD

Eight Sudden Downfalls, Eight Remarkable Comebacks

Fitzgerald's adage that there are no second acts in American lives is a useful generalization. Customarily, when prominent men and women are handcuffed and led from their offices they skulk off into a distant and uncertain night, never to be heard from again. But like Eric Breindel, a resilient few, buoyed by inner well-springs of character and drive and encouraged by the public's charitable impulse to forget recent history, have bobbed back into the limelight. A roster of the redeemed:

JACOB EPSTEIN: Plagiarist. The son of Jason Epstein, Random House's editorial director, and Barbara Epstein, editor of *The New York Review of Books*, young Jacob guaranteed the critical success of his first novel, *Wild Oats* (1979), by borrowing the plot as well as a number of passages directly from Martin

DAVID BEGELMAN: Thief. As the head of Columbia Pictures, Begelman was convicted in 1982 of embezzling \$61,008 in forged checks and an additional \$23,000 in improperly documented expenses. He is now president of Gladdon Entertainment, which has produced such landmark films as *Mannequin*.

DWIGHT GOODEN: Addict. On April 1, 1987, the Mets' star pitcher, after several run-ins with the police, finally admitted that despite his antidrug spokesman-ship, he had a cocaine habit. After 30 days at the Smithers Center he returned to a standing ovation from his fans and rewarded them with a 15-victory season.

GERRY STUDDS: Pederast. The Democratic congressman from Cape Cod was officially reprimanded by his peers in 1983 for having had an affair with a

PICK AN OUCH! CARD

OUCH!

YOU JUST UNDERWENT KIDNEY SURGERY

—10 Health Points

STUDY PHARMACOLOGY IN CAROLINE KENNEDY'S DORM ROOM

+10 Connection Points

CUPID STRIKES OUT! GET DUMPED BY POWER GIRLFRIEND

—1 Romance Point, —10 Connection Points

YOU GRADUATED WITH HONORS! Go Directly to The London School of Economics—Do Not Pass Tedious Entry-Level Job

Kennedy's 1980 campaign for the presidency, drafting a speech that the hard-left Kennedy delivered to the American Jewish Congress. All the while Breindel continued to contribute to the centrist *New Republic* as well as Norman Podhoretz's hard-right *Commentary* and to teach an undergraduate class on McCarthyism. Graduating in 1982, Breindel avoided the dreary reality of actually practicing law by volunteering as a speech writer on Moynihan's Senate reelection campaign.

To move, however gracefully, from Kennedy to Moynihan to Peretz to Podhoretz is to leave a

power slang—as a player: a 27-year-old lawyer on an elite Senate committee staff, just like the young Roy Cohn or the snot-nosed RFK of a generation ago. (As it happened, he didn't get much beyond the orientation stage in his job, while continuing to write speeches and do research for Moynihan; he never had access to the highly classified material that the committee handles—a fact that probably saved a few jobs in the FBI.) "For him to be on that committee at his age was remarkable," a friend says. "If he hadn't gotten busted," says another friend, "today he'd have the job Elliott Abrams [Breindel's friend and Podhoretz's son-in-law] has—he'd be the young hatchet man at State."

According to one source, Moynihan had tried to get Breindel a job in George Bush's office, but it fell through. If this

Amis's acclaimed first novel, *The Rachel Papers*. Since his exposure and subsequent public explanation in the *London Observer*, Epstein has bounced back to become the extravagantly paid story editor of *Hill Street Blues* and, currently, *L.A. Law*.

STEVE RUBELL: Thief. The co-owner of Studio 54 was convicted of tax evasion in 1979 and served 13 months in prison. Rubell now operates Palladium and Morgans Hotel and has remodeled the Hotel Royalton, across the street from The Algonquin.

DAVID SOUL: Wife beater. In addition to a charge of spouse-bashing, for which he was ordered to undergo therapy, the *Starsky and Hutch* star was accused of fathering a child out of wedlock in 1978 and named in a \$1.5 million paternity suit that was later dropped. Lately the reformed Soul starred in a *Casablanca* pilot and the TV movie *The Key to Rebecca* and, fittingly, directed two episodes of *Crime Story* that will appear this fall.

17-year-old male page ten years earlier. Nonetheless, he has been consistently reelected and is now serving his eighth term. His current page is female.

RICHARD NIXON: All-purpose crook and figure of evil. Resigned the presidency in disgrace in 1974. Now, strangely, he has become an elder statesman, as certified by *Newsweek's* May 19, 1986, HE'S BACK! cover story and the apotheosizing opera *Nixon in China*.

G.I. JOE: War criminal. After Joe had endured 14 years of combat, Hasbro Inc. withdrew him from action in 1978, claiming that rising oil prices had made plastic figurines economically unfeasible. In fact, the Vietnam War had diminished parents' enthusiasm for mercenary-killer toys. In 1982, heartened by the prevailing Reaganite bellicosity, Hasbro reactivated the G.I. Joe Team to battle the crypto-Marxist forces of Cobra. Since then the team has been one of the three top-selling toys in the country. ☛

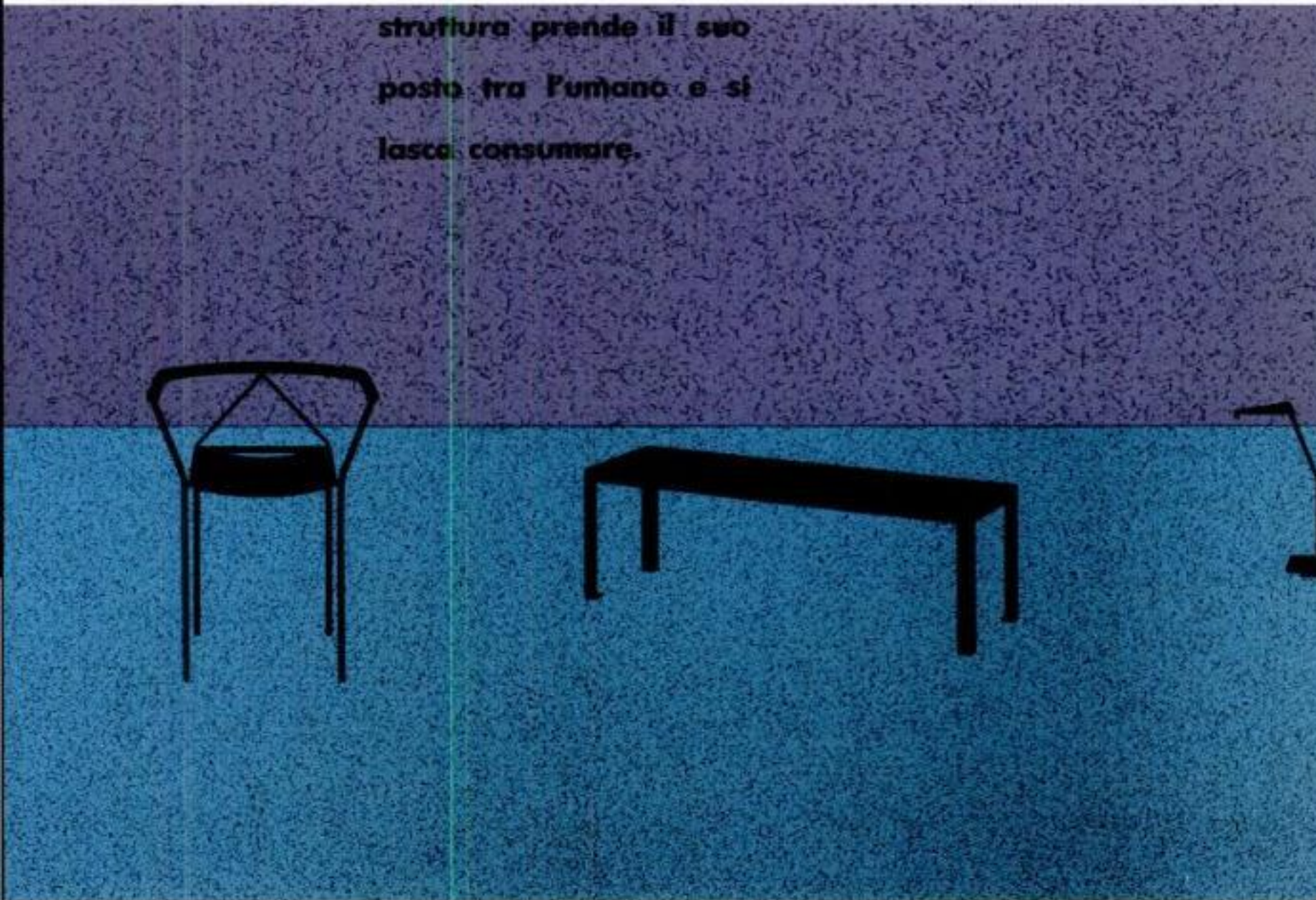
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is true, perhaps Bush's people had discovered what the bungling FBI hadn't—that Breindel was by that time regularly using heroin. All the G-men needed to do was ask him to roll up his sleeves, but the clearance check for the Senate committee didn't involve a physical, and Breindel apparently kept his drug use hidden from most of his friends, even roommates. He got the security clearance and began work on the intelligence committee in March 1983. And less than two months later he saw the career in public life for which he had so long schemed and maneuvered simply end, in a matter of minutes, and become instead the kind of shadow life pursued by people a young guy-on-the-go like Breindel wouldn't normally associate with. Unmotivated people with low-key goals. People who



Schmoozarama at Elaine's: Breindel rehearsing grins with Morton Downey Jr.

SHOOTING STAR; SENATE AIDE'S DRUG RAP STUNS PALS. "He speaks a bit slowly," explained one such pal, "but it's just that he's very thoughtful."

Whatever his thoughts regarding straightness, Breindel had never lived the strict, sober, Republican-cloth-coat kind of life one might have expected would go along with his résumé. There was the *faux-*

tendencies, none of the friends interviewed for this piece claims to have seen any evidence that Breindel was specifically using heroin, but a few say they weren't surprised by the revelation. Clearly, though, he had health problems. Pasty-faced and emaciated during the period leading up to his arrest, he lived on Twinkies and Slim Jims, and he was frequently ab-

mate need for narcotics without having to buy illegal drugs from creeps and undercover cops on the street. Maybe he developed a dependency on painkillers—that's what *Commentary* editor Neal Kozodoy told *The Washington Post* Breindel had confessed. A college acquaintance remembers Breindel approaching him after he suffered a skiing injury. *Does it hurt?* asked Breindel. It didn't. Well, *why don't you pretend that it does*, he suggested, *get a prescription for Percodans, and I'll buy as many off you as you can get.*

But none of that explains shooting heroin. His pals the Kennedy boys, however, were confirmed longtime users. David, his ex-roommate, was mugged in Harlem in 1979 while on a buy and died from an unhappy combination of cocaine, Demerol and Mellaril in 1984. Bobby was himself ar-

PAL AROUND WITH BOBBY KENNEDY
+10 Connection Points,
-20 Percodans

PUBLISH A STORY IN MARTY'S NEW REPUBLIC!
+10 Résumé Points

PICK A HELPING HAND CARD

A JOURNALISTIC COUP! YOU'VE BECOME MENACHEM BEGIN'S "DEAR FRIEND"
+20 Résumé Points

don't pay much attention to Middle East policy disputes and who've never heard of Alger Hiss. People with far-away eyes and sunken chests who hang out on street corners scratching their arms. *Losers.*

"HE WAS NO SQUARE, BUT HE believes in the values of straightness," an editor said in the aftermath of Breindel's fall from grace, providing one of the most elegant definitions of modern hypocrisy on record. Newspapers and magazines were filled with quotes from incredulous friends and colleagues expressing astonishment that the "golden youth" was a junkie to boot. The story made for great, juiced-up headlines in the *Times*, *The Washington Post*, even the news-magazines: PAST THAT BLAZES, FUTURE IN ASHES?; CRASH OF A

worker's pose he and his buddies assumed in college, when he also smoked hand-rolled cigarettes, a practice that later developed into a three-pack-a-day habit. (While sharing the apartment in Cambridge with Maura Moynihan, he accidentally set the place on fire, having left a smoldering butt on his mattress.) Friends depict him as someone who "seemed Bohemian," a slob; he appeared to be too caught up in the life of the policy-nerd mind to care about not shaving or leaving his rumpled clothes on the floor. A once-impressionable freshman who lived on Breindel's hall remembers this detail: "He had a porno poster on his wall—a misty nude woman à la *Emmanuelle*. You could see her breast and vagina."

Still, despite such indications of his countercultural

HELPING HAND

JACKIE O. INTRODUCES YOU TO JANN WENNER

+20 Connection Points



sent from his Senate job.

He had a history of health problems. There was the kidney surgery, as well as a series of operations for an old wrist injury he had suffered while wrestling; at one point in law school the disintegrating bones in his right hand became so painful that he couldn't hold a pen. His heavy use of painkillers was common knowledge, and some people speculate that his medical problems led him to heroin; but both his father and sister are doctors, so presumably he could easily have taken care of any legiti-

rested for possession of heroin after he was discovered pale and incoherent in an airplane toilet during the fall of 1983, five months after Breindel's arrest. (The case was ultimately dismissed.) Collier and Horowitz tell of a 1976 incident in which Breindel found David virtually comatose in his dorm room from an infection evidently brought on by using dirty needles.

At Harvard, Bobby and David Kennedy got away with a lot, socially and academically—they were practically affirmative-action cases, according to one unenchanted observer. "Drugs were a part of the era we came out of," says a friend, a reminder that there was in fact a time when Cheech and Chong were major-motion-picture stars. "When you heard about Eric's arrest or David's,

Los Angeles Times knocks Kostabi: “A sad attempt to be fashionable.”



“Kostabi’s work seems to weaken with each exposure...monotonous, figurative—
photographic gimmickry.” —*Village Voice*



“The only viable antidote is to ignore it and leave it to its inevitable resting place in the garbage bin of worthless product.”
Los Angeles Times

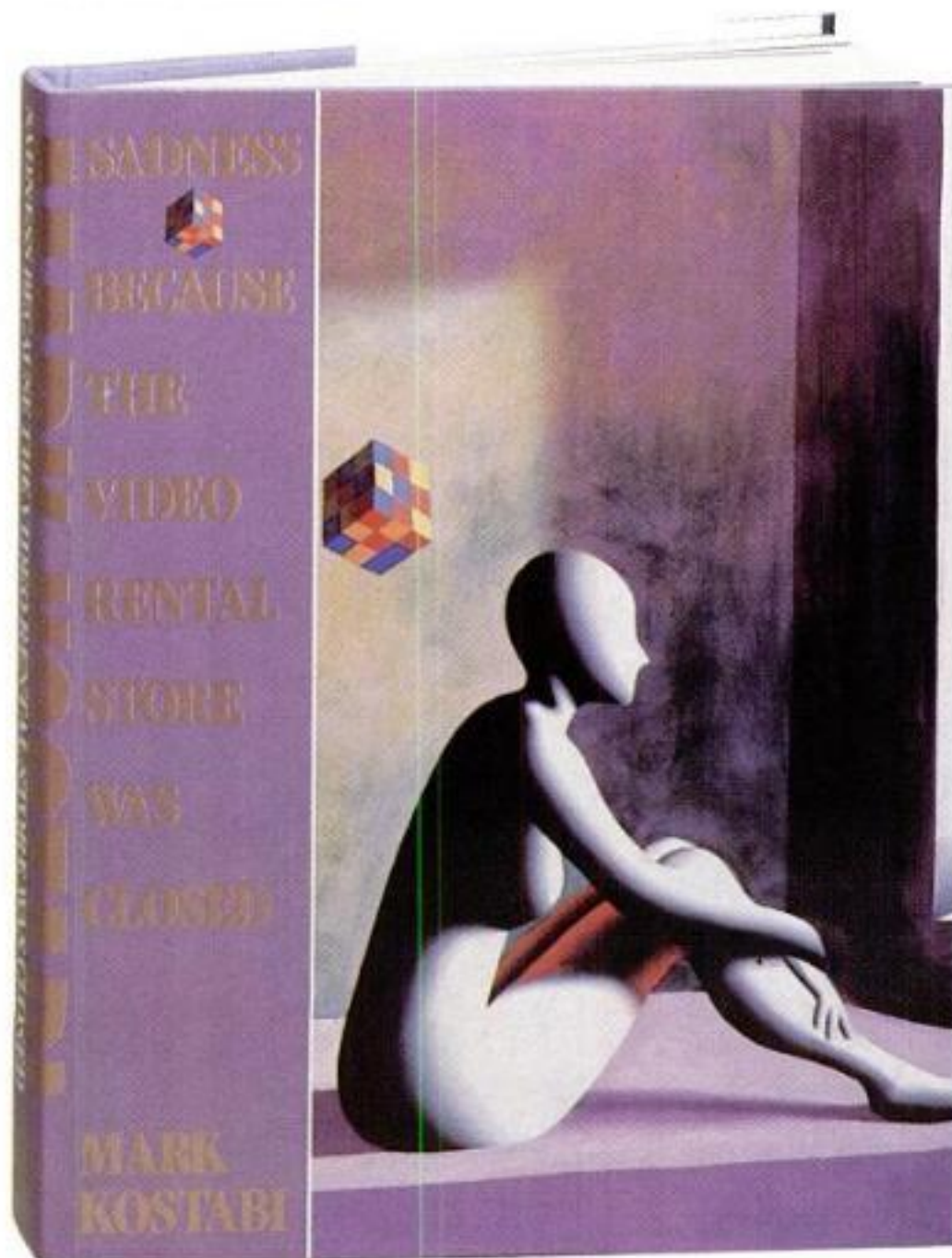
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“Indifferent, clumsily painted.”
Art in America



“Kostabi seems to be trying to be the most unpopular artist in the East Village and to date his list of enemies is almost as impressive as his list of collectors and supporters.” *New York Beat*

“Too much, too soon.”
Village Voice



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WAS
CLOSED**

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you didn't feel like 'Oh, he's hit the skids.' You worried about him professionally. It was 'What a stupid thing to do.' You can buy heroin in other places than at a Harlem hotel."

"In that world, in the early eighties, heroin was a very hip, very macho thing to do," says a knowledgeable friend of Breindel's and the Kennedys. "For a lot of people it was the ultimate prep-school boy's test, a case of 'I'm hipper than anybody else, I'm cool, I won't get hooked.' Boys from that background feel invincible anyway, even without drugs."

"And when people get into



PICK AN OUCH! CARD

drugs, they don't hang out with people who don't keep pace. If it was important for Eric to hang out with that crowd, that's what he would have done—keep pace....

"The tragedy wasn't the dependence on the drugs. The tragedy was that here's somebody who's so blind and arrogant that he doesn't see that he's as fallible as everybody else."

EARLY IN THE STILL-LIGHT evening of May 16, 1983, Breindel, wearing a gray business suit, showed up at the fateful Holiday Inn with Winston B. Prude, a onetime low-level government lawyer and fellow Kennedy hanger-on. They had been turned in by an informer whom they had bought heroin from before, and who this time set them up with an undercover cop posing as a dealer.

For \$150, Breindel and Prude got five half-gram bags of heroin. The transaction was quick. "As soon as they walked in, they made the buy, took the stuff and started to leave," said arresting officer James Nestor. They didn't taste the heroin to make sure it wasn't baby laxa-

HEY, SMARTY! ACCEPTED TO HARVARD LAW
+80 Résumé Points

MOYNIHAN INTRODUCES YOU TO NORMAN PODHORETZ
+15 Connection Points

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE WEARS YOU OUT
-3 Health Points

ATTABOY! ESCORT CAROLINE TO A SWINGING PARTY
+5 Connection Points,
+5 Aura Points

tive. "They trusted the guy who brought them there."

As soon as they walked out into the parking lot, four cops overpowered the quaking white boys. Prude stuffed one of the bags into his mouth and an officer had to pry it out. Breindel offered no resistance.

Both men had tracks on their arms. At their booking, "they were worried about the normal things—you know, worrying about how the arrest would affect their jobs," Officer Nestor said. As it turned out, the answer was *adversely*. The next day Moynihan asked for Breindel's resignation and got it. *Well, there goes State.*

"People became very protective of Eric," says a friend. (Some still are: "Why don't you write something important for a change?" snarled a gruff telephone voice that purported to

be *New Republic* editor Leon Wieseltier's in response to questions about Breindel.) Ron Radosh, the neoconservative author of *The Rosenberg File*, was in the *New Republic* offices when word broke of Breindel's bust and remembers watching as Marty Peretz frantically

TURN TO THE RIGHT!
YOU'RE PUBLISHED IN COMMENTARY
+10 Résumé Points

TURN TO THE LEFT!
DRAFT A SPEECH FOR TEDDY KENNEDY'S CAMPAIGN
+10 Connection Points,
-6 Credibility Points

worked the phones in an effort at damage control. *Commentary's* Neal Kozodoy came to stay with Breindel as he began the ordeal of being processed through the wrong end of the American legal system.

In a story that Breindel's friends tried to prevent, *The Washington Post* wrote, "Last week, Breindel stared blankly ahead as he waited to be arraigned in U.S. District Court....His face was pallid and perspiring, and his walk was shaky. When instructed by Magistrate Jean F. Dwyer to surrender his passport, Breindel appeared confused, finally whispering to his lawyer that he could not recall if he has a current one."

Cooperative and penitent, he eventually pleaded guilty to one misdemeanor count of possession, received one year's probation—standard for someone with no previous convictions—and was obliged to give a sealed deposition regarding his drug use. Rumors circulated that Bobby Kennedy had been with Breindel and Prude

shortly before their arrest but that somehow he'd been warned off the buy, or that Breindel and Prude were getting dope for Kennedy's use as well as their own. "It would have been so like Eric to buy drugs for Bobby," says a friend.

Another, more bizarre varia-

tion of the story, reported by Collier and Horowitz and denied by Prude, has Ethel Kennedy, Bobby's occasionally unhinged mother, tipping off police to Prude's drug use because she was angry that Prude had taken her teenage son, Christopher, to see *Cruising*, the William Friedkin film that featured Al Pacino almost getting sodomized and kind of wishing he had.

It's a thought to give one pause: what would the world be like today if Allen Dulles or McGeorge Bundy had tried to score smack with a friend who had crossed Ethel Kennedy?

AFTER THE FALL, BREINDEL reportedly stayed with Peretz in Washington, hanging out from time to time at the *New Republic* offices. He went through some kind of drug rehab program and got fat—a symptom of withdrawal. A friend who saw him at parties that winter says, "Spiritually, he shrank in size. He seemed so shaken and small." Another friend remembers having dinner with Breindel, who referred vaguely to "my problem" and managed, even in wreckage, to drop a few names.

Scattered and directionless for the first time in his life, pathetic rather than slick, even Breindel must have felt like a loser, and golden youths hate feeling like losers—it calls the meaning of their existence



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into question.

Many of Breindel's acquaintances thought, *We won't have Eric Breindel to kick around anymore.* They were realistic, and they were wrong.

Breindel's public reemergence was remarkably swift. All those years of making dear

contest voice. "Still, the issue [of *two* lapsed Communists among King's many advisers] cannot alter our final judgment: Martin Luther King Jr. was a singularly positive voice in American life," he wrote with magnanimity.

And just five months after

body understands aspirin, either. It's just kind of magical.

After a mere three months of toiling in the world of talking heads and evenhanded documentaries, he left to become an adjunct professor at Georgetown University in the School of Foreign Service

back to New York and the *Daily News* for a turn as editorial writer, a job for which Breindel had been recommended by "a number of people," according to editorial-page editor Michael Pakenham. People like...? Pakenham thinks for a moment. "Pat

WHOOPI! YOU JUST BURNED DOWN YOUR HOUSE

-1 Mattress,
-1 Porno Poster,
+3 Aura Points

GRADUATE FROM HARVARD LAW

Go Directly to Moynihan Campaign—Do Not Pass Dreary Associate's Job in Some Big Law Firm

TURN OVER OUCH! CARD

ATTABOY! MOYNIHAN APPOINTS YOU TO STAFF OF SENATE COMMITTEE
+70 Résumé Points

friends paid off when he needed it most. Talking to the people who hired Breindel in the wake of his bust, one senses the movement of invisible hands—and some not so invisible—boosting him along at every step of the way, friendly poltergeists with entrée.

In his first published piece after his debacle, "King's Communist Associates" (*The New Republic*), Breindel reestablished his knowing, high-school-essay-

his sentencing, in the spring of 1984, Breindel landed a research job on *American Interests*, a PBS public-affairs show. How did Breindel get the job? "I knew he was very intelligent, so I decided to give him a break," replies the show's producer, Neal Freeman. How did he know that? "I knew a lot of people who knew him," Freeman explains. See: *connections work*—maybe it's a little fuzzy exactly *how* they work, but then no-



where he taught a seminar for Dean Peter Krogh, "Ideology and World Power." Peter Krogh was also the moderator of *American Interests*.

Nine months later it was

Moynihan," he says.

Picked up from disrepute and the sidelines and set back on the fast track, Breindel was on the move, this time barreling toward the power centers of journalism—a world traditionally more tolerant of eccentrics and their unsavory habits than the world of public affairs, where the masses have a say in hiring practices, however indirectly. He spent a résumé-lengthening nine months at the

What makes a cola come to life,

a tonic tingle with anticipation,

News, at which point he resigned to become editorial-page editor of Rupert Murdoch's blitheringly right-wing, cheesecake-filled *New York Post*. "Several people recommended him, including me," explains Norman Podhoretz. At age 30 Breindel had a position of

and one day after his bust—and just in time to be responsible for a solid week's worth of gay-bashing in honor of the then pending City Council homosexual-rights bill.

GAY LIFESTYLE BILL WOULD MEAN GAY PRIDE COURSES!, the

mosexuals would still be allowed to seek shelter and employment—homosexuals like Breindel's hero Roy Cohn, a man of "unconventional personal and sexual mores," as Breindel delicately put it in a recent apology.) Of course, New Yorkers know there's a lot more to the

(such as defending John "Ivan the Terrible" Demjanjuk); he's the paper's alternative op-ed voice.

Breindel writes his own *Agendas* column every Thursday, continuing to dispense the flat, hectoring prose his readers have come to expect (and that

**PAL AROUND WITH
ETHEL KENNEDY ENEMY**
—10 Connection Points,
—3 Health Points

**WHOOPS! YOU JUST BOUGHT
HEROIN FROM UNDERCOVER COP**
—500 Connection Points,
—500 Résumé Points

**YOU'RE A HEADLINE
WRITER'S DREAM**
+2 Connection Points,
+10 Aura Points

PLEAD GUILTY!
*Go Directly to Probation—Do Not
Pass Minimum-Security Prison*

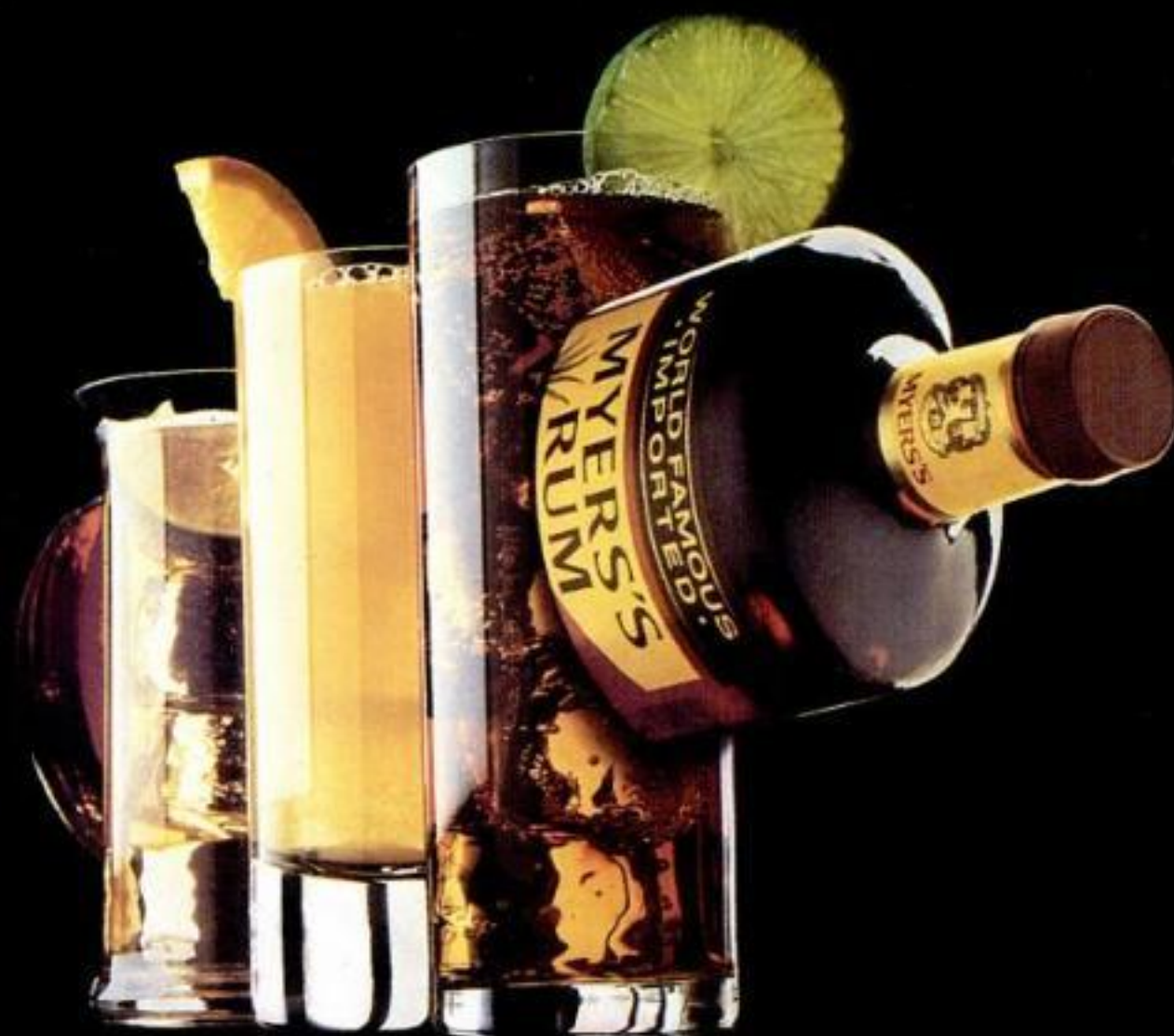
power on a major (if cheesy) metropolitan newspaper; that fact alone would be enough to qualify him as a middle-echelon wunderkind, even if he hadn't already blown one career. He had risen and fallen and risen again, all by an age at which a great many of his peers were still trying to figure out what they wanted to do with their lives. He began work at the *Post* on March 17, 1986, a scant two years, ten months

Post's lead editorial fretted on Breindel's third day on the job, calling up the specter of schoolchildren being forced to read poorly written textbook biographies of Paul Lynde. "This debate is not about discrimination," the *Post* explained. "The only way a given landlord or boss or concierge is likely to learn the sexual preference of a prospective tenant, employee or guest is if that preference is flaunted." (The less *faggoty* ho-

Post's political sensibility than just poorly reasoned homophobia—there's also hard-line anticommunism and knee-jerk mistrust of arms control and suspicion of civil rights. Plus unceasingly uncritical support for Israel—although the paper does run a column by former Reagan speech writer Pat "Bit-burg" Buchanan, whose especially high-octane brand of Commie-hating occasionally leads him into Nazi-coddling

his bosses thought worthy of one of the paper's ten Pulitzer prize nominations). Recent installments included 1,000 words griping about Jane Fonda's trip to Hanoi 16 years ago, a puff piece about Pat Robertson's second-place finish in the Iowa Caucuses, a huffing exposé of homeless political pawn Joyce Brown's habit of talking to herself, a piece excusing Roy Cohn's illegal lobbying with Judge Irving Kauf-

and O.J. blush with excitement?



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Nothing stirs the imagination like the deep, rich taste of Myers's Original Dark Rum. Its smooth, Jamaican flavor comes through in all your favorite rum drinks.

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WHERE WOULD YOU RATHER BE IN AUGUST?



On a hot, muggy, sticky, dirty New York City street?

OR



In Jamaica, sauntering along an endless white-sand beach, exploring a mountain village buried in the lush tropical forest, sipping a delicious Myers's Rum cocktail, absorbing the hypnotic beat of a reggae band under a moonlit Jamaican sky?

NO CONTEST

The Jamaica Tourist Board, Air Jamaica, Carlyle on the Bay, Myers's Rum, Virgin Records and SPY have concocted a contest for those who would like to experience the unusual joys of a few mid-August days at Jamaica's Reggae Sunsplash festival.

WIN FIVE GLORIOUS DAYS AT THE CARLYLE ON THE BAY — Surrender to the romance of a Jamaican inn — Carlyle on the Bay, an all-inclusive, couples-only resort, offers endless excitement, superb cuisine and hours of sun-filled relaxation. Carlyle on the Bay is close to everything exotic Montego Bay has to offer — including, during your five special days there, the annual Reggae Sunsplash music festival.

Carlyle on the Bay
Couples Only Montego Bay Jamaica

DRINK MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK RUM — Throughout the summer, enjoy the richer taste of Myers's Rum — the best-selling premium imported rum. From the popular rum and cola to frozen daiquiris, Myers's makes all your favorite rum drinks more flavorful.



No Contest CONTEST

- Who discovered Jamaica?
 - Haile Selassie
 - Ferdinand Magellan
 - Marcus Garvey
 - Christopher Columbus
- Who produced Ziggy Marley's album *Conscious Party*?
 - Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth
 - Sting
 - George Clinton
 - Jimmy Cliff
- What is Jamaica's No. 1 sport?
 - rugby
 - cricket
 - deep-sea fishing
 - bobsledding
- How long is the average Air Jamaica flight from New York to Jamaica?
 - 3.0 hours
 - 3.5 hours
 - 4.0 hours
 - 4.5 hours
- What is Jamaica's capital?
 - Freeport
 - Port-au-Prince
 - Montego Bay
 - Kingston
- The Carlyle on the Bay is within a half hour of which of the following?
 - Doctor's Cave Beach
 - Rose Hall Great House
 - rafting on the White River
 - all of the above
- Which of the following mixers are made more flavorful with Myers's Original Dark Rum?
 - tonic
 - orange juice
 - cola
 - all of the above
- What year was Myers's Original Dark Rum first distilled?
 - 1492
 - 1776
 - 1879
 - 1944
- What drink made Myers's Original Dark Rum famous more than a century ago?
 - Piña Colada
 - Planters Punch
 - Rum & Cola
 - Shirley Temple
- Which of the following is not available at the Carlyle on the Bay?
 - baby-sitting
 - room service
 - windsurfing
 - saunas

ROCK TO VIRGIN RECORDS — Don't miss the rich and earthy sounds of *Conscious Party*, the new album by Ziggy Marley and The Melody Makers. The band features four of Bob Marley's children and picks up where the late reggae great left off.

Virgin

RULES 1. No purchase required. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. All entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1988. 2. Prize-winning entries will be randomly drawn from among questionnaires accurately completed. Prizes will be awarded according to the order in which those entries are drawn. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. 3. The grand-prize winner will receive round-trip airfare from New York City to Jamaica. Transportation to and from New York will be the responsibility of the prizewinner. 4. All prizes will be awarded by August 1, 1988. 5. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. Employees, and their families, of House of Seagram, The Jamaica Tourist Board, Air Jamaica, Carlyle on the Bay, Virgin Records, SPY, their advertising agencies, and liquor retailers and wholesalers are not eligible. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. **GRAND PRIZE** Round-trip airfare for two from New York to Montego Bay courtesy of Air Jamaica, as well as all-inclusive accommodations provided by the Carlyle on the Bay from August 15 through August 20, 1988. Passes to all Reggae Sunsplash events will be provided. Total value, \$4,000. **SECOND PRIZE** Ten CD's of the newly released Ziggy Marley and The Melody Makers album, *Conscious Party*. **THIRD PRIZE** 15 subscriptions to SPY.

TO ENTER Complete the questionnaire and return to NO CONTEST, SPY Promotions, 295 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

man for Ethel Rosenberg's electrocution as "though technically improper...not uncommon at the time," and an unbelievable two separate columns devoted to the supposed infiltration of the Village Independent Democrats by a "Stalin-worshipping" Red cadre. ("The

did, however, recently apply to extend his precociously attained membership in the right-wing bugaboo Council on Foreign Relations.)

In *The Wall Street Journal* last year, Breindel published a particularly self-revealing review of Robert Sam Anson's book

a deeply troubled young man," Breindel coolly and perhaps knowingly wrote, "so troubled that the reader is forced to wonder whether there wasn't some sort of emotional breakdown in progress when the fatal incident took place." But he was less interested in the book's

shed doubt on what he called the "disgraceful" claims by black activists that Perry's had been yet another case of a white cop shooting an innocent black teenager. Perry's mom, in Breindel's words, was a "mother-in-mourning, angry, but also quite shrewd." A *Village Voice* article

**HANG AROUND
NEW REPUBLIC OFFICES**
+ 5 Connection Points,
+ 3 Pathos Points

PICK A *HELPING HAND* CARD

PICK ANOTHER
HELPING HAND CARD

**CUPID STRIKES! MEET WIFE
WHILE DEFENDING
WHITTAKER CHAMBERS**
+ 10 Romance Points,
+ 10 Connection Points,
+ 5 Résumé Points

great American taboo [is] at work: it is not permissible to call anyone a Communist—not even an actual Communist," Breindel wrote, with apparent nostalgia for earlier, better days.) He has come a long way from prep school elitism: behind the snapshot of the well-fed face with the painstakingly constructed grin now lurks the little old lady from Pasadena brandishing a copy of *None Dare Call It Treason*. (Breindel

HELPING HAND
**PALS GET
YOU A JOB
ON A PBS
PUBLIC-AFFAIRS
SHOW**
+ 15 Résumé Points

HELPING HAND
**PALS GET
YOU A JOB
TEACHING AT
GEORGETOWN**
+ 5 Connection Points,
+ 25 Résumé Points

about Edmund Perry—the black Exeter honors student from Harlem who made the mistake of mugging an undercover cop and getting fatally shot in the stomach. "This was

attempts to understand a kid whose life must have struck at least a minor chord in Breindel—one Exeter screwup to another—than he was in taking satisfaction that the book

that described Perry as a potential "future Moses for his people" was guilty, as Breindel put it, of "a kind of fabulous condescension"—unlike, presumably, the admirers who once said that the disgraced Breindel had been the rising young man of his generation in America. Granted, neo-McCarthyite lawyers C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox had helped politicize the Perry case; but leave it to Breindel—the beneficiary of

JAMAICA

Hurtle through a wall of warm air.

Swoop and soar above the turquoise sea.

And laugh aloud with the sheer joy of it.

Come Back To Excitement.

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so much help and compassion himself—to brush aside human considerations given a chance to score political points.

“What I don’t understand is why Eric’s turning himself into the Father Coughlin of the eighties,” remarks a puzzled former associate. Apparently

bully. That explains why New York senators Pat Moynihan and Al D’Amato worked so visibly for Senate passage of a bill that would have allowed Murdoch to hold on to the paper. At bottom, politicians are very aware of any ink at all, especially when it’s splashed in

powerful friends milled through the overcrowded space, elbowing their way to the “disgusting cold cuts” and listening to speeches by Anthony Lewis, Leon Wieseltier and toastmaster Martin Peretz. Breindel told an anecdote: he had met his future wife in 1984 when, while she was

current policies on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

“ERIC’S BEEN THROUGH HELL,” says a friend, but marriage seems to suit him. Friends and acquaintances say he has mellowed considerably. Ron Radosh, for one, describes pleasant evenings spent with the young couple, dinners whiled away with relaxed talk about “communism and Soviet espionage.”

And finally we can see Breindel for ourselves (he did not return numerous calls requesting an interview), at a book party for wedding guest Sidney Zion’s horrid *Autobiography of Roy Cohn*. Breindel looked thick and more or less fit, stuffed just a tad awkwardly into a pin-striped suit and cowboy boots, the little man of Harvard grown into a real man, barrel-bodied and beetle-legged just like millions of regular guys all across America. He kept flashing the same self-conscious grin we see in the *Post* every week as he waded stiffly through the cramped bar

**PICK YET ANOTHER
HELPING HAND CARD**

HELPING HAND
PALS GET
YOU A JOB
AT THE
DAILY NEWS
+ 5 Connection Points,
+ 30 Résumé Points

**IT’S A VERITABLE
HELPING HAND JACKPOT!**

HELPING HAND
PALS GET
YOU A JOB
AS EDITORIAL-
PAGE EDITOR
OF THE POST
+ 70 Résumé Points,
- 20 Credibility Points

**ATTABOY! YOU
JUST RAN A GAY-BASHING
EDITORIAL**
+ 5 Résumé Points,
- 1 Credibility Point

TURN OVER A SCHMOOZE CARD

Here Comes the Bride!
*Go Directly to The Harvard Club—
Do Not Pass Function Room at
Marriott Marquis*

**ANDY STEIN EATS YOUR
COLD CUTS**
+ 1 Rug,
- 3 Aura Points

SCHMOOZE
YOU’RE THE
MAN NOMINALLY
RESPONSIBLE
FOR ED KOCH-
KISSING
EDITORIALS
+ 1 Very Loud Wedding Guest

even at the *Post* reporters wonder if Breindel really believes what he writes. But says his former *News* boss, Michael Pakenham, “You don’t sign on to an editorial page if you don’t damn well feel that you can go along with the positions the paper is likely to take.” Before the recent sale of the paper to Trump manqué Peter Kalikow, Rupert Murdoch apparently called all the paper’s political shots, although *Post* people tend to credit a lot of the paper’s obsessions to the influence of writer Dorothy Rabinowitz, Murdoch attorney Howard Squadron and Norman Podhoretz—the Pod, as he’s known in nickname-happy neocon circles. “Face it,” says a longtime friend, “Eric’s in with a lot of schmucks.”

“Look, not to be too catty about it,” says one New York writer, “but for all Breindel’s supposed benefactors, the *New York Post* isn’t exactly a triumph.” True. For a lot of New Yorkers the paper is an infrequently read joke. But while the *Post* doesn’t have the power of endorsement that the *Times* has, it does have the power to intimidate, to threaten, to

72-point type across a front page—like, oh, how about the recent civic-atmosphere-improving KOCH TO JEWS: YOU’VE “GOT TO BE CRAZY” TO VOTE FOR JESSE!

Well, the *Post* might not be the perfect platform, but then, Breindel’s is not the perfect résumé.

“HE’S BAA-AACK!”

Last January 10, Breindel’s celebrated poltergeist pals were gathered in two huge rooms of the Harvard Club to celebrate his wedding to *Newsweek* writer Tamar Jacoby. The bride? “She’s a female Breindel,” with plenty of connections of her own, says a friend.

“Clearly, it was a power wedding,” says one attendee. “It’s easier to say who wasn’t there than who was.” A more defensive guest adds, “Well, you *did* have to have an invitation.” The hundreds of close personal

HOME SQUARE

*Spend a Quiet
Evening Discussing
Soviet Espionage
—You
Earned It!*



working on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, she edited his seminal piece, “[Whittaker] Chambers, Patriot.”

“It was like being at a fundraiser,” says one wedding guest. She decided she had had enough when she saw Elliott Abrams “schmoozing the living daylight out of Elie Wiesel.” Another guest fled when Israeli ambassador to the UN Benjamin Netanyahu turned a toast into a long defense of Israel’s

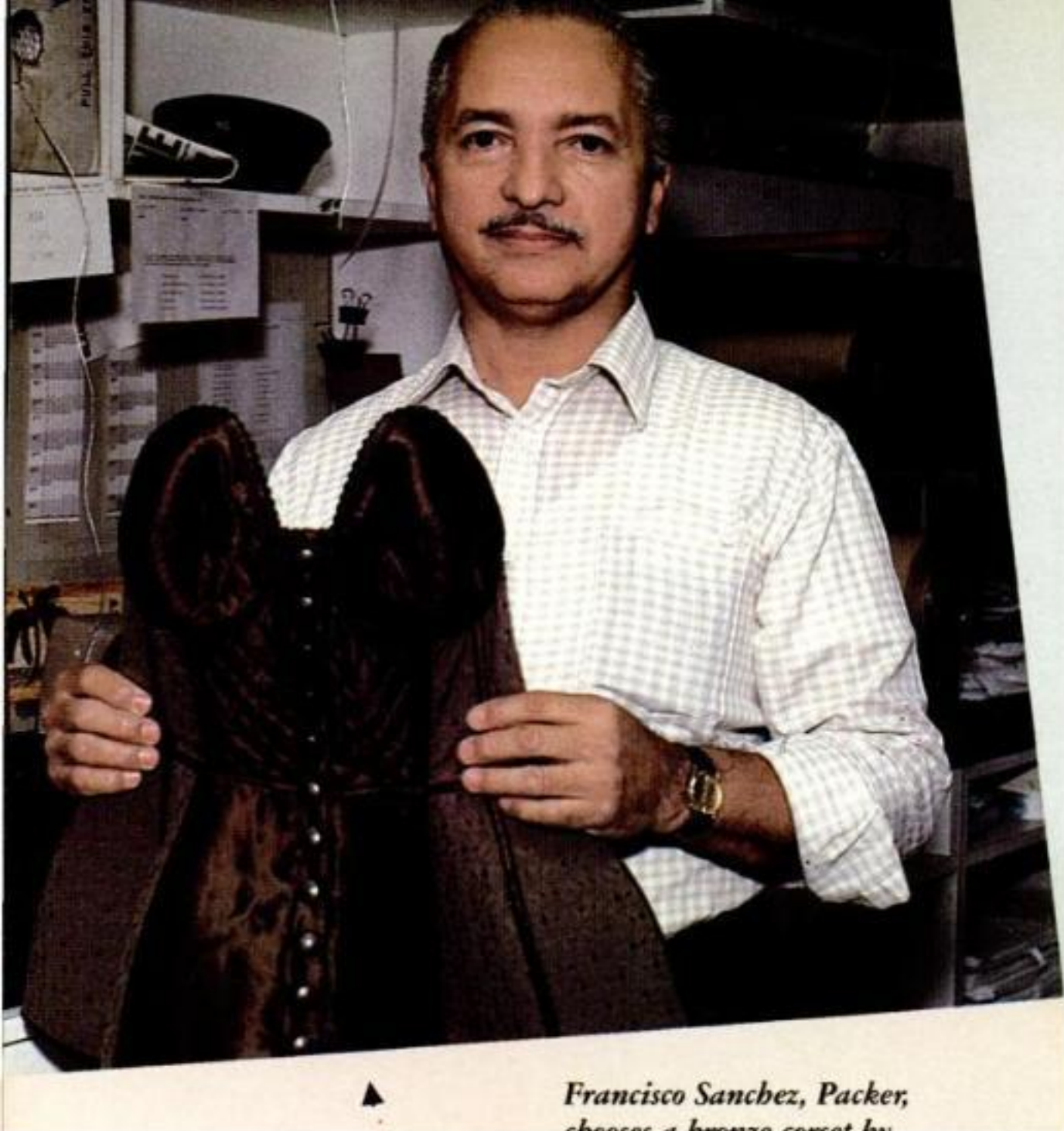
packed with writers, politicians and old men with blue hair and once-stylish suits. He shook a lot of hands and looked like he was having a good time—a not inconsiderable achievement at this sort of gathering. Roy Cohn was being celebrated; connections were being made; it was a perfect night. A woman who had no idea who or what Eric Breindel was wondered aloud, “What’s that guy running for?”



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Francisco Sanchez, Packer, chooses a bronze corset by Jean-Paul Gaultier (\$2,550): "I've never seen anything like it. I think it's a new style. There'd have to be a reason to wear it, right?"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARA BARRETT

Between the designers' showrooms and the pages of Vogue, Glamour, Mademoiselle and GQ stands a mysterious way station manned by regular guys who've seen it all and know what they like.

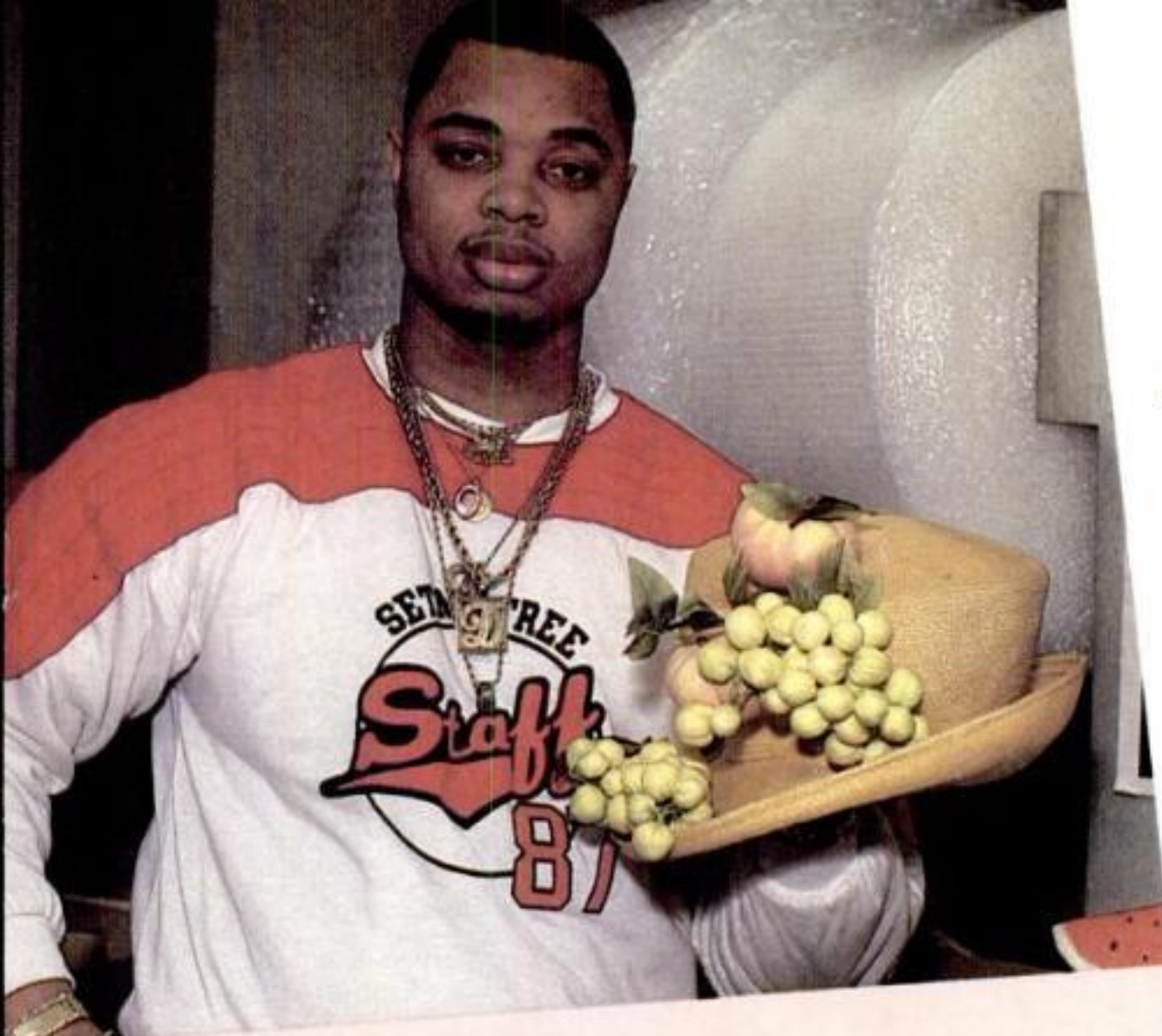
fashion

Each month, fashion-conscious New Yorkers besiege newsstands to anticipate next season's sartorial about-face by flipping through the pages of fashion magazines. The effect tends to be immediate: June's sexy stripes give way to July's perky polka dots. An entire city, it sometimes seems, sheds its skin accordingly.

Who is responsible for these metamorphoses? To be sure, they are routinely ordered up by anxious, dieting, black-clad fashion editors jangling armloads of bracelets, aided by tidy little fashion assistants in tasseled loafers and pink Argyle socks—the employees of Condé Nast, the house that *Vogue*, *GQ*, *Glamour*, *Self* and *Mademoiselle* built. But before even these fashion professionals get to see the goods, the clothes must pass through a little-known inner sanctum deep inside the Condé Nast Building at 350 Madison Avenue.

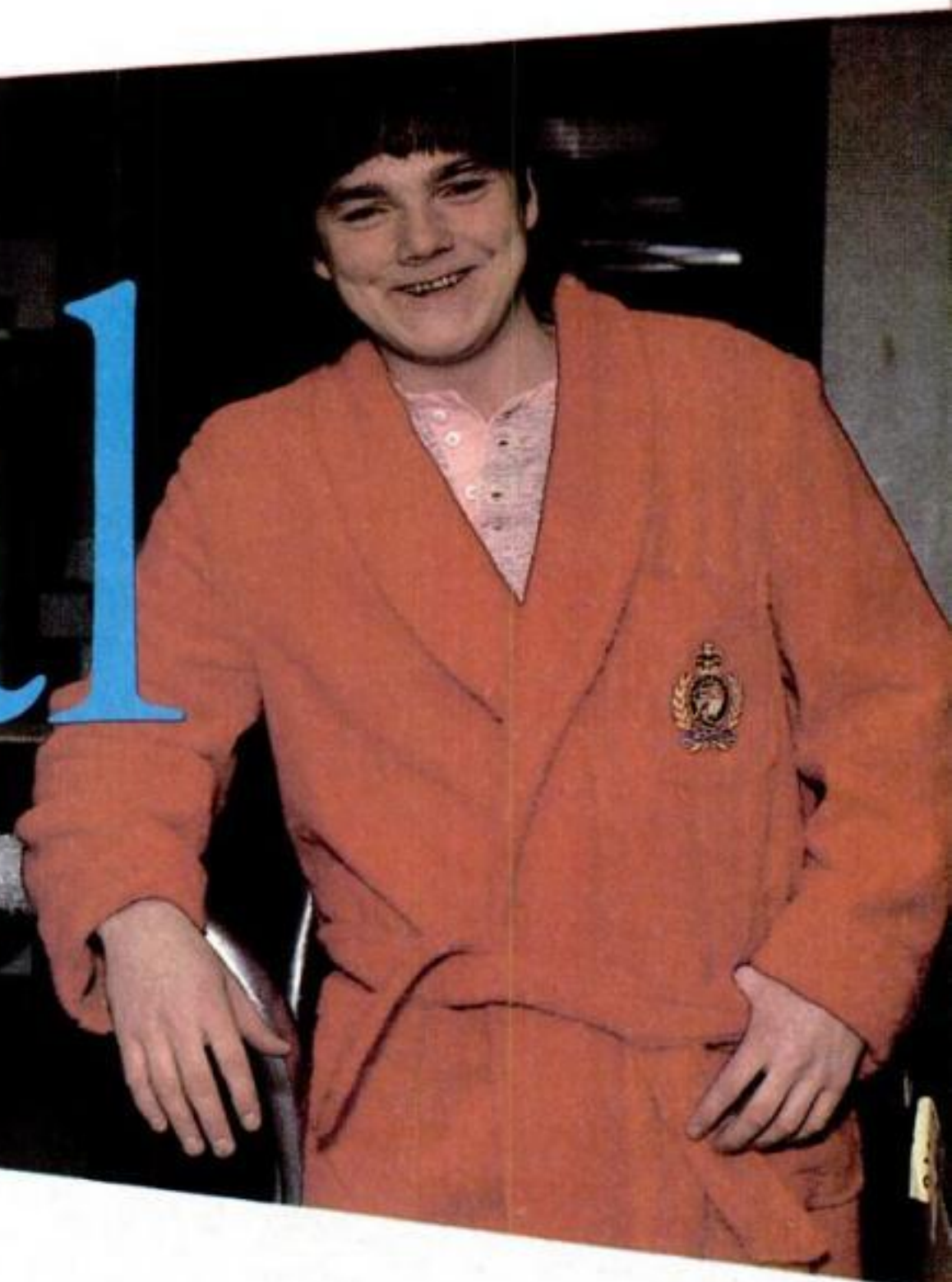
This clearinghouse, this crossroads, this veritable hub of the international fashion scene is the Condé Nast Messen-

ger Room, and it is staffed by a team of 31 packers, handlers and supervisors. Every thread of twill, every centimeter of miniskirt worn in any fashion shoot for any Condé Nast magazine is dispatched by the capable hands of these men. *These men are fashion-omniscient. These men are experts.* And these—on the following pages—are their very authoritative fashion choices.

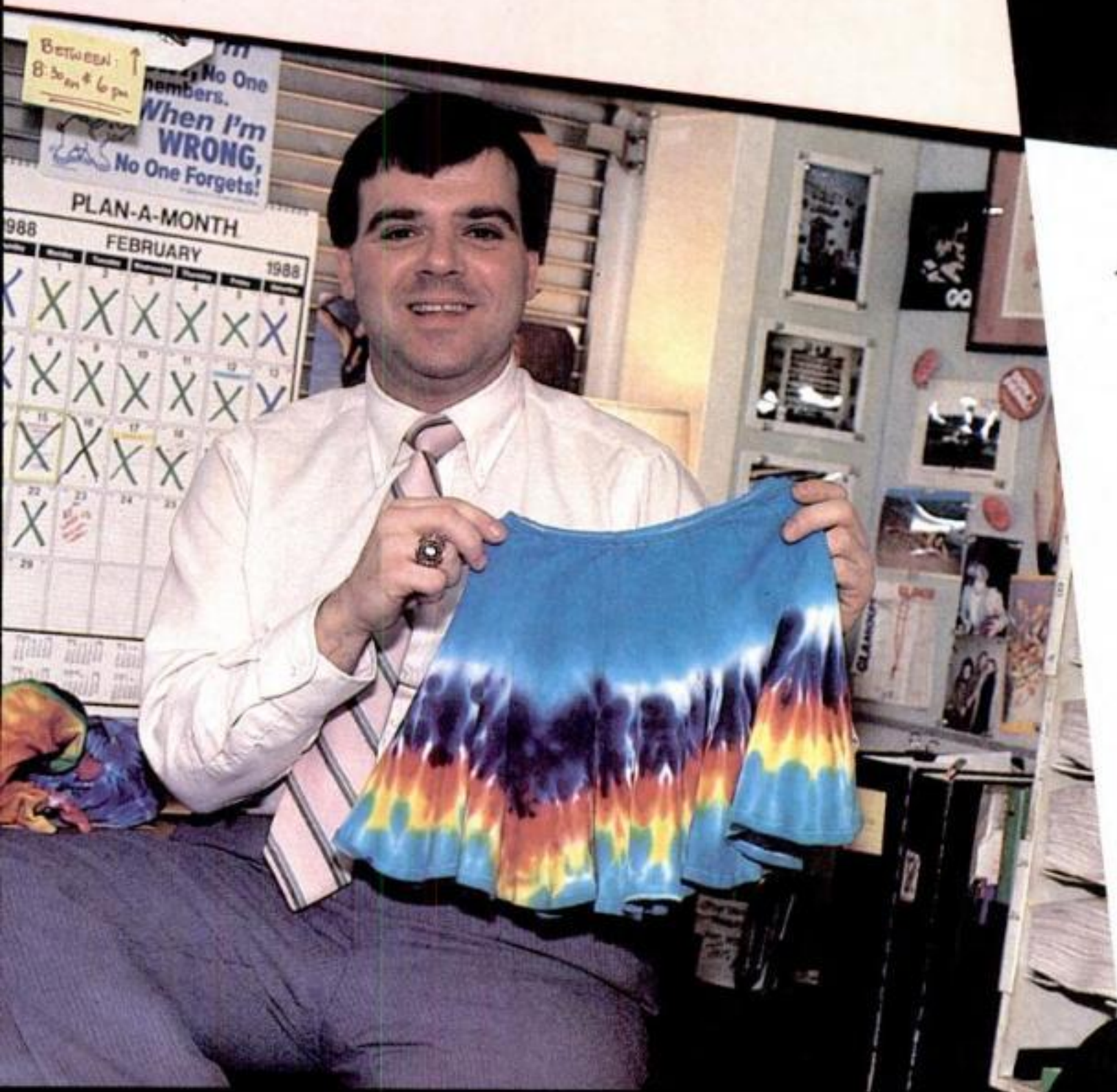


Eddie Etchison, Dispatcher, selects *Mad Hatter with Peaches and Grapes* by Anne Moore (\$185): "I wouldn't mind one on my girlfriend—if it matches her outfit."

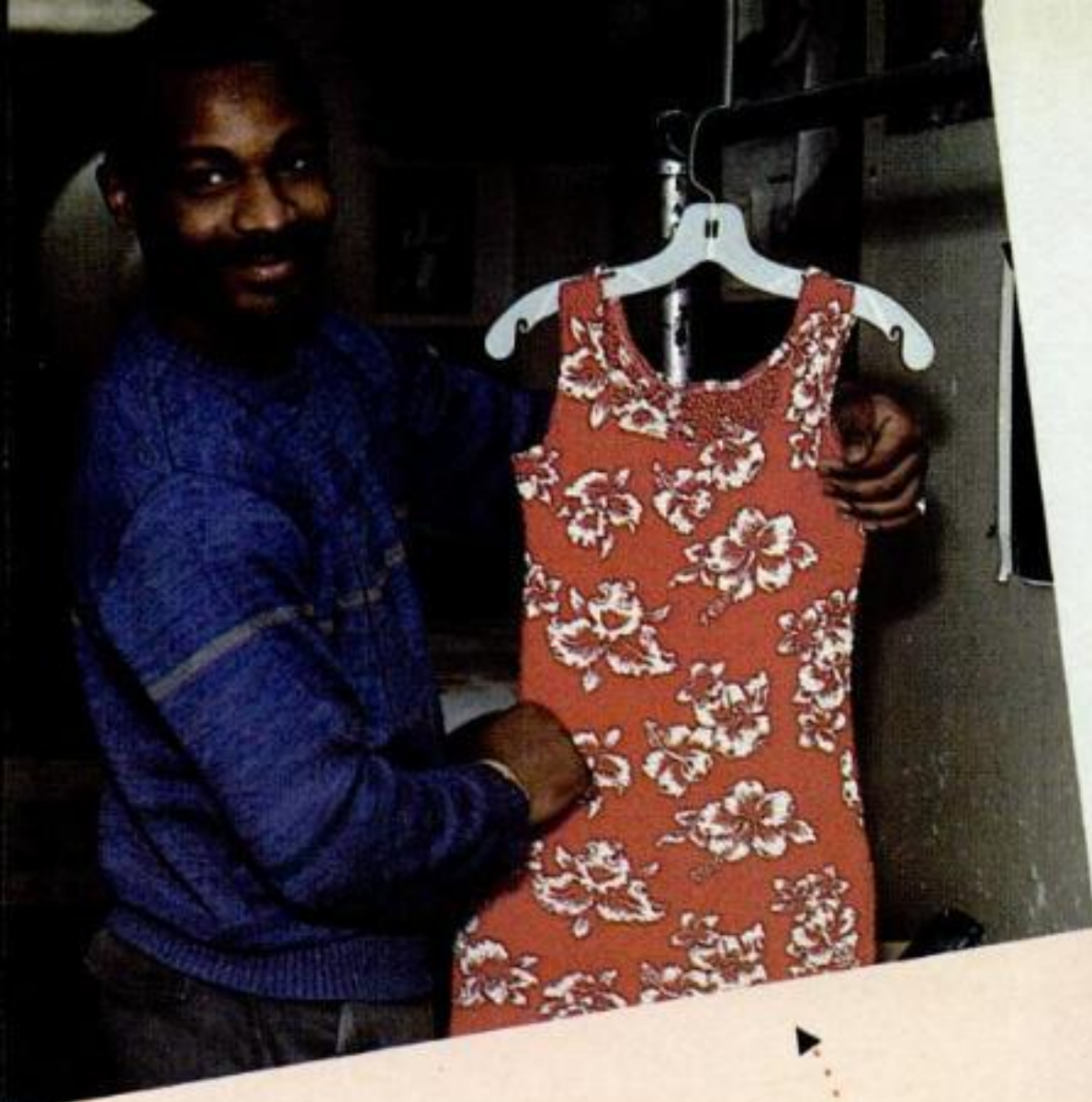
central



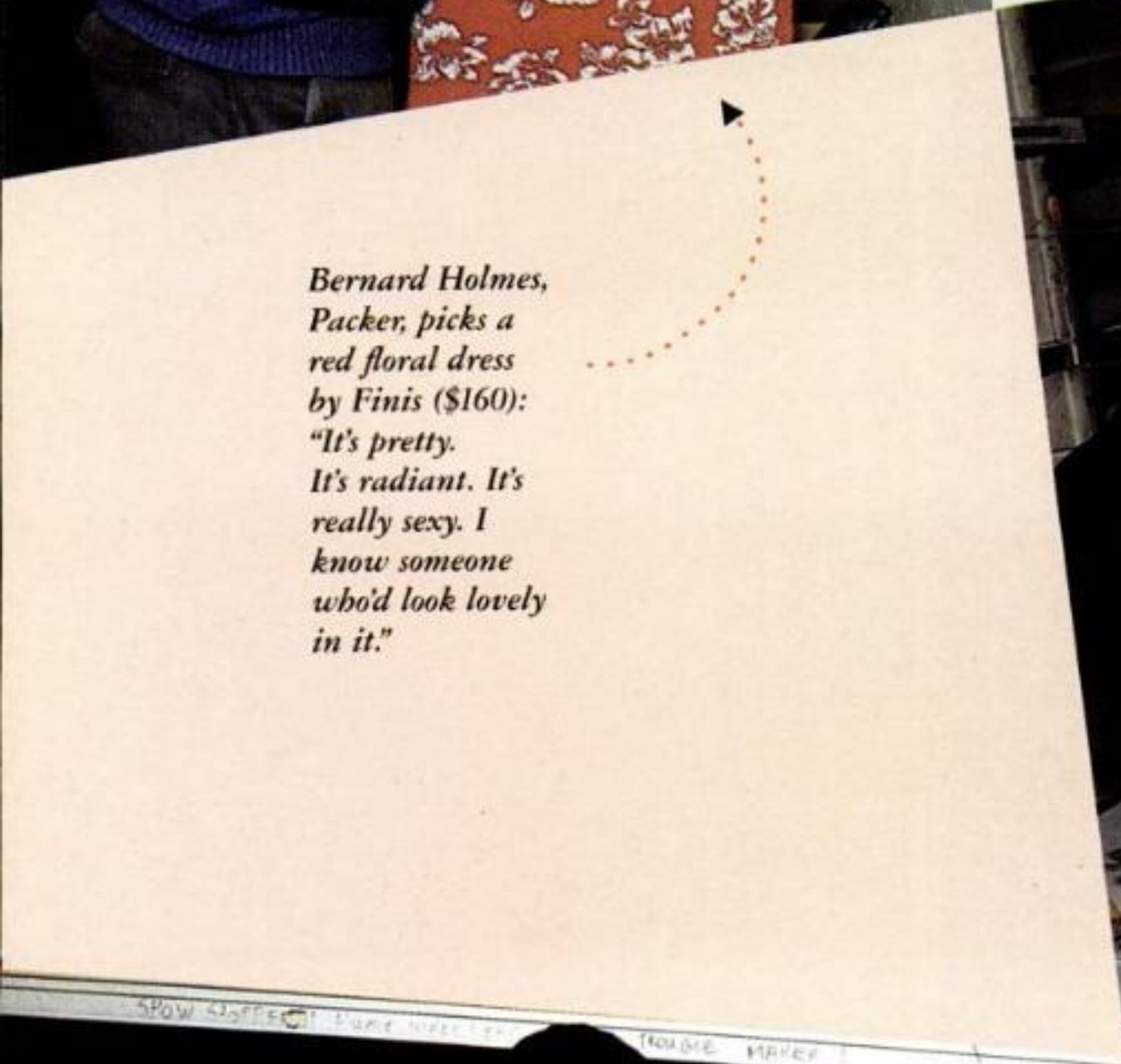
Michael Fox, Mailroom Clerk, relaxes in a red terry-cloth robe with a gold crest by Polo/Ralph Lauren (\$62): "It would make a nice smoking jacket. I'd wear it when I had my evening pipe. It'd also be good for lounging around a pool."



Bob Schaivi, Mailroom Supervisor, picks a tie-dyed swirl miniskirt by H₂O Swimwear (\$48): "It's definitely a loud outfit. It's definitely unique. I wouldn't be caught wearing it to a formal occasion. It reminds me of the sixties, when everything was Flower Power."



Jose Felix Deluz and Tajnauth Singh, Mailroom Clerks, select pink and apricot swimsuits by Laura Urbinati (\$150 each): "I like the colors," says Deluz. "Personally, my opinion is they're great," says Singh, adding, "They'd look great on a girl."

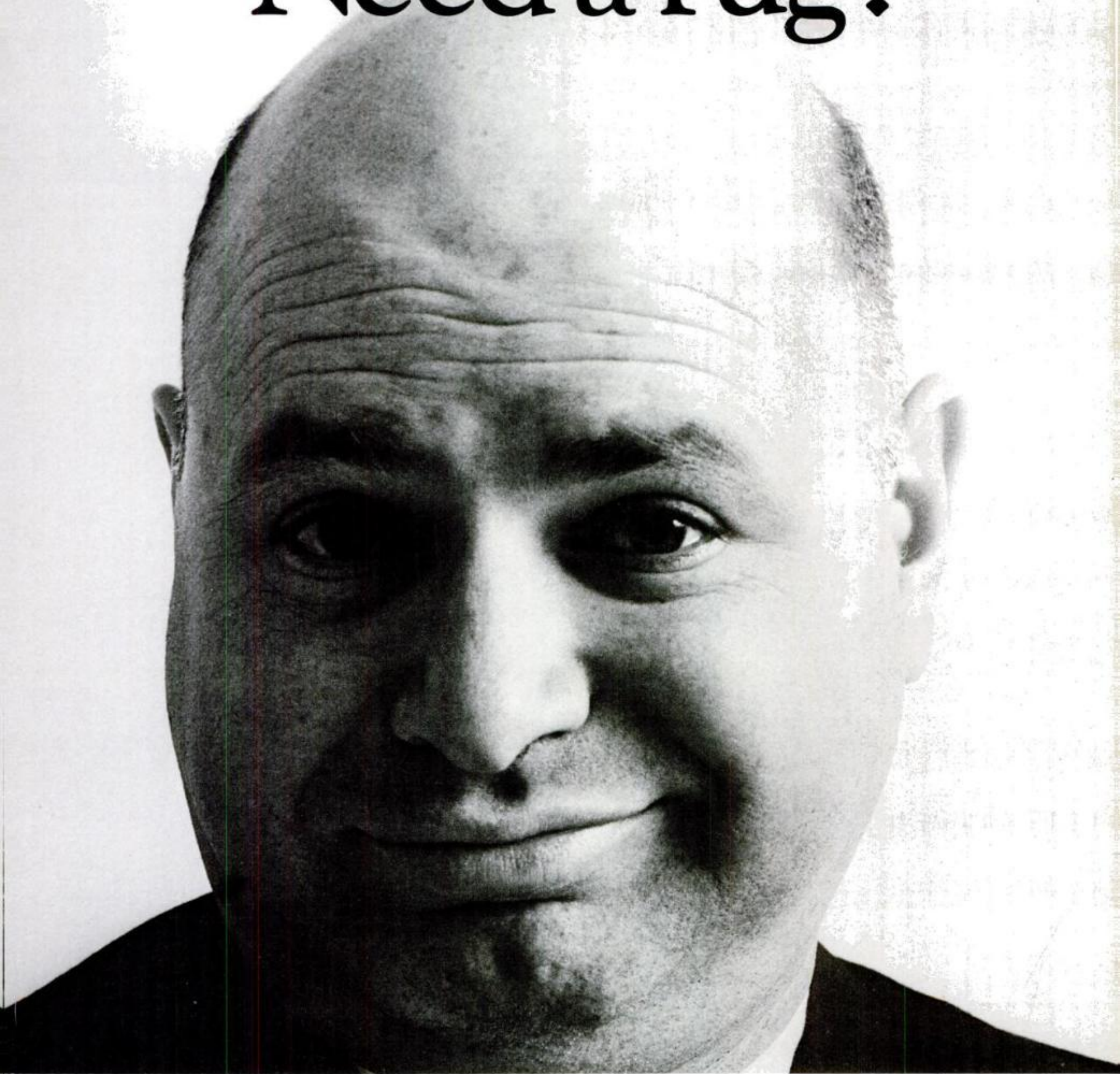


Bernard Holmes, Packer, picks a red floral dress by Finis (\$160): "It's pretty. It's radiant. It's really sexy. I know someone who'd look lovely in it."



David Adam Ayala, Packer, chooses a green cardigan with matching shirt and shorts by Joan Vass U.S.A. (\$254): "I picked this because I like the color white and the color olive, and I like the feel of the material. The pants are 100 percent cotton. I also like the large fit. I like the shorts that fall to the knee." 🐾

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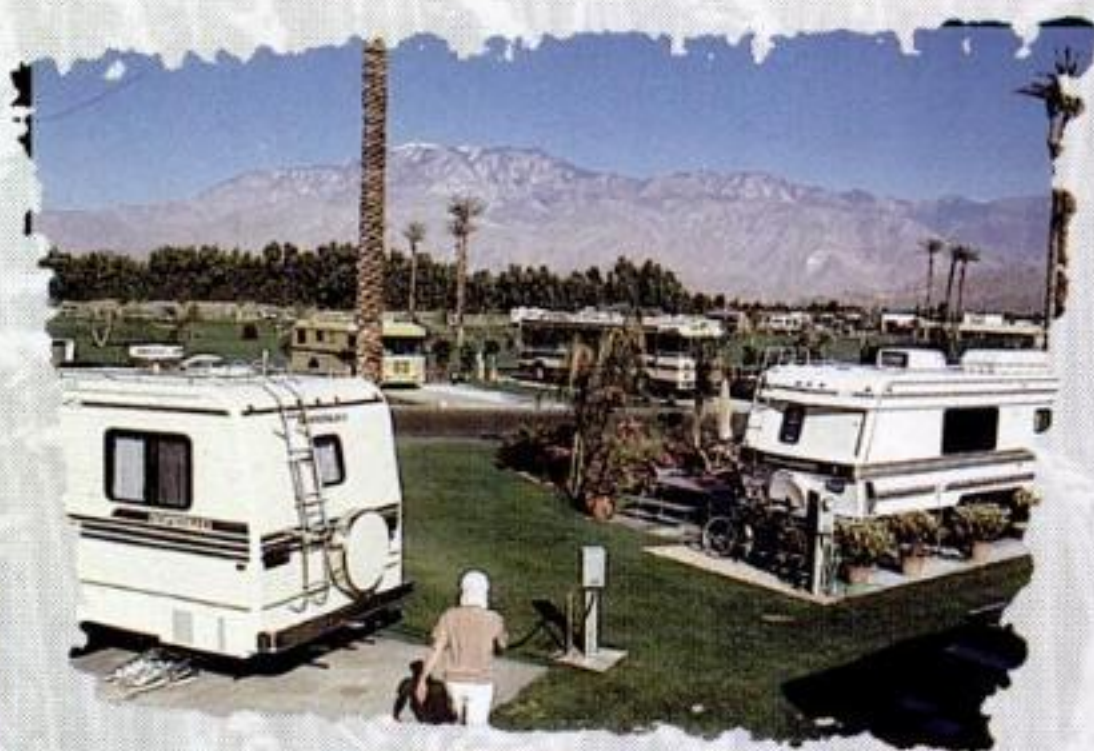


FRESH AIR

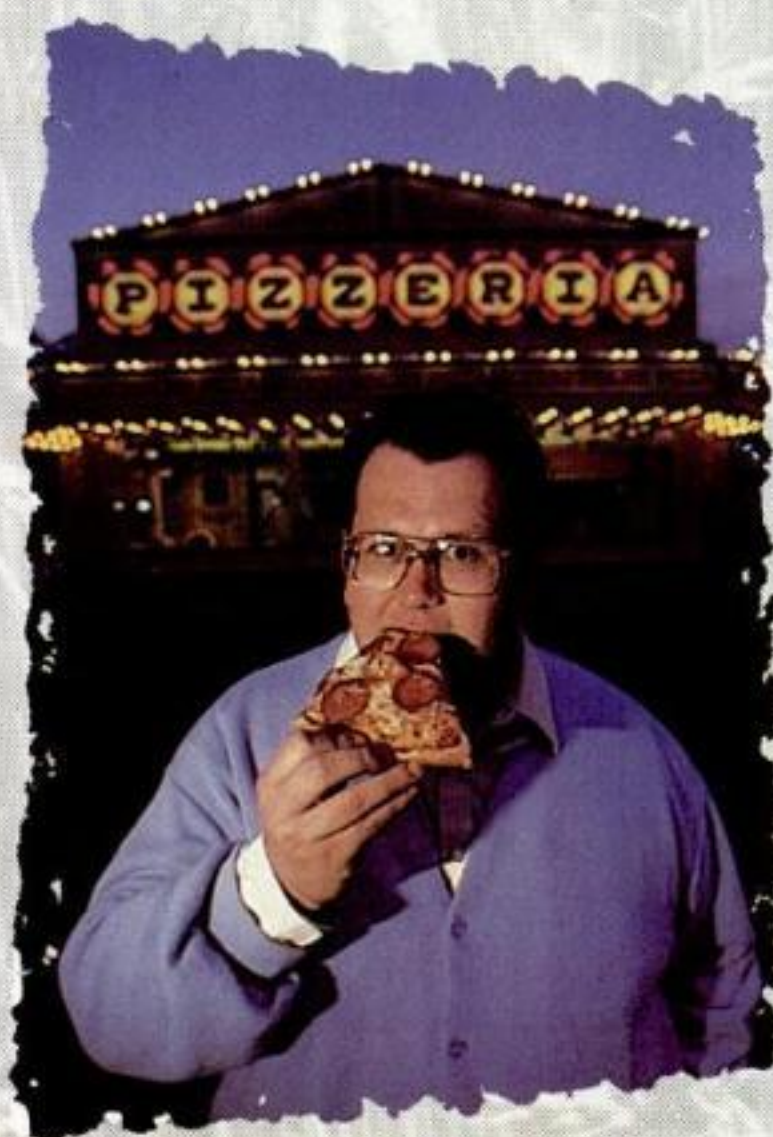
Our First Annual Sea-to-Shining-Sea Summer Jamboree



MODERN CONVENIENCES



CLEAN LIVING



GOOD FOOD



BIG, DUMB WHITE GUYS WITH GUNS

When it comes to the rest of the country, we know we have a bad attitude. A decidedly *wrong* attitude. Fearful, ungenerous, incredulous, suspicious. Shame on us. But we also suspected that our long-standing perception—of a vast cultural Gobi populated by armed neo-Nazi lunatics scheming to establish an Aryan state, fez-topped Shriners on tiny scooters, a buffoonish president worthy of a Sinclair Lewis satire, small-town heroes squabbling over TV-movie rights to the story of their selfless bravery, the KKK practically in our backyard—was probably just a teeny bit unfair.



So, like many before us, we went in search of America. We were ready to renounce our skepticism, eager to learn. If the average citizen can enjoy a simple Memorial Day parade down Main Street, we reasoned, then so can we. We set out to find one. We did.

We also found a vast cultural Gobi populated by armed neo-Nazi lunatics scheming to establish an Aryan state, fez-topped Shriners on tiny scooters, a buffoonish president worthy of a Sinclair Lewis satire, small-town heroes squabbling over TV-movie rights to the story of their selfless bravery and, yes, the KKK practically in our backyard.

SECRET HANDSHAKES AND FUNNY OUTFITS

The SPY Guide to the Secrets of America's Favorite Clubs—Including the Shriners, the Elks, the Rosicrucians, the Masons and the Girl Scouts, BY ERIC KAPLAN



ELKS

Full name: The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

History: Founded in 1868 in New York City by a drinking club called the Jolly Corks

Headquarters: Chicago

Membership: 1,530,000

National organization: The Elks have a Grand Lodge in Chicago and are further divided into state Elks associations and local lodges

Qualifications for membership: Every Elk must be "an American Gentleman" 21 or older who believes in God, is of sound body and mind and is not a member of the Communist Party

Motto: The motto changes annually. This year's motto



is: "Become involved—serve Elkdom"

Symbol: The elk ("an animal that's very strong and keen in its perception")

Costume: On initiation nights members wear business suits and officers wear tuxedos with jewels corresponding to their offices

Women's auxiliaries: The Lady Elks and The Benevolent

and Protective Order of Does (unofficial)

Initiation procedure: The candidate must first pass muster with an investigation committee. After the name of the candidate is published in his lodge's monthly newsletter, the candidate is voted upon. (More than 99 percent of the candidates are elected.) The successful candidate is initiated and vows loyalty to the Elks and the U.S. Constitution. He is told that if he breaks the oath, he must wander "through the world forsaken... unfit to hold communion with true and upright men"

Social advancement: The levels of exaltation are, in ascending order, Grand Trustee, Grand Treasurer, Grand Tiler, Grand Inner Guard, Grand Esquire, Grand Chaplain, Grand Secretary, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and Grand Exalted Ruler

Obligations: Every Elk swears never to reveal Elk secrets, to uphold the U.S. Constitution, to protect brother Elks, to support only worthy candidates for Elkhood and never to use the order for political ends

The height of sublimity: The Elk's Eleven O'Clock Toast, made at all formal Elk gatherings at 11:00 p.m.—"Wherever an Elk may roam, whatever his lot in life may be, when this hour falls upon the dial of night the great heart of Elkdom swells and throbs"

The height of mundanity: Members sometimes carry real elk feet, purchased for \$7 (small), \$8.50 (large) or \$20 (made into a walking cane)



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Full name: Knights of Columbus

History: Because the pope forbade Catholics to become Masons, Father Michael McGivney founded the Knights of Columbus in 1882 to provide Catholics with a fraternal organization

Headquarters: New Haven, Connecticut

Membership: 1,400,000

National organization: A Supreme Council in Connecticut has authority over 6,000 subordinate councils in Canada and the U.S.

Qualifications for membership: The Knights of Columbus is open to healthy Catholic males 18 and older who have fulfilled their last Easter Duty

Motto: "Charity, Unity, Fraternity, Patriotism"

Symbol: A Maltese cross with sword, ax and armor (symbolizing knights) and an anchor (symbolizing Columbus)

Costume: Black monks' robes, hoods and masks

Women's auxiliary: The Daughters of Isabella (unofficial)

Initiation procedure: Knights of Columbus are initiated in groups of up to 100. Planted in the group are a number of actual Knights, including one playing a priest and one playing a Secret Service man. Three degrees of initiation are given on one night. The first two are gentle: the Grand Knight questions each candidate, first to see if he is a believing Catholic and then again to demonstrate how ignorant the candidate is on the fine points of Catholic dogma.

The third degree is much more grueling. It is supervised by the Captain of the Guard, who shows up in a whiskey-soaked bathrobe, pretending to be drunk. After the first act, in which the Captain prevents the priest from drinking water and

the priest pretends to faint, the candidates are led to an operating table surrounded by lodge brothers dressed as surgeons. A planted Knight is called forward to lie down on the table and cut himself, in order to sign a document in his own blood. He refuses, and his refusal is used as an excuse to lead the candidates into a crowded and overheated room called The Hot Box. There the phony priest complains about the heat, tries to leave and is punched in the mouth by the Captain of the Guard. The phony priest spits phony blood. Phony candidates then egg the candidates into a brawling frenzy. The door is opened and they tumble out of the room, recalling the stateroom scene in *A Night at the Opera*.

The Grand Knight then says the Captain of the Guard must be tried. In the process of selecting a jury, a scuffle breaks out between the Captain of the Guard and the planted Secret Service man, ending in the Captain's shooting. He bursts a hidden bladder full of fake blood and falls down, apparently dead. The candidates are then locked in the room for 15 minutes, to sweat about what will happen to the Knights of Columbus when the news comes out. The phony candidates then reveal themselves, the Captain comes back alive and the Grand Knight swears them into the order

Social advancement: Offices include Grand Chaplain, Deputy Grand Knight, Grand Treasurer, Grand Advocate, Grand Physician and Grand Warden, as well as "Supreme" versions of same

Obligation: If a Knight of Columbus is in trouble, he calls out, "Are there any good men here?" All Knights within earshot must come to his aid

The height of sublimity: All cardinals, archbishops and bishops in the Catholic Church are technically members of the K of C

The height of mundanity: The K of C lobbied to get Columbus Day declared a legal holiday

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MASONS

Full name: Ancient Free and Accepted Masons

History: Officially, Masonry began in London in 1717. But Masons in the know say their order dates back to the building of Solomon's Temple. Alexander the Great was a noted Mason

Headquarters: No national headquarters

Membership: 3,000,000

National organization: Each state has a Grand Lodge supervising local lodges

Qualifications for membership: Members must be male, 21 or older and believe in a supreme being, but they no longer have to be white: "We even have Chinese," boasts the New York chapter

Motto: No national motto; each state lodge has its own. The New York Grand Lodge motto is "Holiness to the Lord"

Symbol: The Square and Compasses

Costume: The white lambskin apron stands for purity, inno-

cence, honor and distinction; members are buried in their aprons

Women's auxiliaries: Order of the Eastern Star, among others

Initiation procedure: The candidate is "hoodwinked" (forced to wear a black mask without eyeholes) and led to a room where three candles burn (representing the sun, the moon and the master of the lodge). He is pricked with a Mason's compass and must say he desires light more than anything. He may then be put through a test such as the Oriental Dance, in which candidates wear a skirt and are made to dance on an electrified carpet. Other delightful Masonic initiation stunts include:

► **The Sacred Stone:** The candidate is told that a sacred stone (or a little rose) is near his feet and that he must make a sign of deference by bending over and placing his forehead as close to the ground as possible. When he bends down, the Masons spank him with a paddle containing an exploding cartridge

► **The Test of Fire:** One Mason tells the candidate a secret, usually a number. When the other Masons find out that the candidate knows the number, they tell him he will be tortured

by having the number branded on his genitals. After he is stripped, one Mason "brands" him with a warm piece of pipe or a sharp piece of ice, and another burns a piece of meat under his nose. If other candidates are listening, one Mason screams. Another says of the candidate, "He fainted. Throw the body to the dogs"

► **The Thirst:** To punish a candidate who has asked for a drink of water, the Masons urinate loudly. Then they make him drink a bowlful of "urine"—which is actually warm water.

After being tested, the candidate has the symbolism of Masonry explained to him, with the use of slides. Because he has been partially stripped to confirm that he truly is a male, he is dressed in the lambskin apron of Masonry and presented to the lodge's Worshipful Master, who declares him a Mason and gives him the tools of the trade: a gavel and a 24-inch gauge. Masons worship God under the name GAOTU—Grand Architect of the Universe.

Social advancement: Masons can ascend through 32 degrees—such as Noachite and Prince of Libanus—in the Scottish rite (candidates, however, do not have to go through initiation rites for each degree).

Only Masons who have completed all 32 degrees are eligible to wear the red fez of the Shriner

Obligations: A Mason must help other Masons even at the risk of his own life. Every Master Mason swears not to disclose Masonic secrets under "no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea at low-water mark..."

The height of sublimity: The Great Seal of the United States is jammed with Masonic symbols. The number of feathers in the left and right wings and tail of the eagle correspond to the number of degrees in different courses of Masonic initiation. "E Pluribus Unum" is a Masonic motto. The unfinished pyramid under the all-seeing eye is believed to refer to the murder of Mason Hiram Abiff, the Master Architect of Solomon's Temple, which resulted in the temple's remaining forever unfinished

The height of mundanity: The Masons' secret handshake—you clasp hands normally, but then secretly press the forefinger into the palm and the thumb into the joints of the second and third fingers



SHRINERS

Full name: Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

History: The Shriners' society was established to serve as a club for exceptionally jolly Masons in 1870

Headquarters: Tampa

Membership: 825,000

National organization: Local chapters, called Temples, are governed by the Imperial Council in Tampa

Qualifications for membership: Shrine membership is

open only to Masons of the 32nd degree

Motto: "Es Salamu Aleikum" (Arabic for "Peace be with you")

Symbol: A scimitar upholding a crescent emblazoned with a sphinx and a five-pointed star

Costume: A red fez

Women's auxiliary: The Ladies' Oriental Shrine of North America

Initiation procedure: A Shriner must submit to two ordeals: the Boxing Match and the Bung Hole Test. In the Boxing Match the candidate must box with a member who then accuses him of theft. The Shriners strip the candidate naked, blindfold him and make him sit on a sponge soaked with ice water.

In the Bung Hole Test two

prospective Shriners are blindfolded and made to crawl through a large cylinder until they meet in the middle and bump heads. One Shriner outside yelps like a dog while another sprinkles warm water on the candidates' faces through a hole in the cylinder. Then a Shriner yells, "Get that dog out of here! It just pissed in his face!"

Social advancement: Shriner titles include Most Illustrious Grand Potentate, Illustrious Grand Rabban and the Illustrious Grand High Priest

Obligations: Shriners recite a vow not to reveal the secrets of the order, asking "in willful violation whereof may I incur the fearful penalty of having my eyeballs pierced to the center with a three-edged blade, my

feet flayed and I be forced to walk the hot sands upon the sterile shores of the Red Sea until the flaming sun shall strike me with a livid plague..."

The height of sublimity: The Shrine crescent symbolizes a higher, purer source of knowledge. These days it is usually made from the preserved claws of a Bengal tiger

The height of mundanity: The Shrine is known as the "playground for Masons." At their conventions, where as many as 20,000 Shriners gather in one lucky city, Shriners engage in such high jinks as kissing strange women in the street, chasing coeds and making them drink from nursing bottles, and carrying toilet paper and calling out, "Evening paper!"



MOOSES

Full name: The Loyal Order of Moose

History: Founded in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1888

Headquarters: Mooseheart, Illinois

Membership: 1,270,000

National organization: The Moose Domain is governed from Mooseheart and includes 40 state and provincial associations and 2,074 lodges in the U.S. The Moose Domain also includes a community for orphans in Mooseheart and a senior citizens' community called Moosehaven. Moosehaven is "a city of contentment" where "the meals are exquisite"

Qualifications for membership: Mooses cannot have a criminal record and must believe in a supreme being

Motto: "Purity, Aid and Progress"

Symbol: The moose, because it is a big, strong animal "that does not kill and protects its own"

Costume: Moose dress is distinguished by the moose emblem: a moose head with the letters P, A and P (standing for purity, aid and progress)

Women's auxiliary: Women of the Moose

Initiation procedure: The candidate commits himself to the principles of the organization, participates in a "Nine O'Clock" ceremony in which he silently blesses Mooseheart, has a Moose code of ethics (which urges tolerance of others' weaknesses, avoiding slander and love for one's fellow Moose) read to him in front of the lodge altar and is then invested by the right hand of the lodge governor

Social advancement: The advanced degrees of Moosehood are The Mooseheart Legion of the World, Fellowship and Pilgrim

Obligation: Members swear to keep secret everything that occurs within a Moose lodge

The height of sublimity: The genuine compassion Mooses feel toward the orphans of Mooseheart

The height of mundanity: Residents of the senior citizens' home, Moosehaven, receive a "Sunshine Allowance" of \$25 per month



ROSICRUCIANS

Full name: The Rosicrucian Order. Alternately, the Ancient, Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

History: According to the Rosicrucians, the order was founded by Pharaoh Thutmose III and is celebrating its 3,488th anniversary this year. Coldly unsympathetic sources trace its founding to self-proclaimed Ph.D. H. Spencer Lewis in 1915

Headquarters: San Jose, California

Membership: 60,000

National organization: There are 300 Rosicrucian-affiliated bodies in the U.S., governed by the Supreme Autocratic Authority in San Jose. The organization also has thousands of Sanctum Members, who are acquainted solely through correspondence

Qualifications for membership: Any person 18 or older who mails in a coupon and \$20 may become a member

Motto: "Know Thyself"

Symbol: The Rose and Cross

Costume: For rituals they have special robes with colors corresponding to different degrees

Women's auxiliary: None

Initiation procedure: Aspiring Rosicrucians receive mailed instructions for initiating themselves. Initiates must sit in a dark room, light candles and ask themselves questions about their sincerity. The Rosicrucian order claims it uses ESP for the purpose of monitoring members' sincerity and progress

Social advancement: Mail-order initiation is available for the first through third degrees



Obligation: Members must keep their Rosicrucian "monographs" (documents) in a locked box, with instructions left that they must be mailed to Rosicrucian headquarters upon the owner's death

The height of sublimity: In every Rosicrucian lodge there is a vestal virgin to guard the lodge's sacred fire

The height of mundanity: Rosicrucian windshield decals are available through the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau



GIRL SCOUTS

Full name: Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

History: Founded in 1912 by Juliette Gordon Low

Headquarters: New York

Membership: 2,920,000

National organization: Girl Scouts are divided into 170,000 troops with 4 to 40 scouts per troop

Qualifications for membership: Candidates must be girls between the ages of 5 and 17 who are willing to make the Girl Scout Promise, follow the Girl Scout Law and pay a \$4 yearly fee

Motto: "Be Prepared." The Girl Scout Promise: "On my honor, I will try: to serve God and my country, to help people at all times, and to live by the Girl Scout Law"

Symbol: The Trefoil

Costume: Varies according to level of initiation. Daisies wear blue; Brownies wear brown; Juniors wear Girl Scout Green; Cadettes and Seniors have recently (and daringly) switched to blue

Men's auxiliary: Boy Scouts

Initiation procedure: A Girl Scout candidate is invested af-

ter reciting the Girl Scout Promise and Law in a candle-lighting ceremony around a fire. The Girl Scouts present then discuss what it means to be a Girl Scout

Social advancement: Members begin as Daisy Girl Scouts and may then advance to Brownie Girl Scout, Junior Girl Scout, Cadette Girl Scout and Senior Girl Scout

Obligations: Girl Scouts must act as friends and sisters to one another and respect one another's differences

The height of sublimity: Although started in England, scouting attempts to redeem society by preserving the woodcraft skills of the American Indian

The height of mundanity: Cookie sales



MR. PRESIDENT, MEET GEORGE BABBITT

Is Ronald Reagan a Work of Fiction?

"Babbitt as a boy had aspired to the presidency."

—Sinclair Lewis, *Babbitt* (1922)

It has not—let's be straightforward about this—been a good year for Michael Deaver. Who could have foreseen the embarrassments awaiting the former High Weasel to

the Reagan cortege in his earnest quest for a few nickels to clink together? First came the revelation that he had been kicking off the White House cocktail hour a little early (say, 11:00 a.m.) on the days it was decided to send Ron to speak in front of Nazi graves at Bitburg (*oops*). Then, in December, conviction on federal charges of (*oops*) lying about parlaying his intimacy with the president into lucrative lobbying contracts with the Korean government. In between, a long, hot summer spent worrying about the no doubt forthcoming *Saturday Night Live* sketch "Leave It to Deaver," in which brother Wally tries to explain to the Deav (guest star: Jerry Mathers) why Mom and Dad are so steamed about the illegal influence-peddling ring he, Larry Mondello, Whitey and Gilbert have formed. *Yow!* Or as Mathers would say, jeepers!

And now...*plagiarism*. When our copy of *Behind the Scenes*, Mike's new book, arrived in the mail, we were looking forward to what the enclosed PR flier promised—a warm, human, *factual* document that "defines Ronald and Nancy Reagan as fully dimensional people." Flipping through its pages, though, we became conscious of a mounting suspicion that *something...was...fishy*. A quick trip to the bookstore confirmed it: the character of "Ronald Reagan" in Deaver's "memoir" has been lifted wholesale from the title figure in Sinclair Lewis's 1922 novel, *Babbitt*, American literature's classic depiction of the genial, empty-headed businessman boob.

Shocking. We know Deaver needs to sell a few books—the lawyers are knocking at the door. But to present this stuff as fact? Suppose people got the idea that a genial, empty-headed boob had *actually* been elected to the nation's highest office?

Michael Deaver

On the morning of the inaugural, I arrived at Blair House shortly before 9:00 A.M. to help the Reagans prepare for the ceremonies. When I walked in, Nancy was getting her hair done. I said, "Where's the governor?"

Without moving her head, she said, "I guess he's still in bed."

"In bed?" I repeated....I opened the door to the bedroom. It was pitch-dark, the curtains still drawn, and I could barely make out a heap of blankets in the middle of the bed. I said, "Governor?"

"Yeah?"

"It's nine o'clock."

"Yeah?"

"Well, you're going to be inaugurated in two hours."

"Does that mean I have to get up?" —page 98

Sinclair Lewis

[Babbitt] fumbled for sleep as for a drug. He who had been a boy very credulous of life was no longer greatly interested in the possible and improbable adventures of each new day. —page 7



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP

CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO

ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY

JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY

CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

Reagan is a romantic.

—page 177

He never looked at the front page first. He would turn instead to the comics.... We would land in a city and his reaction would be "Ah, Cincinnati, they have good comic strips here." Once, I heard him complain because a paper carried *The Wizard of Id* and you could no longer find.... *Andy Gump*.

—page 81

Whenever Nancy leaves on a trip of her own, Reagan has trouble sleeping at night. He would drop by the Deaver or Jim Baker house in D.C. for dinner, or I would arrange for guests to visit and watch a movie with him. Anything to give him something to do.

—page 113

Reagan has, in fact, a passion for western culture.

—page 43

The president has a weakness for any argument that seems to support law and order.

—page 134

His closest friends do not have sharply different philosophies.

—page 104

He had no problem justifying his early support for... the liberal faith.

—page 37

Ten days before the New Hampshire primary, the candidate was passing time as he often did, regaling those around him with his inventory of stories and jokes.

—page 77

The Reagans belonged in Los Angeles to Bel Air Presbyterian, a proper Protestant church.

—page 82

He is a big-picture man who has never enjoyed immersing himself in details.

—page 28

Babbitt was again dreaming of the fairy child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas by a silver sea.

—page 6

Babbitt looked up irritably from the comic strips in the *Evening Advocate*. They composed his favorite literature and art, these illustrated chronicles in which Mr. Mutt hit Mr. Jeff with a rotten egg, and Mother corrected Father's vulgarisms by means of a rolling-pin. With the solemn face of a devotee, breathing heavily through his open mouth, he plodded nightly through every picture.

—page 64

Nor was Babbitt one of the detachable husbands who take separations casually. He liked to have her there; she looked after his clothes; she knew how his steak ought to be cooked; and her clucking made him feel secure.

—page 267

"Lord, how I'd like to do it! Moccasins—six-gun—frontier town—gamblers—sleep under the stars..."

—page 238

He belonged to the sound, sane, right-thinking wing, and at first he agreed that the Crooked Agitators ought to be shot.

—page 250

Which of them said which has never been determined, and does not matter, since they all had the same ideas and expressed them always with the same ponderous and brassy assurance.

—page 116

"I remember—in college you were an unusually liberal, sensitive chap."

—page 244

"Oh, hell, boys, let's cut out the formality and get down to the stories!"

They became very lively and intimate.... After each bark of laughter they cried, "Say, never hear the one about—" Babbitt was expansive and virile.

—page 121

His church, the Chatham Road Presbyterian, was one of the largest and richest, one of the most oaken and velvety, in Zenith.

—page 167

He sang eloquently the advantages of proximity of school-buildings to rentable homes, but he did not know... whether the city schoolrooms were properly heated, lighted, ventilated, furnished... and though he chanted "One of the boasts of Zenith is that we pay our teachers adequately," that was because he had read the statement in the *Advocate-Times*. Himself, he could not have given the average salary of teachers in Zenith or anywhere else.

—page 38

PORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.

ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA

LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN

ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY

LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA





Hank Schmidt is a hard racist to find. Because he has no friends, no permanent residence, no steady job and no phone, one resorts to tracking down his ex-wife, Erica, to find his whereabouts. Oddly enough, she's something less than tickled to reminisce about her days sleeping beside the leader of the New York White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. ▲ She is, however, willing to pass on to him a written request for an interview, which Schmidt

THE BIGOT EVEN THE KU KLUX KLAN COULDN'T STAND

promptly answers with a curt phone call. "Harass my ex-wife any more," he warns in his thick Estonian accent, "and I'll kill you real bad." He then inquires cryptically if his interviewer is Jewish; after learning the answer is yes, the line goes dead.

But only for a minute. Schmidt soon calls back, explaining that he wasn't sure who he had been talking to—that it might have been an FBI agent, or, worse yet, one of those Marxists from the NAACP. Pointing out that he's under orders from his superiors not to talk to the "Jews' media," he nevertheless agrees to meet at a tiny Greek restaurant near where Erica lives in Astoria, Queens. (The Greeks are a handsome breed, he adds, because they aren't black or Jewish and, as far as he knows, not a single one of them is homosexual.)

Nestled at a corner table, the 39-year-old Schmidt hardly looks like the Aryan messiah his Klan forefathers must have envisioned when the KKK was born in Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865. Standing up to check his visitor's identification cards ("Could be FBI," he apologizes), he hunches his shoulders, making his slight, five-foot-eight-inch frame look considerably smaller. His left eye squints slightly and his hair is dark and matted, like the stuff that clogs the shower drain. He wears dirty blue jeans and a baseball cap with 101% REBEL scrawled across the front. "That's me—the Queens rebel," he says, fingering his mustache. "Just make sure you keep the s on Queens." The mission of white

supremacy, Schmidt begins, is simple. He says the job of his fellow bigots in bed sheets is to rid America of blacks, who are satanic and poor; Jews, who are satanic and rich; communists, who are satanic and Jewish; and gays, who are most of the above and perverts too. What's more, he adds, the Klan is getting away from all that Christianity hocus-pocus in order to get to more pressing concerns, such as impending global race war and Martin Luther King Jr.'s homosexual trysts with high-ranking members of the Politburo.

No stranger to progress, Schmidt even keeps up with the latest Klanspeak this side of Hate Street. Racist literature he carries with him talks mostly of the "well-documented Jewish-communist conspiracy" now tearing at American society. Which, he continues patiently, is setting the stage for the incipient Zionist Occupation Government, known simply as ZOG to any racist who's anybody. As if to prove it, he unfurls a sketch that will soon be used on the new line of "calling cards" he'll have printed by Christmas. On it is a two-headed snake, one head emblazoned with the communist hammer and sickle and the other with the Star of David. Schmidt stares at it blankly and says, "That's a big snake."

Schmidt takes the hate industry very

seriously indeed. He takes himself pretty seriously, even as he lingers over a nutritious dinner of coffee and Pepsi, with some sugar tossed in both for added zip. He makes sure his visitor addresses him by his proper Klan title of Exalted Cyclops, which, as far as the Klan lexicon goes, sounds almost as good as Imperial Wizard or Grand Dragon and worlds better than Kleagle and Klud (which mean "recruiter" and "chaplain," respectively).

"I'm educated, you know," Schmidt says emphatically, maintaining that he has a degree in electrical engineering from Fairleigh Dickinson University. He adds that he got only one D there, from—strangely enough—some "fat, black-assed professor." After his formal education ended, Schmidt found himself serving as a

mercenary in Rhodesia, then in the U.S. Army at Fort Bragg, before getting the call from the Klan. "Fighting is sorta in my blood," insists Schmidt, who boasts that his father served in the Nazi SS. "But that doesn't mean I hate people and want to hurt them. No, I love people." He finishes his drinks and orders more.

Refreshed, Schmidt reflects on the Klan's history of lynchings and cross-burnings and grudgingly admits to something of an "image problem." He boasts that that sort of stuff doesn't happen today and that it "always took a lot of pushing" by blacks to merit getting hanged from a tree anyway. "Besides," he adds, "violence usually creates more problems than good, I find."

Schmidt shrugs and fiddles with his cap when asked to provide tangible evidence that Klan support in New York numbers anything more than a few of his drinking buddies tired of their wives and bowling. "We make progress, plenty of it," he boasts, displaying a list of Klan contributors on the table, next to his two empty Pepsi cans. The list, printed on the back of a paper place mat from Wendy's, is kept upside-down so his visitor can't see the names "and take them to the FBI." Schmidt smiles a decidedly can't-get-anything-by-me smile as he tucks the list into a rumpled manila folder.

A New Yorker?
Yes, a New Yorker



BY NED ZEMAN

Sensing he's on a roll, Schmidt mentions with thinly veiled glee that three Klaverns, or Klan groups, have been organized in New York City. Such organized expansion, he says, is good for team spirit. "Places like Astoria are perfect for us because there are so many people here who are tired of niggers taking their jobs and Jews owning them. I laugh"—and he does, too, for a full half-minute—"because I know a war's gonna happen between us. Oh, I gotta laugh."

At roughly the time in 1987 that a large black man clocked him with a brisk left hook, Schmidt came to realize that (1) some people aren't laughing with him and (2) pasting up Klan stickers in a predominantly black housing project in Queens isn't such a good idea after all.

One warm afternoon last summer, Schmidt and three eager young bigots drew up some crudely made stickers and pamphlets and ambled over to the Queens Bridge Housing Project to spread their message of racial hatred. While on their "recruiting drive," Schmidt says sadly, they were greeted by a squad of blacks. One of them asked Schmidt what he wanted, learned the answer, thought for a moment and decked him.

"Hell, them darkies went and ganged up on us again," Schmidt complains, apparently oblivious to the notion that the Klansmen might somehow have provoked

gry about Schmidt's pamphleteering that he called the Klansman "sick" at a press conference convened for precisely that reason. "I feel better now," Vallone sighed afterward.

But it was another clarion voice of reason, Mordechai Levy, head of the Jewish Defense Organization, who spouted the greatest venom about Schmidt. Long the gadfly of anti-Klan activity in the state, Levy organized a "Klan-kicker" rally outside Erica Schmidt's home in Astoria last November. Since then, says Schmidt, Levy's followers have deluged Erica Schmidt's home with harassing phone calls. "In the name of every Jew everywhere," Levy says, "that Schmidt should be shot dead, like a squirrel."

Schmidt seems undaunted. "That Levy—well, I want to kill that Levy man," he says, snuffing out one of the eleven cheap cigars he has smoked over four hours. "You know what he does? He calls my wife and talks dirty stuff with her, the communist. I have no idea why he doesn't just leave me alone."

"You like music?" Schmidt asks, slamming the door of his Dodge van and turning on the ignition. Before his visitor can answer, Schmidt pulls a dusty tape recorder out of his blue hunting jacket and presses PLAY. The song that follows, set to a simple bluegrass tune, sounds crackly and old, but the lyrics are clear enough.

"Jigaboo, Jigaboo/Where you runnin' Jigaboo?" warbles Johnny Ribs, who apparently was a sort of Joan Baez for bigots during the 1960s. Schmidt taps his feet, and a crooked grin creases his face as the beat picks up.

With the music as a backdrop, Schmidt aims the van through Queens and onto the Triborough Bridge toward Manhattan, where he politely hands the \$2 toll to a black attendant. He talks about the Jewish girl he once dated because she paid for everything; about how he wouldn't vote for Reagan again because he's a communist; about how he no longer listens to Kenny Rogers for the same reason; and about how Ed Koch can't really be Jewish because Sephardic Jews are sup-

posed to come from Africa and the mayor doesn't look Ethiopian to him. (In fact, Koch is Ashkenazic.)

As Schmidt, a former cabbie, steers through the Upper West Side and nears Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, his tone softens. Several silent minutes pass before he reluctantly unveils what he calls simply the Big Plan: he and 150 or so local Klansmen, neo-Nazis and other unaffiliated white supremacists are going to burn a 70-foot-high cross in front of the Queens Bridge project before the end of the year in order to provoke racial mayhem. Always the visionary, Schmidt nods and says he understands that cross-burning violates countless city laws. "We've got that covered with the cross we're building now," he boasts, pausing for effect. "It's *electric*."

Yet Schmidt confesses, finally, that he has been thinking of leaving the Klan—they're "too easy on the Jews," he says. "Today is a problem," he complains as we part. "It's really tough to find anyone who's open-minded in this city." He bids a hasty farewell, locks his truck door and burns rubber.

Apparently Schmidt's reluctance to discuss the planned cross-lighting was warranted. Richard Ford, the Grand Dragon of the Florida White Knights, calls several weeks later to discuss Hank Schmidt. Speaking from the faction's "national headquarters" in Lantana, Florida, which evidently consists of a post office box and Ford's living room, the Grand Dragon leaves many messages on my phone machine, demanding to discuss Schmidt. "And ignore the message on my phone machine," Ford adds—a bit embarrassed, perhaps, that it accuses his own mother-in-law of being a terrorist.

"Schmidt shouldn't have talked to you!" Ford hollers. He adds that he, not Schmidt, is the ultimate leader of the New York Klan. Ford asks that, as a favor to the Klan, any conversations with Schmidt be disregarded. "Hell," the Grand Dragon mutters as an afterthought, "Hank sometimes goes overboard."

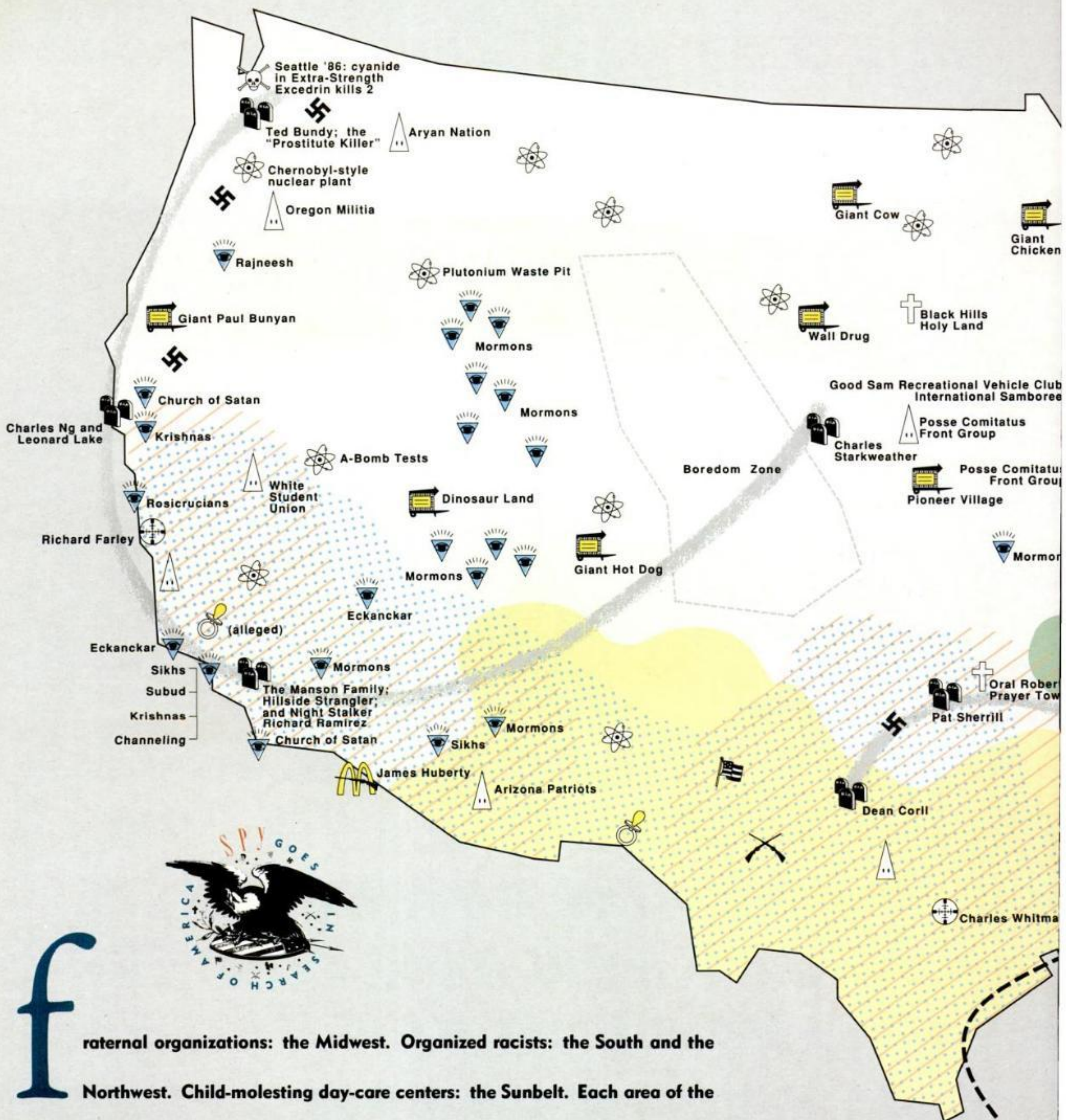
A few weeks later Ford is on the phone again. Hank Schmidt, he says, is no longer the Klan's man in New York at all. Indeed, Ford says, the Klan has excommunicated Schmidt altogether—for "professional reasons." "Let's be reasonable," says the Grand Dragon. "Hank is a nice man, but he doesn't really fit into our kind of white power." 🐾

ALWAYS THE VISIONARY, SCHMIDT UNDERSTANDS CROSS-BURNING VIOLATES CITY LAWS. "WE'VE GOT THAT COVERED WITH THE CROSS WE'RE BUILDING NOW. IT'S *ELECTRIC*."

the blacks by, say, parading around the project wearing NIGGERS DIE buttons. "They ain't a bright breed, them monkeys. We could've whupped 'em, too, but we mighta gotten arrested for cruelty to animals." So screamingly funny does Schmidt find his joke that he tries to high-five a waiter, who ignores him.

"I didn't know that happened," says Val Coleman, director of public information for the New York City Housing Authority. "God, what a jerk." Days after the pummeling, residents of this ethnically diverse community decided to fight the Klan by forming a group called Astoria Concerned Neighbors, with several local civic leaders joining up. In fact, City Council Vice Chairman Peter Vallone was so an-

[illegible]



f

Paternal organizations: the Midwest. Organized racists: the South and the Northwest. Child-molesting day-care centers: the Sunbelt. Each area of the country has at least one form of indigenous madness. Using calipers and computer projections accurate to within 1 percent, he claims, ERIC KAPLAN constructed a socio-psychic weather map of manifestations of the virulent small-town insanity that makes America—a country of snipers and Elvis worshipers—the place we love.

A SPY Map of the Nation

A SPY Map of the Nation



THOSE
WHO CAN,
DO



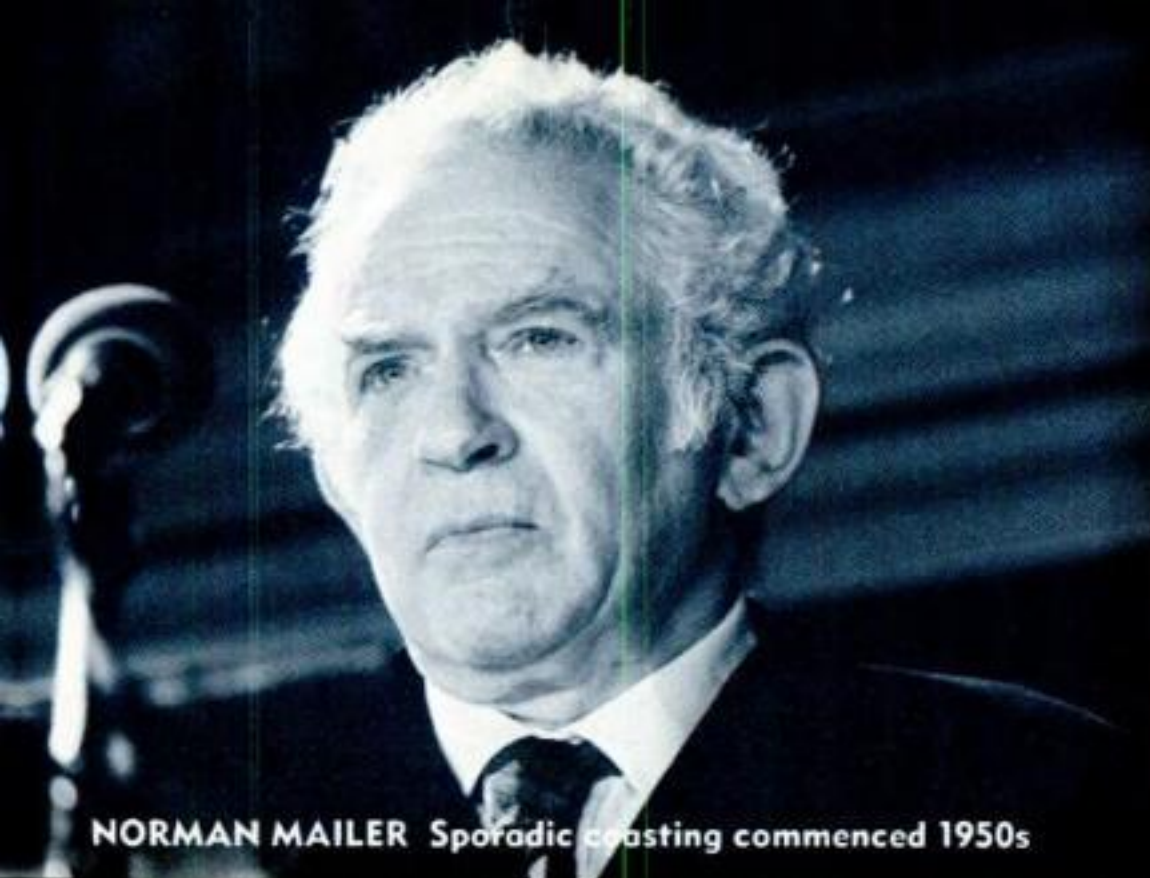
Those Who Did, Coast

For the world's Coasters,
there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and
privileges of early success. They are living (in most

*Why Very Important People
Don't Have to Do Anything
Very Important Anymore*

cases) proof that reputation can out-
last significance, that celebrity can out-

distance achievement. As *George Kalogerakis*
notes, their moment in the sun may have occurred
years ago, yet they still sport a very healthy tan.



NORMAN MAILER Sporadic coasting commenced 1950s



MARY MCFADDEN Coasting commenced early 1970s



DAN AYKROYD Coasting commenced 1980



HENRY KISSINGER Coasting commenced 1977



ELIZABETH TAYLOR Coasting commenced 1966



BOB DYLAN Coasting commenced 1970



CADILLAC Coasting commenced 1974

The wind is at their backs.

They have cut the engines, stopped pedaling, feathered the oars, switched on the cruise control. In short, they have put their feet up. All around them, others are still sweating to make a mark, but not the Coasters.

Coasters can relax. They've done it. Gliding happily along on reputations made years and years ago, they remain squarely in the public eye, status only slightly diminished. After all, their early success still looms large, conveniently unobstructed by any comparable achievement during the intervening years. *Sure* they dine out on it—they're no fools. While the rest of us leap and flap our arms furiously just to clear topsoil, high above they volplane, blithely smiling. They coast.

Two common fallacies regarding Coasters: (1) they are the same as has-beens; (2) they lack talent. Not so.

Has-beens reek of pathos. They are child stars gone fat, oil-tanker owners turned short-order cooks, Las Vegas headliners now playing the Poconos. Has-beens dream of making a comeback, whereas Coasters don't *need* comebacks. Come back and what—*work*? Coasters aren't slumping: low productivity and high visibility is their natural state. A comeback, after all, must be preceded by a disappearance, and the whole point about Coasters is that they never really went away. They haven't given anyone a chance to miss them. If they did, they'd be forced to try to *remake* their mark, to deliver another singular performance or moving speech, to write another great book or play or movie, to mastermind another great battle or corporate takeover or political campaign. Comebacks are for the desperate. Jerry Mathers comes back; Carroll O'Connor coasts.

And yes, Coasters are often talented.

They are consequently permitted (okay, begrudged) a certain number of minor accomplishments after The Big One without forfeiting Coasterhood. Have Joseph Heller and Arthur Miller produced anything of value since *Catch-22* and *Death of a Salesman*? Yes and maybe. But they're still Coasters—their reputations are based on a single extraordinary achievement, remembered today from a combined distance of 66 years *and counting*.

Similarly, the New York Yankees have managed to win a few pennants and World Series during the last quarter-century, yet they undeniably coast with a vengeance. (And so, since its unfortunate renovation in 1976, has their stadium.)

Yankee Stadium a Coaster? Well, you don't have to be human to coast. Restaurants can coast: The '21' Club did for decades, until it was almost destroyed and then resurrected last year; The Coach House still does. News organizations (CBS, *The Boston Globe*) can coast. Corporations, through the miracle of merging, can coast: Sperry and Burroughs were both quickly drifting downward until they combined, in 1986, to become Unisys, regain altitude and stay aloft for a while longer. Even bus routes can coast: let's face it, Manhattan's 79th Street crosstown isn't what it used to be, but people still insist on preferring it to 86th and 65th.

the C word, we know what he's saying.

A few things about Coasters:

► Right off: there are worse ways of life than coasting. Coasting has its virtues. It frequently leads to lucrative lecture tours, for instance, and the hours are good.

► Coasters have to be soaring pretty high—in terms of visibility, ego or rewards—to be considered Coasters. Hence, The Beach Boys are Coasters, but The Coasters aren't.

► Coasters live practically for free—the invitations continue to pour in.

► Coasters are fond of switching genres—catching a new updraft, as it were. If you're no longer the top female country/rock singer, try torch songs, operetta and Mexican *canciones*. If your seminal 1960s British mod band has mercifully broken up, publish a short-story collection.

► Some things *can't* coast—movies, for instance. They are not...ongoing. They are written, cast, shot, edited, released and that's that, at least until Ted Turner gets his hands on them. If a movie seems to worsen as time passes, it's because *we* have changed, or it's because the times have changed, or possibly it's because we haven't run the cleaning tape through the VCR. In any event, the movie is the same.

► The dead *can* coast, whether their coast began in life (Orson Welles) or in death (James Dean). So death doesn't cure coasting, it just keeps it pretty well under con-

*George Bush calls it the Big Mo, but
we call it high-speed coasting by a
member of a coasting administration.*

Entire countries can coast: England—remember the Empire?—is now ranked number four economically within the European Economic Community, yet Margaret Thatcher still wields vastly disproportionate influence in the world and wealthy Texans spend large sums to buy meaningless English titles. Nostalgia? Tradition? We call it something else, and it starts with a C. Speaking of wealthy Texans, aren't the United States and the Soviet Union both Superpower Coasters at this point? Historian Paul Kennedy, in his current influential best-seller, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, seems to think so, and though he may go 678 pages without using

trol. Whether it's better to coast in death or in life is a matter of personal preference, but the number of *Tonight Show* appearances will vary accordingly.

► The nature of coasting differs from field to field. Television Coasters (James Garner, Mary Tyler Moore) can coast the longest, thanks to reruns and syndication (most reunion shows, however, are really *comebacks*, as has-beens—not-Coasters Bob Denver and Florence Henderson can tell you). Movie Star Coasters (Elliott Gould was so great in...*what*?) and Pop Star Coasters (think Cyndi Lauper) burn more brightly and more briefly. Literary, Business and Political Coasters carry the most impact,

in terms of prestige, and they make up in boards of directors, op-ed pieces and special presidential commissions whatever they lack in sheer face recognition.

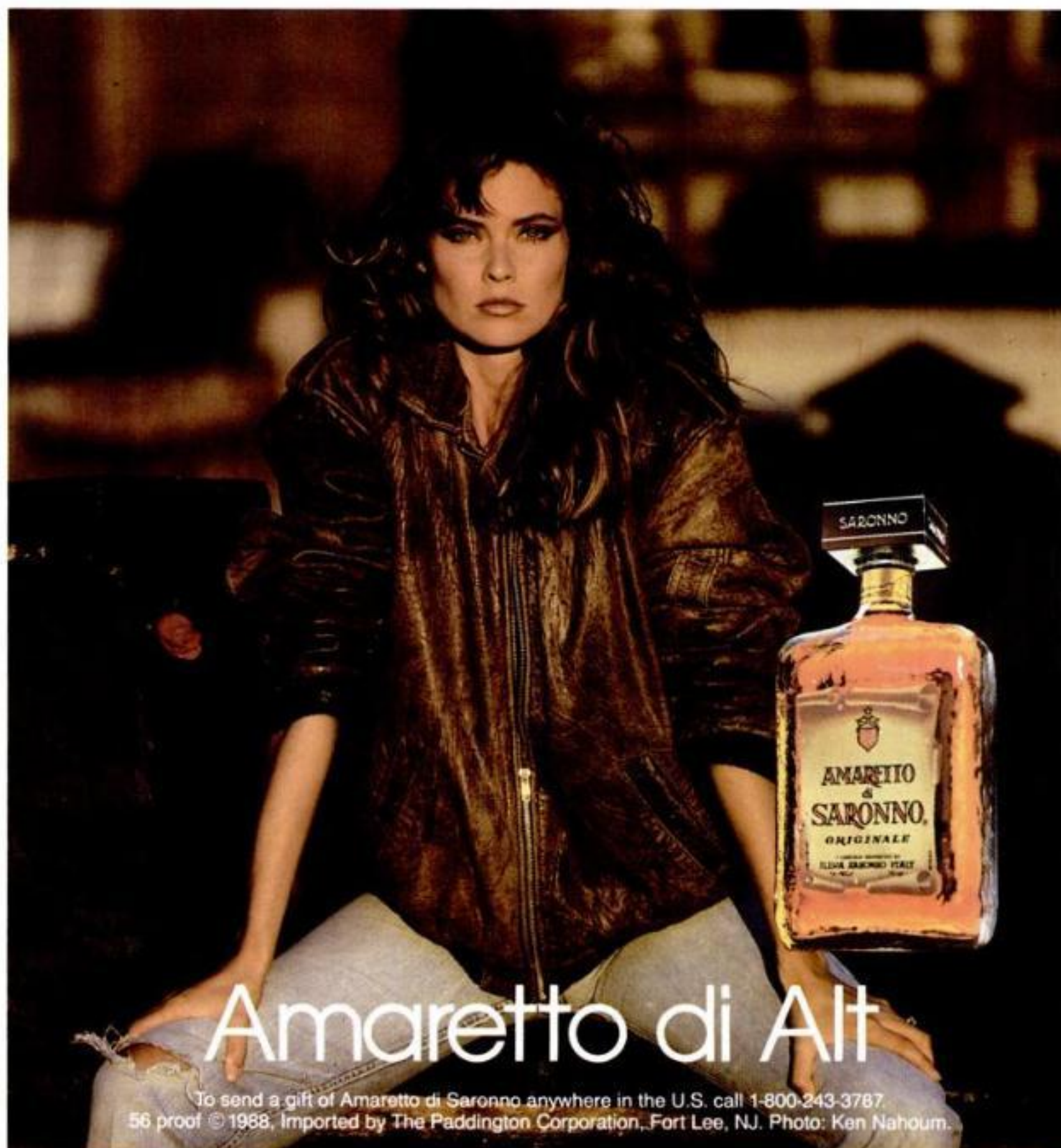
► Tony Randall is not a Coaster. We know, we know—why Mary and not Tony? It's close, but this is why: Moore has earned her Coasterdom by steadfastly remaining Mary Richards or Laura Petrie despite the efforts of an ill-fated variety show and a slew of bad movies, while Randall has attained not so much Coasterdom as a kind of pervasive television ubiquity. Besides, as hard acts to follow go, *The Odd Couple* isn't exactly *Citizen Kane*. At best—we concede this—Randall is a low-altitude coasting phenomenon, an Ultra-Lite Coaster, one of a proliferating group that includes such almost-no-accounts as LeVar Burton, Jaye P. Morgan and Zbigniew Brzezinski.

► Some Coasters actually manage to start their engines again; they cease to coast and resume fully powered careers that may include real achievement. Bill Cosby coasted impressively for years—without so much as a whiff of an actual joke—until the success of *The Cosby Show*. But when *Leonard Part VI* followed, Cosby earned the right to be called a Roller Coaster.

► George Bush calls it the Big Mo—momentum—but we call it high-speed coasting by a member of a coasting administration presided over by an off-the-human-scale Coaster. (The Bush situation, viewed aerodynamically, might also be called "drafting," though not, of course, in the Democratic Party sense.)

► Coasters believe in safety in numbers. They tend to flock together—at awards shows, on Johnny Carson's couch (heralded by Doc and the band rendering one of those brassy semimartial flourishes that serve as the unofficial American Coasters theme), at benefits, on golf courses in Palm Springs. Anywhere the air is heavy with vague, no-longer-scrutinized repute, you'll find Coasters nearby, laughing at one another's jokes. Consorting with other Coasters boosts Coaster self-confidence: two Coasters photographed together can impart an aura of artistic vitality, even if no, er, projects are in the immediate offing. The association creates a cozy little universe of nothing but Coasters, and relieves Coasters of the unfair pressure, *self-imposed though it may be*, to do something—anything—significant again.

► For those Coasters who feel that they must work, it is naturally best to work to-



Amaretto di Alt

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You Can't Eat the Good Old Days:

True Tales of Culinary Coasting

BY MIMISHERATON

Restaurants are among the most notorious Coasters: once a reputation is made, it can take years for people to stop going, even if it's really the food—and not the ambience—they've been going for. The worst Restaurant Coasters are not necessarily the obvious ones—places with yellowing rave reviews from the New York Herald Tribune on display. No, some of the world's finest Coaster Restaurants are still regarded as some of the world's finest restaurants, as the country's best-known food critic explains.

.....
MAXIM'S, in Paris, is the coastingest restaurant in the world. This belle époque holdover has dished up bland, tired food for at least 35 years. What's more, Maxim's coasts worldwide, allowing one to suffer the same lackluster offerings in Peking, Tokyo and New York. Owner Pierre Cardin, himself a supreme Fashion Coaster, has just launched a Maxim's de Paris hotel chain. The latest American outpost is set in the old Gotham, with haute cuisine an advertised credential. Can franchising be far behind? Current Honorifics: from *Zagat*, a score of 2 out of a possible 3. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: not in living memory.

.....
Gastronomically speaking, **SAN FRANCISCO** itself is one vast Coaster. Its long-standing reputation as a great restaurant town has been supported more by the decor of its restaurants than by the food they turn out. But even in this hyped setting, two Super Coasters stand out. One is **ERNIE'S**, with its riverboat-whorehouse setting and a kitchen said to have been reborn a few years ago. Judging from my two dinners there in 1985, I wonder if there is such a thing as being stillborn-again. The other is **CHEZ PANISSE**, in Berkeley, where Alice Waters, the mother of California cuisine, created savory innovations when her philosophy of food was new. But these days the food tends to be bland, undersalted and un-

dercooked, an especially harrowing condition when bloody chicken is on the plate. Current Honorifics: For Ernie's—*Zagat*, 20 out of 30; *Gault Millau*, 15 out of 20 (two toques); *Mobil Guide*, five stars; Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: not in living memory. For Chez Panisse—*Zagat*, 26 out of 30; *Gault Millau*, 18 out of 20 (three toques); Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1980.

.....
ANTOINE'S, in New Orleans, may have had a good day or two in the kitchen back when Antoine Alcatoire opened it in 1840. Somehow the word got out, and there have been huge lines for tables ever since. Ordinary people don't stand a chance of getting into the beautiful, truly historic Red Room. Instead they sit in the gaudy, pseudo-period 1840 Room, making do with such culinary wonders as mushy pompano en papillote masked with a yellow sauce that makes the whole thing look like an infection. Regular visits to Antoine's since 1951 have never resulted in a meal that was more than passable. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: not in living memory.

.....
A more modern New Orleans Coaster is **K-PAUL'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN**, where the celebrated Paul Prudhomme once really did conjure up Cajun marvels. Now it's burned duck one day, soggy "Cajun popcorn" another, with an occasional decent juicy blackened beefsteak. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1981.

.....
For years I have felt that if the **PETER LUGER STEAKHOUSE** were conveniently located in Manhattan, no one would ever go there. But in the desolate Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, it has a sort of tiresome reverse chic, as in "You won't believe where I'm going to take you for dinner." And with the inaccessibility of the crumbling Williamsburg Bridge, Peter Luger's location may become even more of a draw. The steaks can be juicy and

beefy, if you are fortunate enough to receive them cooked as ordered, and if you can manage to keep the waiter from slicing them in the kitchen. Current Honorifics: *Zagat*, 25 out of 30; *The New York Times Guide to Restaurants in New York City*, one star. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1980.

.....
LE CIRQUE coasting? Just as it was given four stars by *The New York Times* and an approving nod from *Gault Millau*, indicating, incredibly, that it had outstripped Lutèce? Just as the shrewd impresario-owner, Sirio Maccioni, was declared the best restaurateur in America by *Town & Country*? To the discerning, unsentimental palate the answer is yes. Alain Sailhac, the great former chef who left for '21, must feel like a man who has been playing a slot machine for hours only to walk away and see his successor hit the jackpot with the first quarter. It isn't that the young, new replacement, Daniel Boulud, is without skill. But his dishes lack Sailhac's subtle, inspired seasonings. The greasy-spoon fried potatoes, the biting salty spinach and the hideous combination of lobster, kidney beans and hot pineapple wouldn't have been served even two years ago. Before Sailhac, Le Cirque had coasted for years with the tired creations of Jean Vergnes; perhaps the old, overrated glory days are about to return. But all of the right (wrong) people still crowd in, blowing air kisses back and forth while jammed in eight-to-a-table-for-four. Current Honorifics: *Zagat*, 25 out of 30. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1986.

.....
At **CHRIST CELLA** expense-account abusers have the privilege of spending \$21.50 for a gray, soggy, tasteless crabmeat cocktail and \$18.50 for six watery, pulpy shrimps in an appetizer cocktail. Merely passable steak at \$34.50, roast beef with a steam-table wateriness and the famous napoleon with its pastry now limp, its custard almost

certainly bolstered by gelatin, are good matches for salt-stick rolls so damp they feel like rubber erasers. All that and burned hash browns too. Current Honorifics: a *Travel Holiday Magazine* Top 100 Restaurant; *Forbes*, three stars. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1986.

.....
Is the **STAGE DELI** really a deli, or just a coffee shop in disguise? It's been hard to tell since the original owner, Max Asnes, died decades ago. The line forms twice daily nonetheless, made up mainly of out-of-towners. Once inside, be prepared for pastrami and corned beef with the bland flavor of boiled beef, chicken soup that's a dead ringer for hot salt water, chrome-yellow matzo balls, and chopped liver that is near-liquid and pale rose-beige. The only pickle you get is on your plate—no generous bowls here, no choice of full- or half-sours. Make the mistake of ordering the assorted cold cuts and be prepared to have meats piled on top of one another, hot over cold. And what is a "Joan Baer Puff Crust Quiche"—you heard right—doing on a New York deli menu? The Stage, in fact, is an example of bicoastal coasting, having just opened in Century City in Los Angeles; among other anachronisms, clover honey mustard and ice cream sodas are served. Current Honorifics: *Zagat*, 16 out of 30. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: the year Asnes died.

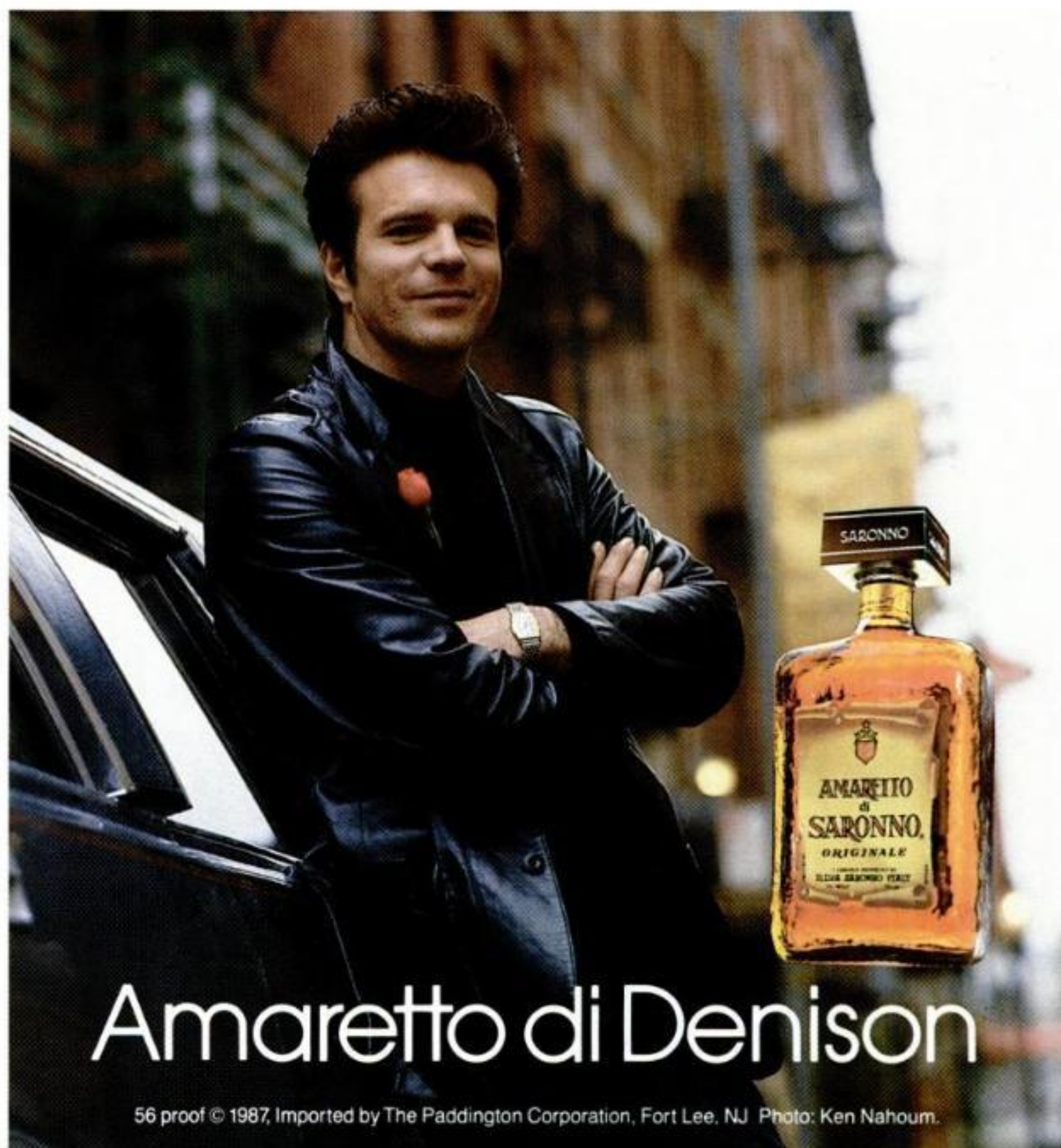
.....
ZABAR'S is a long-standing Coaster. If you have the misfortune to wander in on a Saturday night, whatever you buy may be carelessly cut and more carelessly wrapped. There is a lot of everything, of course, but there is also a rag-bag inconsistency in the quality of the smoked salmon, salads, and precut and wrapped cheeses. A class act it isn't, as it was once upon a time. Current Honorifics: National Association for the Specialty Food Trade's Silver Spoon Award. Last Year Reputation Was Deserved: 1975. ☛

gether. Dan Aykroyd and Walter Matthau made *The Couch Trip*, a movie that exists solely to permit two Coasters to coast for another year. Coaster Dean Martin briefly joined Coasters Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra for a tour. Coaster Paul McCartney wrote a song with Coaster Peggy Lee in 1976. A series of joint performances by Coasters Bob Dylan and The Grateful Dead laid the groundwork for several more years of successful coasting by both parties. Coasters George Burns and Bob Hope appeared together on pedestrian television spots. Where do Coaster Writers like Gay Talese and Hugh Sidey publish? Why, in Coaster Magazines *Esquire* and *Time*, of course. Rule of thumb: Coasters' costars tend to be other Coasters.

SHOULD WE JUST LEAVE THEM ALONE? Is this fair? Aren't we, in a sense, holding *The Producers* and the 2,000-Year-Old Man against Mel Brooks — just because of *Spaceballs* and a handful, no more than five or six, of other appallingly unfunny Brooks movies? Do we really require Arthur Miller to write another *Death of a Salesman*? Would the Italian electoral system be quite as exasperating if we could only forget about the Renaissance? In short, can't Coasters be allowed to slip from excellence in peace? Let's answer with more questions: Must Mel Brooks keep making movies — and make money making movies? Does Miller have to stage *Salesman* in China and then write a book about it? Do the Italians *want* us to forget about the Renaissance?

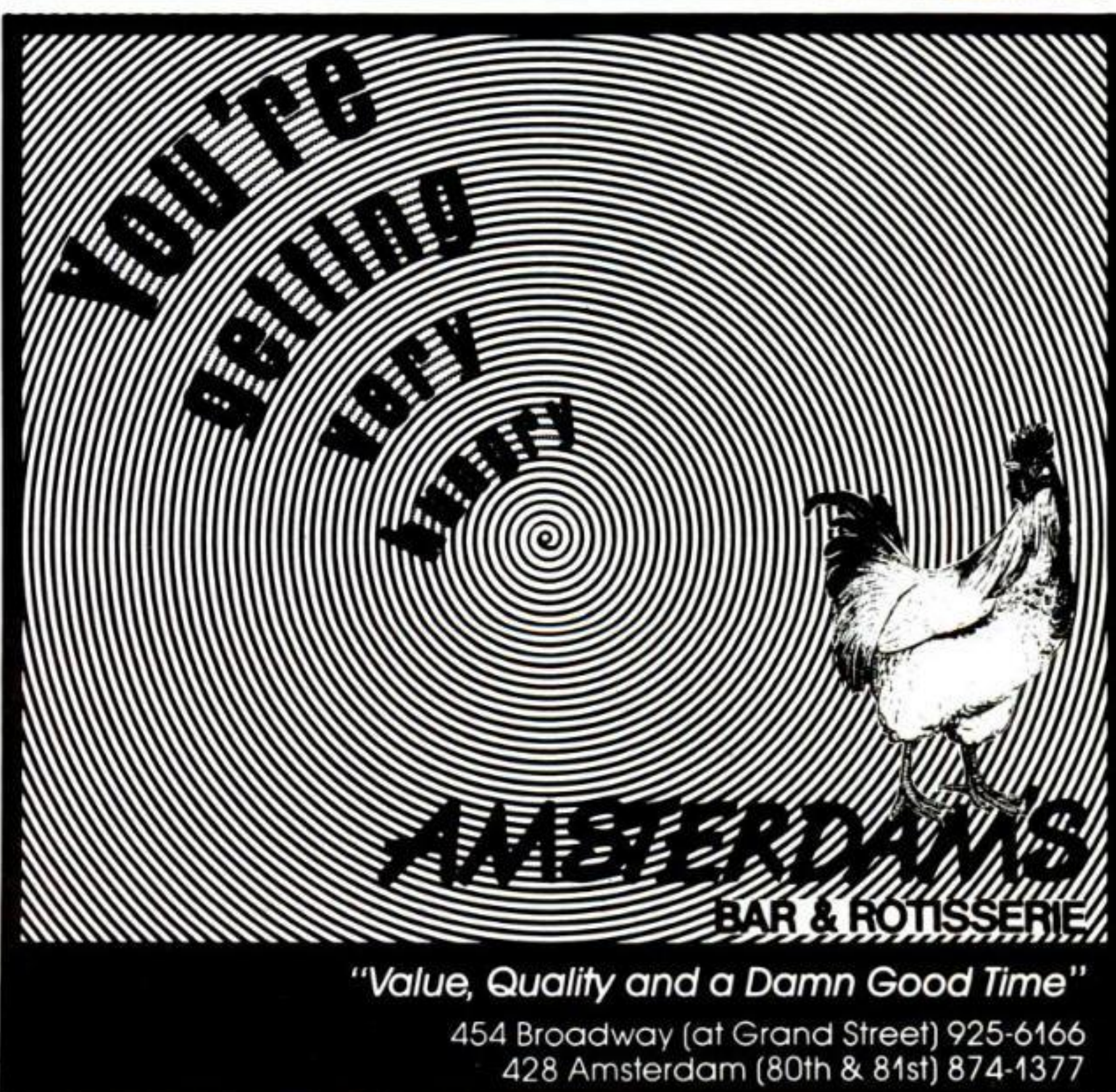
There will always be Coasters. Even now, embryonic Coasters are preparing for takeoff. (*Mr. Patrick Swayze, your car is outside.*) Soon they will be borne aloft on friendly air currents, eventually, perhaps, converging to glide in formation. At some point they will decide (or will be forced to) that resting on their laurels is okay, that looking back at 1988 — what a terrific year that was for them! — is perfectly fine. If their name still opens doors in '93, well, why not?

And it will always be easy to spot them. You'll hear a host or an emcee or a leader of the free world say, "This person/thing is as popular now as the day he/she/it was born/elected/published/recorded," and you'll know that a Coaster will shortly hie into view, maybe whistling "They Can't Take That Away from Me," ready, probably, to do what a Coaster does best: accept some Lifetime Achievement award and thank each and every one of us. ▀



Amaretto di Denison

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GEORGE LUCAS
LIZA MINNELLI
ANTHONY PERKINS
BURT REYNOLDS
BROOKE SHIELDS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THEATER COASTERS

BROADWAY
JOEL GREY
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ARTHUR MILLER
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TV COASTERS

GEORGE BURNS
JOHNNY CARSON
CHEERS



CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP

BOB HOPE
MOONLIGHTING
MARY TYLER MOORE
NETWORK TV
PBS

MUSIC COASTERS

THE BEACH BOYS
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
DAVID BOWIE
MILES DAVIS
BOB DYLAN
AHMET ERTEGUN



THE GRATEFUL DEAD

MICK JAGGER
HERBERT VON KARAJAN



PEGGY LEE

PAUL MCCARTNEY
LUCIANO PAVAROTTI
GRACE SLICK
RINGO STARR
STEVIE WONDER

COASTER PET PEEVES

THE DECLINE OF THE DISASTER MOVIE
NEW TECHNOLOGY IN THEIR FIELD
PICKING UP THE CHECK
TODAY SHOW INTERVIEWS REQUIRING
THAT THEY ACTUALLY GO TO THE
STUDIO

SPORTS COASTERS

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS
KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR
THE DALLAS COWBOYS
THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS
THE OLYMPICS
PETER UEBERROTH
THE NEW YORK YANKEES

POLITICAL COASTERS

BELLA ABZUG



FIDEL CASTRO

JEANE KIRKPATRICK
HENRY KISSINGER
ED KOCH
FRANCOIS MITTERRAND

BUSINESS COASTERS

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BETSEY JOHNSON
LIBERTY OF LONDON
PAUL STUART

COASTER PASTIMES

ACCEPTING HONORARIA
ALMOST MARRYING BURT REYNOLDS
DATING LIZ TAYLOR
EXCESSIVE CONCERN FOR ANIMAL
WELFARE
GOLF
SCRAPBOOK REVIEWING
SCREAMING AT THE HELP
STATUETTE POLISHING
TAX EVASION

JOURNALISM COASTERS

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CARL BERNSTEIN
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ESQUIRE
FOUNDERS OF NEW YORK MAGAZINE
BOB GREENE
THE LOS ANGELES TIMES
MS.
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HUNTER THOMPSON
THE VILLAGE VOICE

ART COASTERS

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ALEX KATZ
MOMA
ROBERT MOTHERWELL
THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF
AMERICAN ART

COASTER INSTITUTIONS

THE FORD FOUNDATION
GOD
HARVARD
THE KENNEDYS
NEW YEAR'S EVE IN TIMES SQUARE
THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR
WALL STREET

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CADILLAC
THE CHATEAU MARMONT
FIRE ISLAND
FIRST-CLASS AIR TRAVEL
THE HAMPTONS
THE M17 BUS
THE PLAZA HOTEL
WASHINGTON DULLES
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

COASTER COUNTRIES

ENGLAND
FRANCE

COASTER AMERICAN CITIES

ASPEN
BEVERLY HILLS
NEW ORLEANS



SAN FRANCISCO (SEE "YOU CAN'T
EAT THE GOOD OLD DAYS")

SANTA FE

COASTER NEW YORK
NEIGHBORHOODS

FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN 42ND
AND 57TH STREETS
57TH STREET
GREENWICH VILLAGE
SoHo

COASTER HANGOUTS

ALICE MASON'S APARTMENT
BETTY FORD CENTER
THE CENTER SQUARE
THE COVER OF *PARADE*
ELAINE'S
OLD EPISODES OF *TWILIGHT ZONE*
PALM SPRINGS

COASTERSPEAK

What They Say

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT WHOLE
ATTITUDE—I LOVE SIGNING
AUTOGRAPHS."

"I'M LOOKING AT A LOT OF PROJECTS."

"THERE'S A WHOLE NEW GENERATION
DISCOVERING MY WORK."

What You Say

"IT REALLY HOLDS UP."

"HERE'S A MAN WHO NEEDS NO
INTRODUCTION...."

"HEY, I SAW YOUR MOVIE ON
CHANNEL 9 LAST NIGHT."

"WE LOVED YOU IN *M*A*S*H*."

COASTER SKILLS

ANSWERING CORRESPONDENCE
PROMPTLY
GETTING ROASTED
OFFERING TOASTS
READING TELEPROMPTERS

WHAT PASSES FOR WORK AMONG COASTERS

APPEARING ON THE DAIS AT MORE
THAN 30 BENEFITS A YEAR
BEING A PARADE GRAND MARSHAL
BEING MAYOR OF A SMALL
CALIFORNIA CITY
DOING TV COMMERCIALS IN JAPAN
DOING WILL ROGERS INSTITUTE
PUBLIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS
INTERVIEWING PROSPECTIVE
GHOSTWRITERS
LICENSING THEMSELVES TO THE
FRANKLIN MINT
PARTICIPATING IN ORAL-HISTORY
PROJECTS



PARTICIPATING IN REUNIONS
POLITICAL AMBASSADORIAL
APPOINTMENTS
REVISING OR UPDATING THEIR EARLY,
MAJOR ACCOMPLISHMENT
SITTING ON PRIZE COMMITTEES

GENERIC COASTERS

ACTORS WHO DO "BEEF. REAL
FOOD FOR REAL PEOPLE" ADS
BASEBALL PLAYERS WHO MAKE
MORE THAN \$2 MILLION, EXCEPT
DON MATTINGLY
EVERYONE ASSOCIATED WITH THE
FILM *BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S*
FORMER ASTRONAUTS, EXCEPT
FRANK BORMAN
FORMER HUSBANDS OF NORA EPHRON
FORMER PRESIDENTIAL ADVISERS



FORMER U.S. PRESIDENTS
OLDER ATHLETES
OLDER DANCERS
COLUMNISTS
PULITZER WINNERS
RHODES SCHOLARS
U.S. SENATORS

POSTHUMOUS COASTERS

ALEXANDER CALDER
TRUMAN CAPOTE
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
AGATHA CHRISTIE
JAMES DEAN
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
ERNIE KOVACS
MAO TSE-TUNG
GROUCHO MARX
JIM MORRISON
EDWARD R. MURROW
STAR TREK
KENNETH TYNAN
ANDY WARHOL
ORSON WELLES
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

FUTURE COASTERS

AUSTRALIA
FRANK BORMAN
DISNEY WORLD
MORGAN ENTREKIN
BOB GELDOLF
WHOOPI GOLDBERG
PEE-WEE HERMAN
JAY MCINERNEY
SPY

ONLY THE LUCKY DIE YOUNG

WHERE WOULD THEY BE NOW?

One could argue that human suffering's nastiest achievement is the spectacle of youth cut down in its prime—a once-boundless future reduced to the mean dimensions of a brick wall hit head-on. A sacrifice of possibilities, the premature death must always carry with it a mournful hint of martyrdom, especially for those who lived their truncated lives in the public eye. As the Billy Joel song tells us, "Only the Good Die Young."

On the other hand, a more astute observer of human nature—and, more particularly, of our eat-'em-up, spit-'em-up culture—might note that a man or woman who lives fast, burns hard and goes out in a blaze of glory has never had the time it takes to become the wastrel, the burnout, the discard or the Coaster. For instance, just think how different the Beatles myth would be if Paul McCartney had been shot by a madman in 1971 and had never written "Silly Love Songs" and "Say Say Say." Or, conversely, picture the career of a John Lennon who had lived to record ten more hits just like "Woman." Imagine the enduring strength of Joseph Heller's bid for the pantheon if he had been run over by a truck on the eve of *Catch-22*'s publication and escaped his nearly three decades of Coasterdom.

J. D. Salinger understands these dynamics. He has managed to create for himself the best of all possible worlds: by not publishing for more than 30 years, he enjoys the critical benefits of a snuffed literary life while continuing on in the material world as an eating, drinking and litigating organism—an alternative that Shelley, Crane and Fitzgerald might have profitably considered.

The business of life is decay, no friend to continuing achievement (not to mention dairy products and goal-oriented time-management systems). Maybe if Billy Joel had given the matter a bit more thought, he would have written "Only the Lucky Die Young." Consider the following alternative futures.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1988



**CLEMENTE
GAINS
MARINER
TRYOUT,**

Page 63

THURMAN SQUIRMIN'!

BOSS FUMING—HEAT IS ON AFTER 2-3 START

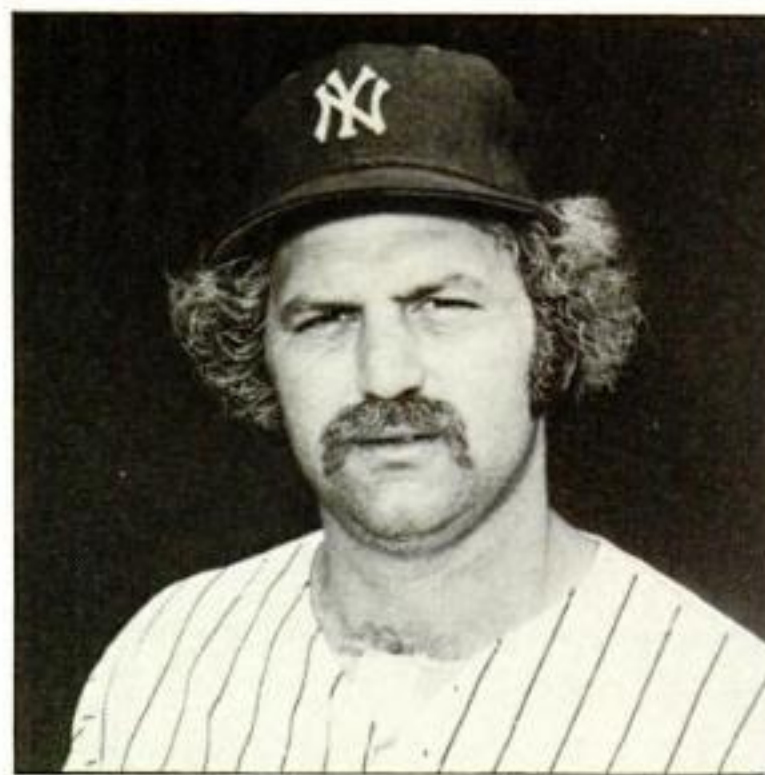
Some call it the Hot Squat. Some call it The Chair. And some just call it the thing a Yankee manager sits on behind his desk.

Where once there was Murderers' Row, today the Yankees can only lay claim to Death Row. And last night, as the 2-3 Bombers returned to the Bronx for their home opener, the word around the clubhouse was this: manager Thurman Munson was getting ready to walk the last mile, joining a long line of hapless pinstriped skippers.

"Bulldip!" exclaimed the fiery Munson. "What's George gonna do? Bring back Piniella for a third time?"

Upstairs in his office, the boss tried to control his rage: "I'm not firing anybody. Thurman knows I support him what, a thousand percent? But let me remind you: it's the first week of the season and we're already a game and a half behind Baltimore. Oh, but I suppose next week we'll only be *one game out*!" he added with blistering sarcasm.

The tirade continued: "Look, I'm not saying Munson is a loser, but even a puddinghead like



CRASH AND BURN: Yankee manager Thurman Munson looks pensive as unemployment looms.

Don Zimmer could have had a winning record with this team."

Munson's biggest headache? Pitching, of course. After

opening day, starter Steve Carlton, acquired in a trade for Dave Righetti, sprained his ankle

[continued on page 73](#)

Review/Television

Dean and Wood Star in 'Rebel' Reunion

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Say only an endemic case of institutional self-loathing could explain ABC's latest attempt to pull itself out of the ratings cellar. If you thought "She's the Sheriff" was the acme of programming shame, tune in tonight for "Still the Rebel," an inane two-hour made-for-TV movie that network executives, as usual, are threatening to turn into a series.

This latest draught from the deep well of cynicism stars James Dean, the old 1950's movie star, and the ever-lovely Natalie Wood in a reprise of their roles in "Rebel Without a Cause," the 1955 cult film about troubled youth.

Say now, 33 years later, as "Still the Rebel" would have it, that Miss Wood and Mr. Dean are married and coping with both middle-age spread and the provocations of their own teenage son, played by the toothsome Ralph Macchio of "Karate

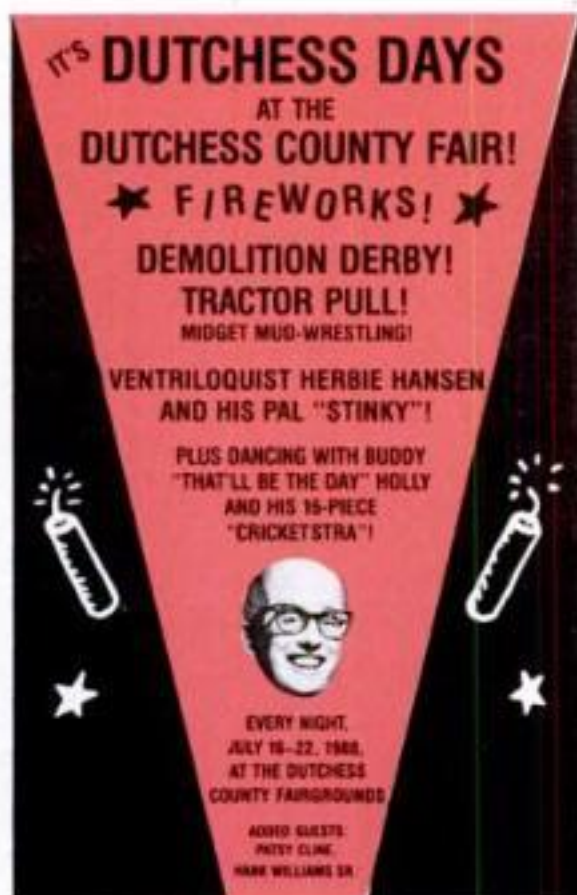


Ralph Macchio and James Dean in a scene from "Still the Rebel."

Kid" fame. Say that this is an all-too-predictable plot, a plot that creaks into motion only when Mr. Macchio's Jim Jr., upset at seeing his father in a dress, kills another boy during a game of "Chicken" and then runs away to an abandoned mansion with a sociopathic friend (Ricky Schroder).

Seven commercial breaks later, we find Mr. Dean tearfully reminiscing about his own father's effeminacy and delivering the usual prime-time bromides about trust, respect and compassion. "We're a family—that's what counts," he says in what is meant to be a heart-tugging finale. It seems there's no problem for which teleplay writers cannot provide a sugarcoated solution: here, paternal cross-dressing becomes just another excuse for knee-jerk understanding.

While Mr. Macchio works up a deft rendering of teenage angst, Miss Wood seems a bit at sea with this treacly material. Mr. Dean, long relegated to psycho guest turns on crime shows, squanders this bid for renewed leading-manhood in a wreckage of Method tics and adolescent posturings ill suited to his aging mien. "Still the Ham" would be more like it. Only aficionados of desperation—and irate Capital Cities shareholders—need bother.



Sharon Tate: Why she's leaving *Falcon Crest*.

People
weekly

"I DID IT TO BE
FAMOUS—AND
IT WORKED!"

The Chilling
Untold Story
Behind the
Assassination
of JFK:

Exclusive Excerpt

Twenty-five years after Dallas, Lee
Harvey Oswald writes his memoirs.



JIMI
SAYS: TURN A
FOXY LADY INTO
A VOODOO CHILE
WITH PURPLE HAZE
WINE COOLERS

Passion Fruit, Loganberry and Grape



President's Brother to Divorce

HYANNIS PORT, Mass., July 17 (AP)—Lawyers for former senator Robert F. Kennedy and actress Mia Farrow announced today that the couple have filed for divorce.

The lawyers described the separation as amicable. It will be the third divorce for both Mr. Kennedy and Miss Farrow. Between them, the couple have 27 children.

In recent weeks Miss Farrow has been rumored to be romantically linked with the New York comedian-filmmaker Lenny Bruce.

Mr. Kennedy separated from his first wife, Ethel Skakel Kennedy, two weeks

before the 1968 presidential election, in which he was the Democratic candidate. Many political analysts attribute his loss to adverse public reaction to the breakup. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Kennedy married Mary Jo Kopechne, a former campaign worker. They divorced in 1979.

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 17—White House press secretary Peter Kaplan said today that President Edward Kennedy would have no comment on his brother Robert's pending divorce. "It's water under the bridge," said Kaplan.

—Bruce Handy






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WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU STROLL

They're big. They're popular. They're not exactly private and not exactly public. They're designed—oh, are they designed. They pretend to welcome you in, beckoning you to pause. They are atria. And they're watching you. Come along on a paranoid's tour of New York's grandest, grimmest new skyscrapers.

SAY IT'S 1938.

You're an upstanding Italian citizen, and you receive an official invitation to visit Benito Mussolini's house.  You go. The house is even bigger and scarier than you imagined. Absentmindedly, you roll your eyes, bite your hand and make the standard Neapolitan gesture for *What a pretentious, bombastic home*. Unfortunately, your host notices this reaction, turns red with anger and fumes, "*Molto bello, non?*" Say yes, *very* beautiful, and you've lied; you're dead. Say no, *not* especially *bello*, and you're worse than dead. Thinking fast, you say, "It's very...*fascistico!*"  Mr. Mussolini pauses, then seizes your head and smacks your shivering cheek with a great big kiss. But still, somehow, you feel you're not completely welcome in Il Duce's living room.  Fifty years later, and an ocean away, visitors to midtown are feeling the same cold smooch of Il Duce every single day. This time it's not the little bald man



inviting them in but IBM, Citicorp, the Trump Organization, the Ford Foundation and the Equitable Financial Company of North America, all herding strangers inside large corporate parlors called the Garden Plaza, The Market, The Atrium, The Garden and—most grand of all—the Art Complex and Public Space. After they were institutionalized by midtown zoning law 18 years ago, atria (except for the Ford Foundation's) began functioning as

BY BARBARA FLANAGAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY GARTH

legal bribes: the city bent its zoning rules to allow developers to build more rentable floor space ("bonuses") if they would spring for atria. In 1981 the city finally stopped the bonuses after getting stiffed by its own bribes. That year,

the city's "Midtown Development" report chastened developers for building "grand lobbies... with little or no public benefit."

Of course, visitors to Philip Johnson's AT&T Building have every reason to think of Mussolini. (Remember how the enthusiastic young Johnson went to the Fatherland in the late 1930s? Neither does anyone else. Johnson, so suave, is forgiven that

and more.) But why do New Yorkers still feel the dictator's embrace in the other, more pleasant atria—the ones with the tropical conifers, waterfalls, cappuccini and humid *gemütlichkeit*, the ones the city government calls "covered pedestrian spaces"? Because these invitations are ambivalent.

The private sector baits the public off public streets and into its own "public spaces," then proceeds to awe it into submission with gigantic architecture and art. Once awed and stiffened, the public is softened by tiny touches of kindness—a chair, a sandwich, a bathroom. The corporations trust that guests will ignore the hidden question: *Just how public are these public spaces, anyway?*

Atrium defenders would argue that the sleek, authoritarian ambience is intended to guard the fragile, friendly amenities inside. For example, the Ford Foundation's fortress front shields its indoor garden and becomes "one of the most romantic environments ever devised by corporate man" (Ada Louise Huxtable). Trump Tower protects its 40 precious boutiques, Equitable its two matching mini-Whitneys. And the IBM Garden Plaza and The Market at Citicorp Center need their loftiness to accommodate the crowds attracted by stuffed puff pastries and nonbolted Bertioia chairs, whole wheat bagels and budget-price futons.

But the small favors don't diminish the sheer, overbearing bigness of the atria. At the Ford Foundation, that's no ordinary lobbyscape but "the world's largest indoor garden," with 650 cubic yards of topsoil under 2.21 million cubic feet of numbingly silent air. Trump's Atrium looks petite until one perceives the pink-marble space (Breccia Perniche surrounding an 80-foot waterfall) as a stupendous bathtub-and-shower with extravagant bronze fixtures. Equitable's limestone lobby, an 80-foot skylit cube, is huge in every way, of course. Even the art is large: an enormous Roy Lichtenstein mural in the front and a



▼ The Ford Foundation boasts the "world's largest indoor garden." Keep moving, though: no stopping to smell





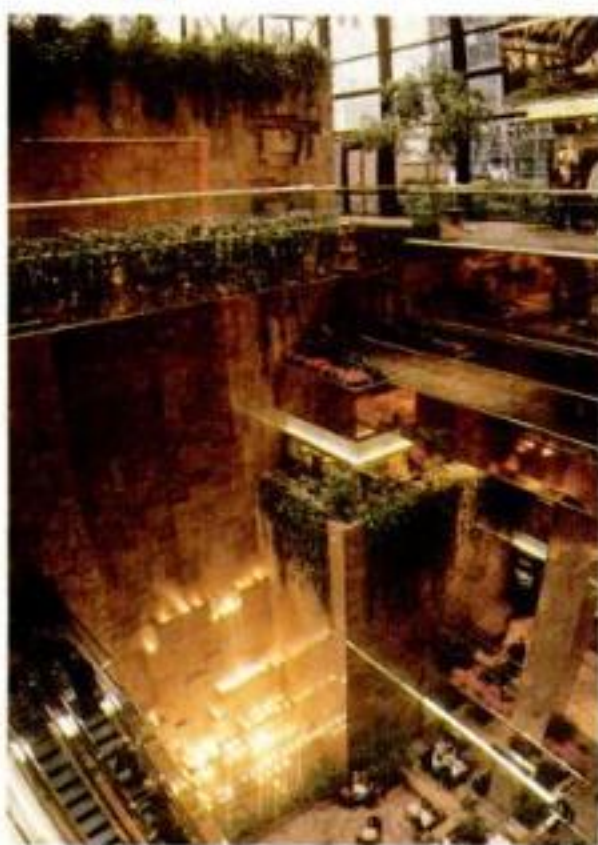
ses!

▲ At the Equitable atrium, you can enjoy the art. We said **ENJOY THE ART.**





Warm and welcoming, Trump Tower's atrium is a haven for dieters: brown-bagging is verboten. Enjoy!



big Thomas Hart Benton hidden in the back. Because wary IBM always camouflages its corporate enormity, its gray, granite Garden Plaza is less luxuriously large than the others. Instead of oversize skylights, fountains and art, IBM deploys very big bamboo. The monstrous, fuzzy stalks lean over visitors and turn them into insects in undergrowth, ecosystem neighbors to the gray-jacketed worker bees in the high-rise hive above.

But at least we're all welcome, right? Every last scruffy one of us? Yes: "The thing you've got to remember," says Merle Gordon, spokesperson for IBM's Garden Plaza, "is that this space is, by law, a public space." Well, maybe. Jeremiah Flynn, until recently the Ford Foundation's building manager, says its atrium "is not a public space in the usual sense."

When a citizen steps off the sidewalk and onto the atrium turf (the bonus kind, not the Ford kind), he or she enters a "gray area" where behavior is no longer ruled by city ordinances but

by something the city calls "reasonable rules of conduct"—a "very crucial category," according to the late Tucker Ashworth, who was director of public affairs at the Department of City Planning. The city cedes sovereignty to the building management. At Trump Tower, what Trump says is law.

Because each atrium enforces its own private rules, no simple privilege can be taken for granted. Lunch, for instance, is strictly forbidden at Ford. "If we see that people are starting to loiter too long, open their lunch, the staff will ask them not to do it," says Flynn, watching the empty garden from behind his atrium-side windows, adding, "Well, maybe *loiter* is the wrong word." What happens if someone sitting on the marble sofa in the Equitable lobby opens a cup of yogurt? "They're discouraged immediately," says James McDonnell, Equitable's security vice president. And Trump's plainclothesmen don't even wait for the brown bag to be opened. "If we see a potential problem," says Matthew Calamari, "we take care of it at the door."

Like what problems? Only one spokesman, McDonnell of Equitable, was willing to describe even a single lapse of internal order. "Well, we did have one unfortunate incident in the

"If we see that people are starting to loiter too long, the staff will ask them not to do it," says Flynn.

"Well, maybe *loiter* is the wrong word"

lobby. A mentally deranged individual climbed to the top of a ten-foot ladder and stayed there. It was not an Equitable ladder [it belonged to a maintenance crew], so, of course, I instructed my men not to touch it—especially not to climb up—but [to] prepare to break the man's fall if necessary. *I could not afford to have my men touch that ladder.* He did fall, but an emergency crew

broke his fall, then took him to the hospital." Somewhat less forthcoming was Calamari (who once served as the personal bodyguard to Donald Trump himself). Recently Calamari stood in the tower's lobby, pointing, with a massive hand, to a garden café below, explaining why he had no incidents, "no problems at all." As he gestured up toward his guards posted on the balcony, a small, intense man appeared under his arm to ask, "When was it that guy jumped?" Calamari feigned ignorance of the incident, then later claimed, "He didn't hurt anybody when he came down, though." Did he land in the garden café? "No." Was the suicide reported in the newspapers? Calamari smiled. "We took care of that."

Almost anyone who seeks asylum in an atrium is observed — silently, invisibly, efficiently. Always, the style of these vigils reflects the corporation. The Equitable often chooses its guards from the ranks of retired police and firemen and mimics the official look: slick-brimmed cap with insignia, blue uniform with badge, slow stride with dignity. With \$5.1 billion of other people's money entrusted to it, the Equitable must project authority. Ford, with \$5 billion of its own funds, is less beholden to the public. Perhaps because its invitation is purely and uniquely voluntary, its security men can afford to appear trusting and avuncular.

Only Trump outfits its security force like its executives. Aside from two doormen in tails, all of Trump's lean men wear blue pin-striped suits with gold pins and high-quality shoes. (The infamous befeater costumes are long gone: "The merchants thought the doorman looked too show-bizzy," said Donald Trump's assistant, Norma Foerderer.) Asked why all his men appeared to be weight lifters, Calamari said, "Let's just say that's the type we have here, okay? They're in shape." ☛

*A mood of
surface
calm
prevails at
Citicorp.
Don't get
too com-
fortable!*



Review of Reviewers

The Webs

Sports

The Street

The Industry

Topic A

Politics

How to Be a Grown-up



Serious MOUTHS

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HI, GIRLS! SOMETHING ALARMING is going on out there with what's left of the language.

Time magazine's classical-music man, Michael Walsh, took me by surprise by

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

writing of the rather deadly contemporary-Soviet-music festival in Boston, "True, there have been a few dated 'experimental' pieces of the wail-and-swoop school that, if expressed orthographically, would look like # \$ % ! & * © !"

Then *Time's* orthographic fashion critic, Jay Cocks, obsessed on the neologism *plap*: "It is quite possible that (*plap*) the fashion

season of fall-winter 1988-89 (again, *plap*), still being presented this week in Paris, will be remembered less for design and more for sound effects: the dull, liquid thud (*plap*) made by the chins of dozens of the international fashion élite slumbering forward (*plap*) onto soft silk and welcoming cashmere." And so the *plaps* go, nine in all, including "*plap, plap*."

"Regarding the word *skosh*," wrote word expert and minor poet Stephen R. Cohen in a letter to *The Atlantic*:

*"To use 'skosh'
May not be gösh,
Though I sé
Twill soon be passé.
A dictionary entry's absurd
For many a nonce wurd."*

Still with us? At least *People* magazine's resident intellectual, Ralph Novak, thoughtfully translated his review of John Updike's *S.* for us: "It's an *apakva* (unripe) piece of *avidya* (ignorance) lacking the *gunas* (qualities) of *buddhi* (intelligence), *kalpana* (imagination) and *karuna* (compassion)."

That's a tough review, incidentally, lacking, in my view, a little *abbayamundra*. Or

put it this way: *plap*. Kyle "Nobody Ever Understands Me" Gann put it this way in the dear old *Village Voice*, on the life-and-death issue of phenomenological formula and *heterodyning* (creation of beats between electronic frequencies, thank you): "At a glacial pace that brought the conceptual music theater of the '60s back to life, Lucier moved around the room carrying an electronic bird that emitted a pleasant *trrrrrrrchpchpchpchp*." He was reviewing an electronic-music festival at the Kitchen.

I guess you had to be there. And I guess the *Times's* Robert Palmer had to be somewhere far away from his copy of Robert Plant's new album, *Now and Zen*, when he wrote about it in Arts & Leisure. Unfortunately, Palmer kept referring to the aging Led Zeppelin member's *Now and Zen* as *Now and Then*.

But it has been business as usual for the beastly Butcher of Broadway, the *Times's* Frank Rich. The Butcher made mincemeat of *Julius Caesar*, though he had a kind word—and a classic backhand remark—about the acting of Edward Herrmann: "Although he tends to burst into yelling to indicate moral outrage—and though he greets death through peculiarly crossed eyes—Mr. Herrmann has the makings of an excellent Brutus. Unfortunately, he has been cast as Cassius."

Less delicate but undoubtedly serious on the subject of artistic misfires, the *New York Post's* Roger Ebert, the fattest film critic in America, has turned his movie-reviewing skills into a kind of factory method: autocriticism. *Biloxi Blues*, Ebert announced, was "a film that seems not so much directed as constructed.... I'm serious." Then, on the same page in the same issue of the paper: *Johnny Be Good* "doesn't feel written, it feels dictated.... I'm serious." Calm down, Roger. We know you're serious. And if we didn't, we certainly would after reading your blisteringly serious assault on Howard Cosell, who has a cameo in *Johnny Be Good*: "Has [Cosell] abandoned all respect for his journalistic reputation? What is a journalist *thinking* about when he portrays himself as an idiot?"

Roger knows.

Raving about August Wilson's *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, Clive "Wake Me Up When It's Over" Barnes hit a more sensitive note. "The mood, however, is funny, odd, eccentric... very cozy, very [Eugene] O'Neill himself in blackface." Sort of like

Al Jolson, really. "But this is certainly not an amused rendition of *Ab, Wilderness*," continued the barmy Barnes, "played on the black notes of nostalgia's piano."

Moving tactfully along, black filmmaker Spike Lee hit back at the *Times's* Janet Maslin (who gave a fair though not terribly favorable review to Lee's very bad second film, *School Daze*), possibly for being white. "Ms. Maslin says *School Daze's* musical numbers are beyond the range of my 'technical abilities,'" Spike wrote to the *Times*. "What does she base this on? ... What does she know about song and dance? I bet she can't even dance, does she have rhythm?"

Moving tactfully along, the reconstructed extraterrestrial Michael Jackson, who almost certainly has more rhythm than Janet Maslin, did better in the *Times* than oversensitive Spike. "The show was an exercise in perception," wrote balletomane Anna Kisselgoff so... perceptively of Jackson's Madison Square Garden show. "To express approval, the audience responds with 'Woof woof.'"

The *Times's* almost always ecstatically happy Stephen Holden responded to Jackson with more than "Woof woof." Holden described him as "a shy misunderstood manchild with a martyr complex." Then he called the man-child martyr "a brave spiritual warrior bearing the torch of sweetness and joy in the face of ridicule, shame and rejection." But the brave spiritual warrior also became an "aggrieved sacrificial sufferer," who then became an "inspirational messenger of hope," which is certainly a lot of woof woof.

Meanwhile, *Newsday's* must-read report The Mouth That Roars—not to be confused with Marcelle Clements's *Ruminations* on the Mouth in *New York Woman*—went up close and personal on a problematic subject: Sandra Bernhard's lips. "She's got lips," began the acute David Friedman. "And knows how to use them. Big red thick ones, set in a perpetual pout." He rambled on, describing Bernhard's lips for a while, but thankfully hit on an inspirational idea. "In a way, lips are a metaphor—or part of one—for her career. If success is like a beautiful silver cup," the labial expert droned, "Bernhard has brought that cup to her mouth, even kissed it. She has not drunk from it the way, say, Cher has."

More lips! "Those full, wide lips," wrote the very excitable Craig Unger about Kathleen Turner's lips in my favorite periodical, *New York Woman*. "For some of us

terribly juvenile men, it's her portrayal of the femme fatale that remains painfully embedded in our American groins." Medic! Medic!

Excitable Unger continued, "The legs [Turner's] are under the table, out of view, but I can always spill something, bend over and take a peek. I'm not proud." He certainly isn't proud. He's juvenile, he's prurient, he's dumb.

In her editor's letter, *New York Woman* editor in chief Betsy Carter isn't proud, either. Introducing Unger's profile, she wrote, "[When discussing Turner] men behaved the way women do when confronted with a pastry cart."

But *New York Woman's* not alone in girl-craziness. I'm sorry to say the usually restrained Stanley Kauffmann of *The New Republic* couldn't contain himself about Rebecca De Mornay's performance in Roger Vadim's *And God Created Woman*. "De Mornay's body is plentifully visible and equally memorable," Kauffmann drools. "But I'll remember a great deal besides."

Sure he will! "De Mornay has her clothes off much of the time and does a lot of sex simulation, but she also gets the chance to display her true magic, not just erotic appeal (which she certainly has)...."

Oh, calm yourself, Kauffmann. "Despite the gripping plot," *Premiere* wrote of the same, instantly unsuccessful Vadim movie, "the film's main attractions are a photogenic locale... and Rebecca De Mornay's posterior, which is rather less charismatic than the indelible Bardot's."

It depends on your point of view, really. But talking of *Premiere*, let's hear it for Libby Gelman-Waxner for reviewing Woody Allen's women. On his ex-wife, Louise Lasser: "Louise has a beautiful speaking voice, not unlike my own: as my husband, Josh, the orthodontist, says, 'Libby, in your voice I hear the maid vacuuming.'"

On Woody and Mia Farrow: "Mia is a lovely girl, she's skin and bones, but what a life.... Yes, Woody is beginning a new era, with his little son, Satchel.... Woody, I think it's a very nice name, I mean that sincerely; it's unusual, and I read that it was a tribute to Satchel Paige, a legendary sports figure. And Woody, I assume that some day Satchel will have a little sister, and her name will be Valise. Or Carry-on. Or Garment Bag."

Which was worth at least three *woof woofs*, a *plap*, possibly a *skosh* and definitely a *trrrrrrrchpchpchpchp*. I'm serious! ■

No SALE



BY CHARLES POOTER

HIGH-DOMED GARDEN GNOME

Larry Tisch recently tried to quell rumors that he was going to sell CBS, possibly to Rupert Murdoch, by sending his skittish employees a three-page memo. The breezy

THE WEBS

letter, which came out two days after a *Daily Variety* story aired the rumors, dismissed the sale talk as "totally fanciful speculation

about the future" and said categorically, "The CBS Network is *not* for sale."

Well, needless to say, the unfired staff breathed a big sigh of relief and buckled back down to work. There are several reasons to believe Tisch wasn't lying: Larry likes to have *Vanity Fair* centerfold Diane Sawyer on his arm when he walks into a ballroom; the network cannot stay mired in third place in the ratings forever (though Larry admitted in the letter that he expected it would take "several years" for the network to reach number one); and even if Larry *were* the kind of person to be tempted by huge profits, he would never sell CBS while William Paley was alive (of course, the 86-year-old Paley has been so gravely ill that *Newsweek* prepared an obituary for him one weekend in February and the *Times* is now updating its own).

But CBS employees took no comfort from watching Jay Kriegel, the senior vice president in charge of external relations and the man who, because he is closest to Tisch, is effectively second in command, tell reporters that the sale rumors were "totally fanciful speculation about the future" and that "the CBS Network is *not* for sale."

Is there an echo in here? That's because Kriegel wrote the Tisch memo. But first he did his homework, schmoozing extensively with the TV-beat reporters and learning that the source for all the rumors was—surprise!—Tisch himself. Which is

why the memo went on to say, "The source of these rumors is apparently some gloomy comments I have been making about the economy. Yes, I am troubled by the economic outlook for the next two years [Tisch had told Black Rock executives that the network's prospects were bleak].... But that has nothing to do with my deep personal interest in and commitment to the long-term prospects of CBS."

Since he came to CBS in January, Kriegel has been largely responsible for the favorable turn in the press's portrayal of the network. Kriegel, who is thin and intense, with scattershot curly hair, spends 24 hours on the phone, talking so fast he often can't be understood. The instant something bad happens, spinmaster Kriegel calls Howard Stringer: "Hello, Howard—here's what we should do." After one of the many recent Rather gaffes, director of News Communications Tom Goodman was awakened at 2:00 a.m. by a conference call from Kriegel and Rather, who frantically urged him to keep reporters at bay. Goodman listened blearily, wisely refraining from asking the obvious question: "What am I supposed to do at 2:00 in the morning?"

When CBS was being criticized for the mid-March firing of its outspoken senior political producer, Richard Cohen, Kriegel went into high gear speed-dialing reporters to squelch further stories. "This isn't a fucking story," he would say. "This is just a producer not liking his reassignment. Why don't you go write about General Noriega—write about some *real* news for a change?"

The carrot Kriegel dangles before reporters whom he takes to lunch is his off-the-record version of what Tisch is really thinking. Thus far, Kriegel's "insights" have proved to be, without exception, misleading or useless. Kriegel is as loyal to the *über*-dwarf as Will Patton was to Gene Hackman in *No Way Out*: Tisch hired Kriegel in 1975 as director of special projects for Loews Corporation when few in New York wanted to have much to do with him. Kriegel was tainted because in 1971, while he was chief of staff for then Mayor John Lindsay, he first told the Knapp Commission he had informed Lindsay about what crusading policeman Frank Serpico had told him about police corruption; six months later he said he had never told the mayor. The District Attorney charged Kriegel with perjury but

eventually dropped the charges because he couldn't prove Kriegel had meant to mislead the commission.

Curiously, it was Tisch who later got Kriegel fired from his job as publisher of *The American Lawyer* in 1982. Tisch was considering buying the *Daily News*, and he floated the notion with Kriegel that Kriegel become the *News's* publisher. When opportunistic *American Lawyer* editor Steven Brill caught wind of this, he used it—and Kriegel's having sold an advertisement to correspond to an article (contravening the hallowed separation of editorial and advertising)—as an excuse to force Kriegel out. Kriegel, mind you, had been the best man at Brill's wedding. He and Brill no longer speak, and when Brill heard that Kriegel had landed on his feet at CBS, he turned white with envious fury.

Since 1982, Tisch has used Kriegel as a sounding board for all his ideas, the latest of which is to get his brother Preston "Bob" Tisch, the ex-postmaster general with the realistic-looking hair, onto the CBS board. This too may have to wait until Paley passes on.

Broadcast Group president Gene Jankowski, on the other hand, could be out at any time: Tisch is already interviewing potential replacements for the soldierly Jankowski, who has seemed puzzled but not galvanized by CBS's ratings plunge. And Andy Lack, the flashy executive producer of *West 57th* and the creative genius behind the permanently unscheduled *True Stories*, has been talking with Disney about developing pilots for them: Lack pictures himself as a Steven Bochco-like entertainment guru. If Lack departs, that will leave Howard Stringer without any friends at all.

If Jay Kriegel ever needs a hand composing equivocal I-didn't-say-what-you-think-I-said memos, he can turn to Ed Bradley. Last year, earring-sporting *60 Minutes* correspondent Bradley kicked up his heels in Aspen with longtime friend Hunter Thompson. The two putative journalists were out playing golf when Thompson, ever willing to trigger a senseless tragedy, started firing his gun at notional targets. He was arrested a month later by the lightning-quick Aspen police. Bradley told the cops that he had *heard* a gun being fired but hadn't *seen* it being fired, so he couldn't say that Hunter had actually fired a gun. Of such small but scrupulous distinctions is great journalism made. ▀

Paid to **LOSE**



BY CHARLES CROSS

HAS ANYONE EVER FAILED AS MISERABLY and as often as Wile E. Coyote? Well, almost. The losingest team in the history of sports, basketball's Washington

Generals, makes Wile E. look to his laurels: the Generals seem forever doomed to play with defective Acme sporting goods. In a discipline that worships statistics, the Generals' record says it all: 4-5,036. That's 4 wins and 5,036 losses. That's a winning percentage of .0079.

To put that in perspective, consider that hockey's dismal 1980-81 Winnipeg Jets won 9 and lost only 80, and that basketball's 1986-87 Los Angeles Clippers, one of the feeblest teams in recent memory, managed to win 12 out of 82.

The Generals also play professional basketball, of a sort. They are the Harlem Globetrotters' permanent opposition, and are, effectively, paid to lose. Other sports figures are paid to lose: the crowd would have *killed* pro wrestling's Iron Sheik (a squat evil-looking Iranian who was often tag-teamed with *echt*-Marxist Nikolai Volkoff) if he had ever triumphed over Hulk Hogan or Andre the Giant. None but the Generals, however, are paid to lose so often, with such indignity.

If you haven't seen a Trotters game (the Globetrotters refer to one another by this allegedly funnier diminutive) since you were a kid, it hasn't changed much. Though the legendary Meadowlark Lemon, Goose Tatum and Curly Neal have retired and the Trotters' current "Clown Prince of Basketball," Twiggy Sanders, has leaden comic timing, the team still plays to full houses. More than 140 times a year, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to Bismarck, North Dakota, they still try to use a bald guy's head as a ball, still throw a bucketful of confetti into the crowd, still steal an ice cream vendor's cones

and throw them to the crowd, and still, as the joke de résistance, pull down the pants of at least one General while he is shooting a foul shot.

The Generals, who don't play serious defense when the Trotters are doing one of their shticks (the Trotters call these free points "reams"), are Margaret Dumonts in gold-and-green uniforms—straight men who must stand woodenly while passes are bounced off their heads and feign consternation when they discover the Trotters have, yet again, smuggled a deflated basketball onto the court. *Ha!*

Which is why the scene in the Generals' dressing room at halftime during a recent game in the Seattle Center Coliseum was so incongruous. They were losing by 15 points, and the players' heads hung low



as the coach—67-year-old Louis "Red" Klotz—paced back and forth angrily. "Hooks!" he yelled at Gerald Hooks, his six-foot-six forward, who if allowed to play at full throttle would be the best player on the court. "You're not hitting your jump shot." Red glared balefully around the room. "And you, Payton, how could you miss that dunk? We're playing awful! This is an NBA city, and they know what good basketball is. The Trotters are way too far ahead!"

Red, who is sort of a parallel-universe-for-losers' Red Auerbach, gets so worked up because his whole life is the Generals: he owns them, and on occasion he even dons a uniform and fires up a few creaky set shots to inspire his sheepish charges. In his zeal for professionalism, Red has lately been coming down hard on guard Nancy Lieberman. Lieberman joined the team this year with a reputation as one of the greatest players in the history of women's basketball (and a reputation for her women-in-comfortable-shoes relationship

with Martina Navratilova). "She's got a way to go," Red says disparagingly of Lieberman. "[Her] physical game isn't up to the men's."

Not only does Red not want the Generals to lose by too much, he even swears that "we have no deal with the Trotters—we go out there trying to win every game. We've taken them to overtime a number of times and, hell, we almost beat them three days ago." In a more candid moment, he admits that ideal games are ones that the Trotters win by a point, 100-99. "People think we're patsies," Red says seriously, preparing to make a Jesuitical distinction, "but that's not true. We're just the fall guys."

To a man, the Generals say that since they know they can't win, their satisfaction comes from hitting their shots. Red says, "You know how it is when you see a team lose but you see one player who looks really good? You say, 'He can play! That guy's a hell of a player!' You can stand out even if you're losing."

Some of the Generals also get a curious frisson from helping the Trotters with their gags. "We get to make little kids laugh," says Tim Cline, the six-foot-seven forward whose Pagliacci face makes him the Generals' chief straight man. In any given game Cline might have water thrown on him, have his pants pulled down or have to trade places with a black kid in the audience, whose jacket he will try to struggle into as the Trotters' Twiggy Sanders loudly predicts, "You're not going to like being black. You're going to have to be eating black-eyed peas and collard greens all the time."

The Trotters have been heckling the Generals with similarly hilarious soul-food jokes since 1957: crowds seem to enjoy watching the all-black Trotters razz the all-white Generals. It's a painfully protracted form of revenge; when the Trotters first played Red's semipro team 30 years ago, they lost twice in a row. Piqued, they asked Red to stick around for a steady rivalry.

Robert "Skywalker" Wallace, a Trotters guard, says his team respects the Generals' talent: "If you took away the 'reams,' then it would be really close. They always seem to know where to try to beat us. It's always a Tyler, Texas, or a Wichikana, Oklahoma, where we're playing in front of 3,200 people and we're tired." Wallace says they can't ever let up: "If we were to lose now, guys



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like Curly Neal would never talk to us again."

Though the teams play together almost every night, they go their separate ways after the game. The Trotters, now owned by International Broadcast Communications Inc. (which also owns the Ice Capades), have offices in Hollywood; the Generals' headquarters is Margate City, New Jersey. The teams stay in separate hotels and practice and travel on their own. When the Trotters are at the Vatican meeting with the pope (pontiffs have traditionally been big Trotters fans), the Generals are most likely catching a bus to the next city.

Why do these ex-college stars submit to this odd charade? Endorsement offers are certainly infrequent (*Hi. Do you know me? I have my pants pulled down in front of 12,000 people more than 100 times a year*). But the Generals are venerated in Italy (cf. Jerry Lewis: France). They also draw respectable salaries—between \$36,000 and \$48,000 a year—and they can dream of making the NBA, where the average salary is a whopping \$510,000. At least six former Generals have clambered into the NBA, including such household names as Bennie Purcell and Ron Sobie.

In bleak moments, the Generals can also reflect upon the glorious game they played in Martin, Tennessee, on January 5, 1971, an evening Red describes as "one of the greatest nights of my life." Red, who was then, at 50, firing up deadly accurate set shots every night, recalls, "At the half we were tied. During the second half you would have thought it was the Celtics against the Lakers. The Trotters decided they weren't going to let us beat them, so they dropped the show and went for us. But right at the end, Meadowlark missed two long shots and I made two, and then sank a third right at the buzzer." Final score: Generals 100, Trotters 99.

When the game ended, the crowd sat quietly, as stunned as if it had just seen Phil Donahue relieve himself on live television. The Trotters were still running around the court in confusion—one even asked the referee if the team could play a little longer. "Finally the crowd started booing," Red remembers fondly. "Back in the locker room the team poured orange soda over me. It was sort of scary, though—we could still hear the crowd booing. It was a sad thing."

Since then the Trotters have won 2,380 straight. 3

Leverage

A-GO-GO



BY JAMES GRANT

AT CURRENT RATES OF ACQUISITION, Donald Trump will confront Gen-shiro Kawamoto in Omaha next year, each capitalist having already purchased or leased one-half of the United States. Trump

has been buying in a westerly direction (The Plaza Hotel, shares of MCA Universal Studios), whereas Kawamoto, a Japanese ty-

coon recently active in Honolulu (he shops for houses from the backseat of his limousine), has been moving east. Perhaps, like a pair of contestants in a hero-sandwich-eating race, the two will collide in midbite.

THE STREET

On Wall Street the survivors are eating again, and eating well. Some believe that the crash never happened, or that the *New York Post* dreamed it up as a circulation stunt. Once more it is considered foolhardy not to speculate in rumored takeover stocks, or to pass up the chance to buy a company at a fancy price with borrowed money. As of April Fools' Day, 46 banks had failed this year, but it is hopelessly retro to worry about them, or to ask when the federal government will run out of noninflationary resources with which to assist the scores of Texas banks (many spelled with a *c*, not a *k*, thereby indicating unsound tendencies) currently at death's door. Stocks of ultraleveraged companies climbed by 15 percent in the first quarter (the broad market was up by less than 5 percent), and Dan Dorfman, the Walter Lippmann of finance, is plugging takeover picks on the telephone. Just dial 1-900-660-2255 after 11:15 a.m., listen carefully and buy the appropriate security, investing everything you have and borrowing against the equity in your home.

You must always listen carefully, of course, whenever you get a stock tip. When an investor called his broker about a takeover stock recently, he was obliged to

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confess lamely, "I'm not sure if it's Quaker State or Quaker Oats." *Don't let this happen to you.* Within earshot of inside information, take legible notes. You can always shred the paper later on.

The Dorfman approach to investing has evidently caught on overseas too. Recently, as you may have read, Bridgestone Corporation of Japan proposed to buy Firestone Tire & Rubber for \$80 a share. It was an astonishing price because Pirelli S.p.A., the excitable Italian tire-maker, had been willing to pay only \$58 per share of Firestone. On Wall Street, it was thought that \$60 (or \$65, tops) would have taken the prize. In any event, \$80 was an unnecessary, almost flamboyant, gesture. It is the kind of price paid by people who have stopped caring about money. In financial terms, losing interest in money is like losing one's will to live, but graver. Not long ago it was thought unwise to pay more than six or eight times cash flow for a company such as Firestone. (Cash flow is a first cousin to profit but is adjusted for depreciation and capital spending; you can never go wrong by dropping the phrase into a financial conversation.) Bridgestone's bid works out to something like 20 times cash flow.

When the bid was conveyed to Firestone's investment bankers—a team from Goldman, Sachs & Co.—they could hardly believe their ears. Poker-faced, they asked the Bridgestone people if they might retire to another room to consider the terms. Once behind closed doors, the bankers were choked with laughter. "I don't know how to tell you this, guys," the leader presently informed his giddy crew, "but someone has to go back into that room and ask for \$85 a share."

The Bridgestone episode brought to mind a remark by Richie Giachetti, Tony Tubbs's trainer-consultant, on the eve of Tubbs's thrashing by heavyweight champion Mike Tyson in Tokyo. "Tony ain't the most genius person in the world," was Giachetti's diagnosis, and one wonders if the least genius of the Japanese people haven't been pushed into foreign-investment careers. It is otherwise hard to reconcile Japan's achievements in science and manufacturing with the chronically inopportune buying of U.S. real estate, dollars and securities by Japanese investors.

At that, Wall Street doesn't seem to be getting any more genius itself. A recent *BusinessWeek* cover story on the merger boom bulged with hope and metaphors:

"Call it the takeover wave that just won't die. Pundits have administered last rites to the merger wave of the 1980s over and over—invoking poison pills, the 1986 tax-reform law, antiraiders backlash, antitakeover laws, insider-trading scandals, the crash, the moribund junk-bond market, the 1987 tax law. Each time, merger mania has survived." What remains to be seen, however, is whether the merger boom can survive *BusinessWeek*, the cover stories of which are esteemed as reverse indicators of market direction. Let *BW* be bullish on stocks, for instance, and the only question to be asked is, How far is down? Let it speak up against the bond market, and seasoned investors immediately start buying. Let it thump the tub for corporate



mergers, and one wishes that the Sherman Antitrust Act were a common stock: it would be a buy.

The farcical Bridgestone bid is not the only sign of rising speculative sap this spring. Recently shares of The Brazil Fund Inc., a new investment company specializing in stocks of the country that owes \$116 billion, came to market, its prospectus citing every good reason in the world not to invest. (That is the way of prospectuses. A good deal of every junk-bond prospectus, for instance, is given over to reasons why an investor may never see his money again. Such documents are as closely read as the instructions packed in aspirin bottles.) For example, from page seven of The Brazil Fund: "Since the third quarter [1987]...the rate of inflation has increased, with monthly rates of 11% in October, 14% in November and 16% in December. In January 1988, the monthly rate of inflation was 19%." If only Brazilian inflation were a stock: another buy.

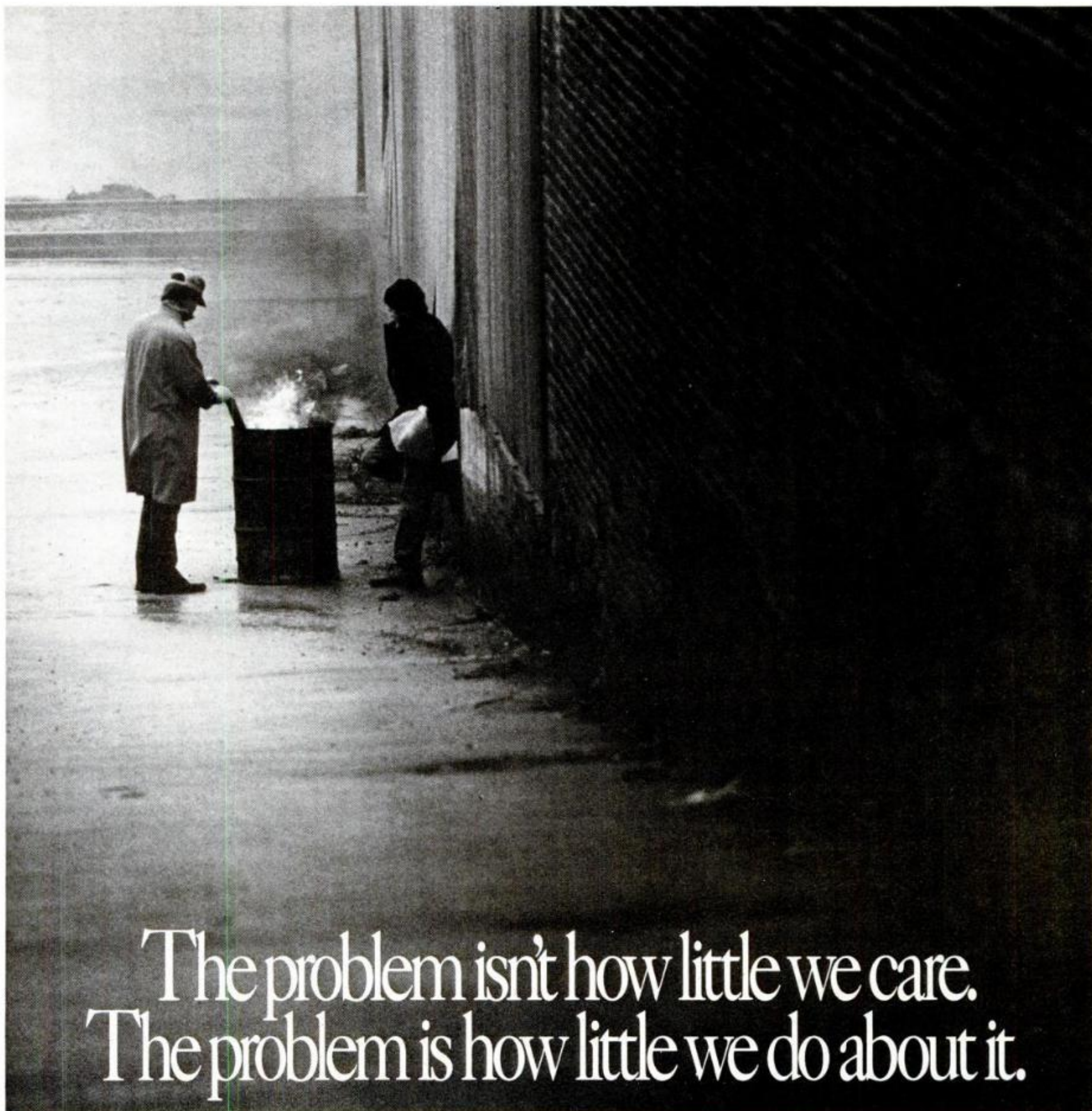
From Caracas, Venezuela, in March, the

Brazilian finance minister, Mailson Ferreira da Nobrega, disclosed that he is seeking up to \$1.7 billion with which to pay interest on Brazil's foreign debt. Do you know *where* he is trying to borrow the money? From the banks that gave Brazil the loans in the first place. "The request for the [new] loans, which could come from both banks and governments, indicates that Brazil's reserves have fallen, particularly because of recent interest payments it has made to its foreign creditors," reported *The Wall Street Journal*. If you're still interested in Brazil, the stock symbol of The Brazil Fund is BZF. Maybe Dorfman will mention it on the telephone.

It is widely appreciated, of course, that the United States, although a debtor nation, is in a different class from Brazil and its ilk. Whereas the Third World "reschedules" its debts, we "refund" ours, a semantic difference rooted in a profound financial fact: we owe our debts in dollars, *a currency we can print right here at home, at little or no cost.* The printing-press convenience of the American foreign debt is not everyone's idea of a palatable or even very serious investment topic. For one thing, unlike Brazil, the United States is a country that attracts capital. All the more reason, therefore, to have rubbed one's eyes at the news on the broad tape late last winter. A member of the president's Council of Economic Advisers, Thomas Gale Moore, told a monetary conference in Washington, D.C., "We can pay anybody off by running a printing press, frankly..."

Under questioning from incredulous conferencegoers, Moore, who works for the president's chief economic adviser, Beryl W. Sprinkel, elaborated: "I'm not recommending that we run the printing press....I'm just saying that when we owe the money, we owe money in terms of dollars, and it's easier for us to provide dollars than it is for Brazil to provide dollars." It is so much easier that the foreigners may one day ask for their money back. *No problem, we can tell them, just wait for the ink to dry before you haul it away.*

Regrettably for the Brazilians, not to mention for the millions of indebted *americanos*, the candidacy of Pat Robertson collapsed this spring. Robertson advocates a year of Jubilee, in which all debts, public and private, would be canceled every half century or so. At the rate things are going, Robertson looks like a shoo-in for 1992, at the latest. ■



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Party



PEOPLE WHO EVIDENTLY THINK THEY LOOK COOL **Left:** Michael Yassukovich, a junior member of Le Club; movie mannequin Rob Lowe, striking two very natural poses as he treats the audience to a version of "The Wanderer" at Singalong.



▼ **FOREVER YOUNGISH** Bianca Jagger, taking a fashion tip from fellow animal-skin buff Jessica Hahn, acts spontaneous and youthful with *Vanity Fair* social secretary Bob Colacello and *Rolling Stone* boy wonder Jann Wenner at a *Vanity Fair* public-relations event.



▼ **ZERO-SUM SOLUTION** A crasher at Susan Anton's very exclusive dinner party at Rossellini's, tabloid oddity Jessica Hahn celebrates her smaller nose and larger breasts with the *Post*'s Cindy Adams (wearing a very attractive necklace of gold walnuts) and her irrepressible husband—and best friend—Joey.



▼ **ANOTHER MISTAKE MADE BY A KENNEDY** Pat Kennedy Lawford debuts her version of the bubble dress at the National Arts Club dinner for Carlos Fuentes.



▲ **ONE MORE REASON WE DON'T GO OUT MUCH AT NIGHT** An unidentified man in the bathroom at the Tunnel.

◀ **INCREDIBLY LIFELIKE** At the Sheraton Centre ceremony to award Michael Jackson an honorary doctorate, Michael Jackson role models Elizabeth Taylor and Liza Minnelli compete in a sequinathon (1970s Shaggy-Hairstyle Division).

▼ **EVEN MORE INCREDIBLY LIFELIKE** At the International Radio and Television Society Awards at the Waldorf, 60 Minutes correspondents Morley Safer, Ed Bradley and Harry Reasoner display their Gold Medals, and Mike Wallace smiles delightedly at his extra-special prize, an inflatable, life-size (no — it's not miniature), amazingly real-looking Laurence Tisch doll. Behind the award winners

LOST HER HEAD Literary event Tama Janowitz attempts to hold on to her head on two separate occasions.



Preternaturally energetic PR man and SPY reader Bobby Zarem loosens up — as far as is physically possible without damage to his suit — and has fun with fake-jewelry maker Kenny Jay Lane at a *Vanity Fair* PR event.



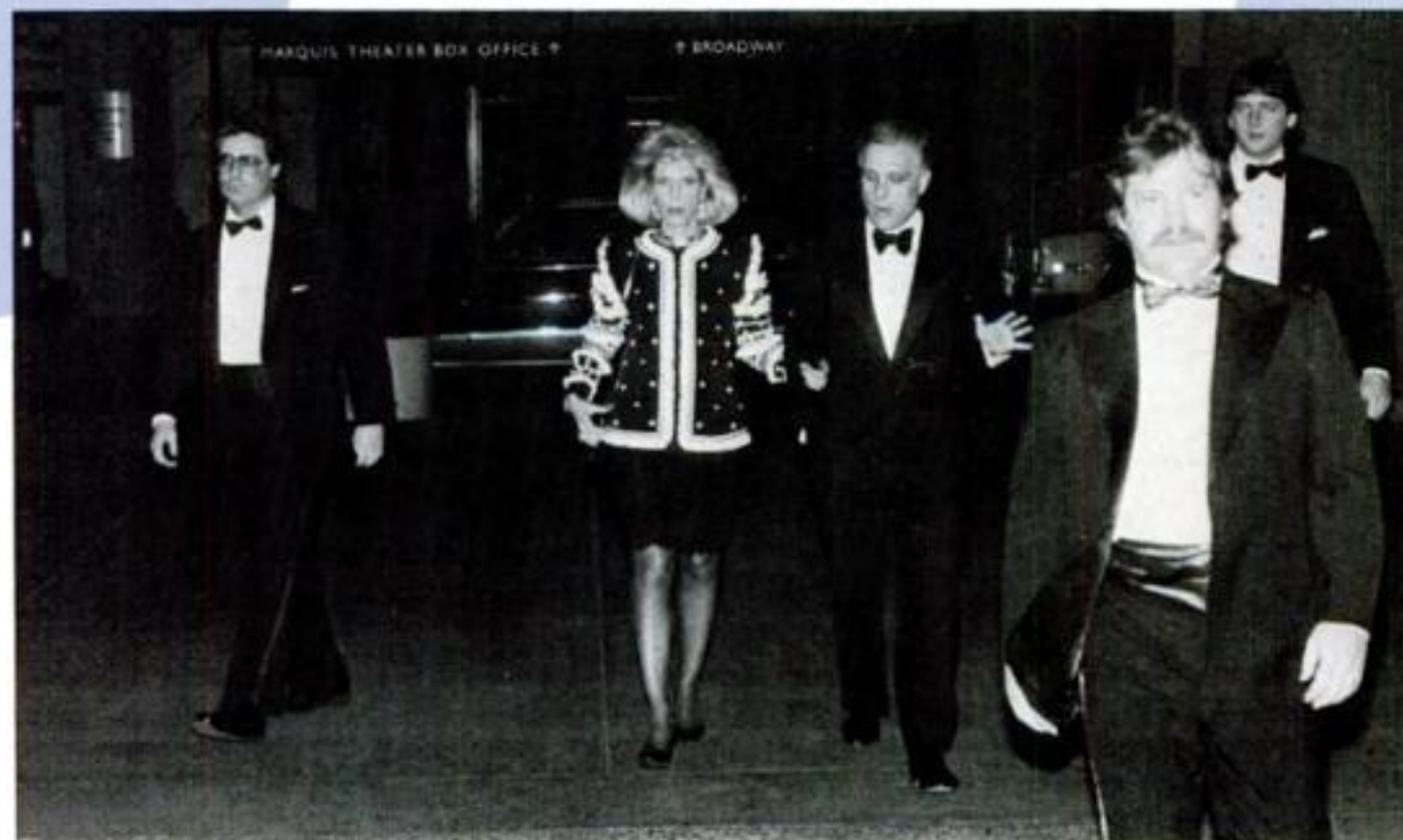
I KNOW YOU ARE BUT WHAT AM I? Playhouse mania is sweeping the Manhattan dinner circuit, as

otherwise dignified partygoers all over town try to outdo one another's Pee-wee Herman impersonations. **Above:** dancer Merrill Ashley did her Pee-wee for heterosexual New York City Ballet master



and dancer turned walker, the heterosexual Peter Martins. **Right:** henpecked Gay Talese tried to look nonchalant and unembarrassed as his long-suffering wife, Nan, a Double-day vice president, performed her impression of the impish comedian at a party for Ben Gazzara's wedding anniversary.

stand wife-powered CBS News president Howard Stringer; tenuously powered CBS Broadcast Group president Gene Jankowski; their entirely sane and stable anchorguy, Dan Rather (note the relaxed, very natural smile); the no-longer-worth-maligning Andy Rooney; and 60 Minutes executive producer-Dick Van Dyke impersonator Don Hewitt.



On his way into a dinner in his honor at the very classy Marriott Marquis, new New York Post owner and Trump wanna-be Peter Kalikow enjoys some of the fruits of power: now he can travel in the stimulating company of three guys named Randy in bad tuxedos.

Pop

Gone FISHIN'



BY CELIA BRADY

THE WRITERS GUILD STRIKE HAS, of course, been the recent topic of choice in town.

Are writers unhappy? At first the strike offered them the chance to work on speculative screenplays or TV pilots, which they'll attempt to sell three weeks after the strike ends—enough time to make it appear as though they weren't working on the script they weren't supposed to be working on. But by the twelfth week of the strike, the soap opera writers were talking about quitting the union and the studios were canceling writing contracts that they wanted to get out of.

The strike is not without intrigue, however. First: the guild failed to notify certain independent producers of the strike—as they are legally obliged to do—among them, Ernie Chambers and Ken Kragen, who are doing *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* on CBS, and Ivan Reitman, who is having three sets of writers (including William Goldman) work on his film *Twins*.

Second: there are constant rumors of a major split within the Writers Guild—between the screenwriters and the television people. The names most often mentioned in association with this rift are screenwriters Goldman and Carl Gottlieb. Their contention is that because this strike is about the residuals paid to writers of one-hour television dramas, it's impossible for one guild to represent the disparate concerns of sitcom writers, soap opera writers, one-hour-drama writers, comedy-variety show writers and screenwriters.

So when will the strike be over? The smart money was betting on this month. June is the month when the networks begin to get serious about their fall production schedules. It's also the month when they begin to hear pitches for the following

season's pilots. And, equally important, it's when the television writers have just about enough time remaining to finish all those scripts they supposedly weren't working on. However, the union failed to calculate the combined effect that the upcoming Olympics, World Series and election coverage would have on the networks' ability to maintain their position. The networks just don't feel the pressure to settle that they would in a normal season.

Trims and Ends: Our "Absence of Malice (or Integrity)" award of the month goes to once respectable journalist Aaron Latham for his piece on the Lorimar-Warners merger in *Manhattan, inc.* It's amazing how easy it is to portray Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz as the good guy—especially when he's *your* agent. Actually, we meant to give this award to Latham four months ago for his *Manhattan, inc.* piece lavishing praise on the progeny of Barry Diller. Never—or at least not since the days of former journalist Tony Schwartz—have we seen someone toady so in print for a movie deal. No, we made a mistake—we *really* meant to give the award to Latham for his story *the month before* in *Manhattan, inc.* about Jim Bridges's heroic efforts to save the film version of *Bright Lights, Big City*. Latham shows Bridges his magazine pieces (sometimes before they are published) just in case Bridges wants to make a movie from them, as he did with *Urban Cowboy* and *Perfect...* The marketing department at 20th Century Fox is in a tizzy about how to market the coming Jim Brooks-produced, Penny Marshall-directed film *Big*. It's the story of how a 12-year-old boy wakes up one morning to find himself in Tom Hanks's body—which was also, of course, more or less the plot of the unsuccessful Judge Reinhold vehicle *Vice Versa* and the unsuccessful Dudley Moore vehicle *Like Father, Like Son* and the unsuccessful George Burns vehicle *18 Again!*... And finally, this chastening thought: Warren Beatty has always been one of Hollywood's vainest actors. (Recall the commotion during the publicity tour for *Ishtar* when he refused to allow interviews to be videotaped, insisting film made him look better.) During a recent casting session in L.A., Beatty's name was brought up for consideration as the romantic lead in the movie. A 33-year-old screenwriter is reported to have winced and said, "Beatty? Forget it. As far as 20-year-olds are concerned today, he's the George Hamilton of the eighties." ■

Nostalgic TORTURE



BY ADAM-TROY CASTRO

WE ALL LIKE TO TORTURE OURSELVES. We like to chew that needle-shaped flap of skin hanging from the corner of our fingernail and drink boiling hot coffee when we have a pizza burn on the roof of our mouth. Such pain is fun. Such pain is pleasurable.

TOPIC
A

But for really exquisite agony, agony that shrivels the soul, nothing beats looking at rising real estate prices and reminding yourself that you're never, ever going to live as well as your parents. As with all pointless cruelties, the rules are simple. Step One: Find a modestly priced suburban house. I found a nice two-story frame house in Larchmont, only three blocks from the traffic noises on Weaver Street but within walking distance of both a grocery store and an elementary school. The shaded property's attractions include a two-car garage, a separate laundry room, a rec room and a deck overlooking a tidy green backyard. All in all, a nice place to raise your children—the kind of house Archie Andrews lived in. Asking price in early 1988: \$675,000. Call this House A.

It's also possible to find a city house for sale at that price—not easy, but possible. After a miserable search through the archives of the Real Estate Board of New York, I found one on a 15-by-100-foot lot on East 52nd Street between Second and Third Avenues that sold for \$530,000 in 1980. This four-story townhouse has a railed courtyard, a sunken entrance and a terrace on the second floor. To be scrupulously factual, it *has* appreciated considerably in the last few years and it's not actually a townhouse, it's a "city residence"—but real estate agents had some difficulty explaining the distinction to me. Let's accept \$675,000 as the price of a reasonably nice house in the city or the suburbs and move on. ➡➡➡

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Step Two: Determine what \$675,000 would have been in 1968 money—\$216,000—and see whether essentially the same amount of money would have bought you essentially the same amount of house. This is where the pain begins.

In 1968, it's hard to find a city residence (you know what I mean) that costs anywhere near that much. One large house on East 51st Street, smothered in ivy and wrought-iron grillwork, combines the spectacular lavishness and spectacular ugliness that is the *mise-en-scène* for early 1970s Roman Polanski movies. You could buy *two* of these houses and still have enough to furnish them with period driftwood tables, wicker chairs suspended from the ceiling and sunken living rooms buried in shag carpeting. This is House B.

Step Three: Determine what that \$216,000 would have been in 1948 dollars—\$150,000—and see what kind of house you could have had 40 years ago for what was, remember, the same amount of money.

In 1948, \$150,000 buys you a waterfront house in Mamaroneck adjoining Long Island Sound. (Trust me: in 1948 you would have wanted to live in Westchester County.) Actually, "surrounded by Long Island Sound" is more accurate: the property occupies more than two acres on the end of a windswept peninsula. Waves crash against the shore on three sides.

The house itself is an ivy-choked mock-Tudor mansion redolent of the days when good help was easy to buy. Inside there are six fireplaces, five bedrooms (plus separate quarters for a butler and two maids), a gun room, an extensive wine cellar, a dining room that seats 30, and separate dressing rooms and showers for guests who drop by to use the Olympic-size swimming pool, as people *will* do. This is House C.

Back in 1937, the 19-by-48-foot four-story townhouse on East 49th Street near Third Avenue that Katharine Hepburn bought cost only \$30,000, and would probably have been only an additional \$5,000 eleven years later. On our \$150,000 budget, she would have had enough left over to buy the three adjoining houses and create a huge compound, as well as to hire a gardener to water the plants that are currently dying in her windows.

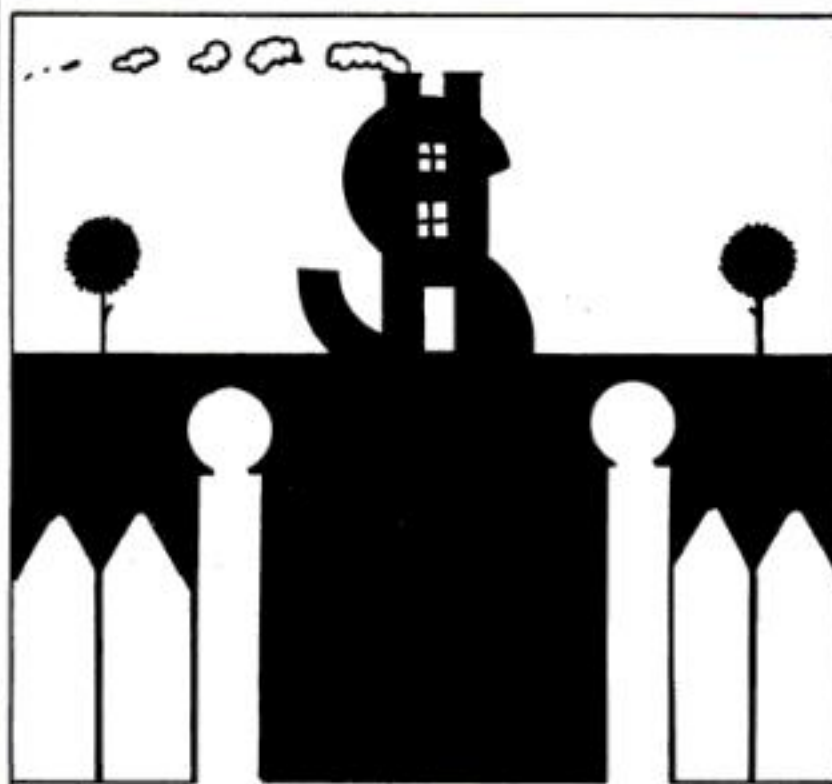
That brings us to Step Four, the crushing blow: Reverse the order of comparison. This time we start in 1948 with the nice,

average House A, and we determine whether other nice families, entering the real estate market in subsequent decades with what is, after inflation, *essentially the same amount of money*, could afford to live in anything much more spacious than an empty Entenmann's box.

In 1948, House A was worth about \$20,000. You would have needed a down payment of \$1,000, unless you were a veteran with a good credit history, in which case some brokers would have let you have the house with no money down.

In 1968 that \$20,000 is \$29,000—kind of mingy for the 1968 market, but with some creative financing you could pick up a new two-story, four-bedroom Colonial on half an acre in New Rochelle.

In 1988 that \$29,000 is \$89,000. Try to



find a house at that price. According to both New York City and Westchester County real estate brokers, it is nearly impossible.

Actually, if you search very hard, in a depressed neighborhood, you can find \$89,000 houses in Westchester. There are some in Ossining, within driving distance of the Sing Sing Correctional Facility; there have to be, or the prison staff wouldn't have anywhere to live.

But in Manhattan? This is the final step into masochism. Call a Manhattan broker and tell him you want to buy a city residence. You don't want a mortgage; you have all the cash—\$89,000—in your hands. That's \$20,000 more than a midtown residence cost in 1968 and three times as much as Katharine Hepburn paid for her house in 1937. Tell him to hurry up, because you're a busy person and you have things to do.

Then wait for the dial tone and try again. ☛

Run, Harold,

R U N



BY RICHARD STENGEL

THE VOICE—LOW, WORLD-WEARY, wavering only slightly—has the timbre of statesmanship, even wisdom. He talks, as Wordsworth once put it, as a man speaking to men. Not in 15-second sound-bites

or with vain, pithy slogans, for he is as incapable of short talk as he is of small talk. No, his concern is with the big issues—war

and peace, nuclear disarmament, jobs—and, frankly, he has neither the time nor the inclination for banter and baby-kissing.

Now that Robert Dole has thrown in the towel and Pat Robertson no longer has a prayer, Republican Harold Stassen, 81, the resolutely independent former governor of Minnesota, is the only candidate who might still deny George Bush the GOP nomination. Bush bills himself as the candidate of experience, the only man with the practical knowledge to be chief of state. But when it comes to experience, Bush is green and callow compared with Harold Stassen. Bush has run for president only twice; this is Stassen's eighth trip along the presidential highway. He was running hard when George Bush was barely out of Yale.

You know Harold Stassen—at least, you think you do. "Some call me Hal," he says. "Some say 'Gov,' some say 'Commander.' It depends on how they knew me. But I've been called a whole lot worse things than that," he says.

Some of us knew him as "Childe Harold," the "Boy Wonder" of Minnesota politics when, in 1938, he became the youngest governor in American history. He first ran for president ten years later, when he almost plucked the Republican nomination from Thomas Dewey. He has launched his quixotic candidacy almost every four years since then, running always as a populist, a man of the people, a fellow

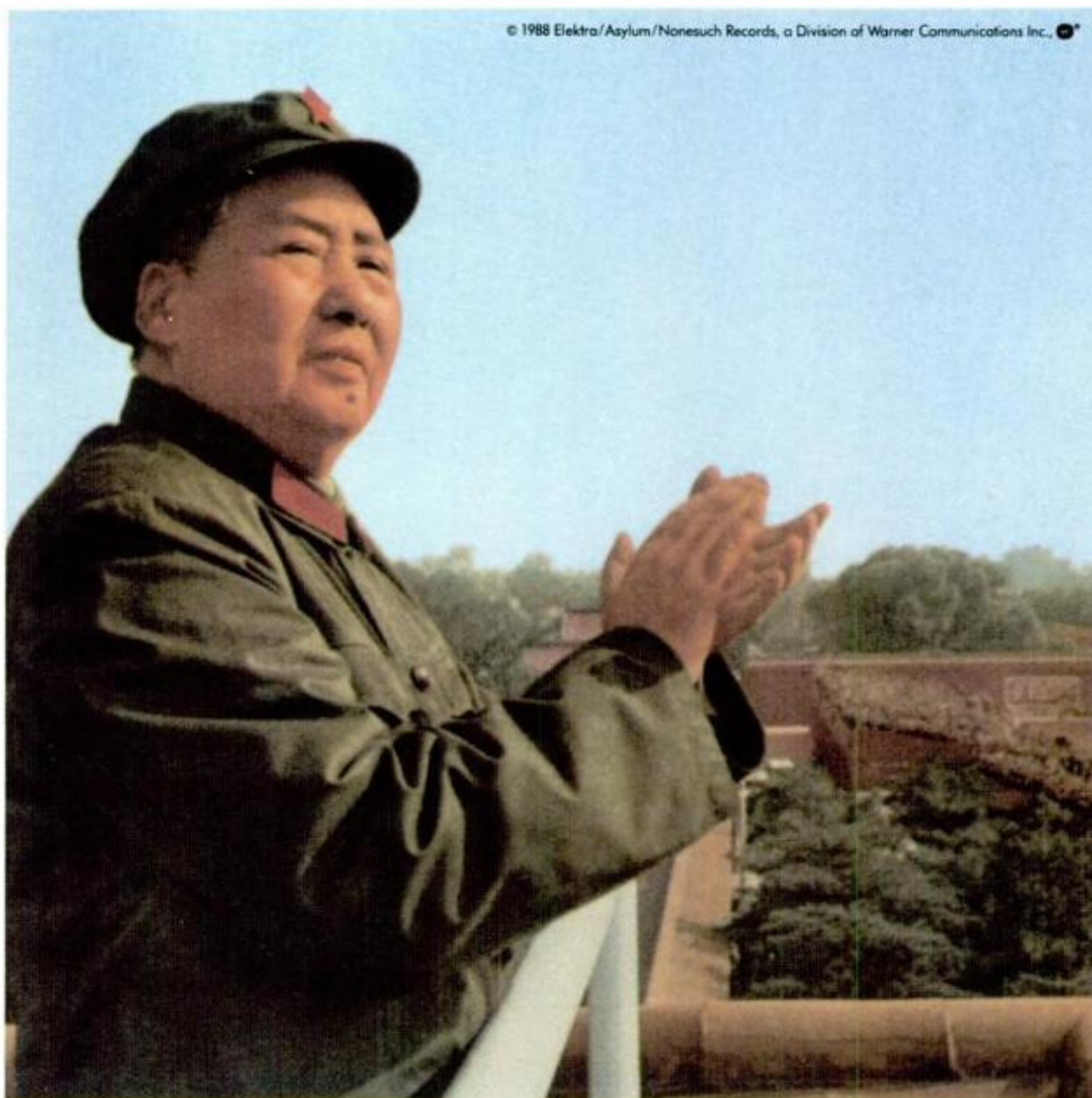
who shoulders his own garment bag and drives his own rental car.

George Bush is the probable Republican nominee. No one doubts that, not even Harold Stassen. But Stassen won't take the bait and criticize his opponent. "I will not attack personally any other candidate," he says firmly. This is, perhaps, why he alone remains in the race, months after slash-and-burn candidacies like that of Robert Dole have ended. Stassen is running a "positive" campaign; he is riding above the fray. But it was something negative that prompted him to throw his fedora back into the ring last fall. "I decided to get back in the political arena last September," Stassen says resolutely, "because I recognized that the candidates were talking about superficial themes and not hitting the real issues. There was the general attitude that I was too late. Both the media and the other candidates questioned whether I had time to get my campaign going."

But Stassen was there, tramping through the snows of New Hampshire, and he was there loping through the cornfields of Iowa. It is no wonder that his campaign is evergreen. Stassen, more than anyone else, is the candidate of new ideas. Forget Gary Hart: Stassen, who was a member of Ike's National Security Council, was talking about military reform back in the 1950s, when Hart was still ogling cheerleaders. The drug problem? Jesse Jackson is a Johnny-come-lately. When Stassen ran for a house seat in Minnesota's fourth district in 1986, he advocated making it a drug-free zone.

Journalists marvel at how little Jesse Jackson is spending on his campaign. Stassen spends less. They are surprised by how close Jackson is able to get to ordinary voters. But Jackson is Louis XIV compared with Stassen, who buys his own toothpaste, takes commercial flights and can be called directly at his home number in Sunfish Lake. He has part-time volunteers, several of them, and only one paid campaign staff member. He embodies fiscal prudence in the running of his campaign, a sign of credibility to the voters, who know that in politics the means are the ends in process. "I haven't raised much," says Stassen, "but I also haven't spent much." His kill ratio (campaign lingo for votes-per-dollar-spent) is, at approximately 79 cents per vote, miles ahead of Bush's, and even outdoes Jackson's.

His no-frills effort "will be a campaign



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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

An album by the group Cowboy Junkies, Whites Off Earth Now, is one that I am sure no thinking person can fail to agree with, in principle. But a practical solution to racism is what we are after, and the elimination of whites would still leave several races at one another's mercy. So here's one Caucasian who intends to stick around and make what small contributions he can through the medium of the crossword puzzle. Nuff said. —R.B.

ACROSS

1 and 25. After the Civil War, freedmen were given the impression that they would each receive 40 acres ("lot of land") and a mule ("animal"). This didn't come through.

10. Mister Tex rearranged ("crazy").

11. No-nex backward ("regressive").

12. E, lit, e. Surely *crème de la crème* is a racist term, but at least I never introduced Jesse Jackson, as did Eugene Dorff, the mayor of Kenosha, Wisconsin, by saying, "This country needs a spearchucker, and I think we've got him up on this podium." By *spearchucker*, the mayor said later, he meant "straight shooter."

13. White Castle is a hamburger chain.

14. As in '02. In this country we would usually say "oh-two." But, as I suggested a couple of puzzles ago, we are going to have to figure out how to refer to the first decade of the next century—which will be upon us before we realize. And I don't think we can call it the Ohs. The eighties are already the Ows. I think we are going to have to call it the Aughts. In that decade I will reach my own sixties, if anyone cares (no one cares), so I assume it will be upon us within weeks. A black radio announcer down in Clarksdale, Mississippi, told me recently, "I'm 72 years old *already*," and I know how he felt. Well, I shouldn't say that. To assume that anyone knows how anyone feels is to be guilty of selfism, which is the main problem today. One of the main problems today. The other is otherism—assuming that people are odd ducks and the hell with them. Perhaps we might look at it this way: the truth lies somewhere in between.

16. IND is the Independent subway line, and fit is "suitable."

19. N.D. *rube* rearranged. I don't suppose there are any muddled rural North Dakotans who will get this far in this puzzle. I also don't

suppose that it is my problem. Every clue in this puzzle rests on a bold assumption: that anyone will get it, or will care to. The same is true of every geopolitical figure of speech. Did the Russians ever get what we meant by the Iron Curtain? Did they just now get it, hence *glasnost*? And do we get *glasnost*? At any rate, a clue for *glasnost* is "New Russian tune could be last song." That much we know.

22. It turns out that the person recently reported to have been the first black Rockette is not. According to *Newsweek*, she is "the first black to be hired for the pool of dancers who fill in when permanent Rockettes cannot perform." At any rate, Russell Markert, who founded the Rockettes 63 years ago, reportedly laments the adding of a black dancer in any capacity. He says it will ruin the chorus line's symmetry. I know a lot of people have felt this way about the Supreme Court since Thurgood Marshall, but they hate to say anything, out of respect for the institution. But damn it, it's aesthetics, isn't it, after all? Look what happened in professional basketball. What few white players remain are *all funny-looking*. Boys used to dream of becoming basketball players. Now they dream of becoming black basketball players—because the white ones look like Middle European farmers on an outing (one is actually named Detlef), except for Danny Ainge, who always looks like he is just about to say, "This isn't fair, I'm going to tell." The same thing could happen to the Rockettes, and then where are we?

26. I bowl, mixed up, inside Lido.

27. "Dead Eastern leaders" are *d* and *e*. Then we have Greg consumed by seating.

DOWN

2. The French for *or* is *ou*.

3. Sounds like *their*.

4. He used to call New York "Hymietown," but he meant well, just like the mayor of Kenosha.



5. *Re, Tina*. Retina is used to see.

6. I would like to share with the group that the first blurb I ever did was for a book by Larry L. King, and the blurb was "Ought to get the Nobel prize, but they'll probably give it to some Mexican." So the mayor of Kenosha and Russell Markert and Jesse Jackson aren't the only ones who can be insensitive about ethnic groups. We are the only four, though, and I'll be in my sixties (which is not the same as *the* sixties, I'll bet) pretty soon, and hell, Jesse and Russell and Eugene are probably older than I am. So you folks just suffer with us for a few years and then we'll pass from the scene and you will see a day when there are Mexicans in the Rockettes. You notice I said "Eugene" and "Russell" instead of "Dorff" and "Markert." Otherwise it would have been racist to say "Jesse." Same principle with "Aretha" and "Ben," "Reggie" and "Stonewall," "Thurgood" and "Penny." You want to hear a story that has no place in something so trivial as the clues to a crossword? My friend Ginger Forrest was a second-grade teacher in a Dallas public school. One day Freddie Uribe came to school beaming and said, "My mother's baby came." "Great," said Ginger, "what was it?" Freddie's face fell just slightly. "Oh," he said, "it was a Mexican."

8 and 9. "National" is *federal*, "chest of drawers" is *bureau*, "probe" is *investigation*. Put the heads of *old* and *fart*—*o* and *f*—between 8 and 9 and you have *Federal Bureau of Investigation*, whose heart tended to be on the wrong side during the civil-rights movement and which is at present being sued for discrimination by one of its own (few) black agents, on what would appear to be ample grounds. For instance, a white agent pasted a chimpanzee's face on the black agent's desktop picture of his son.

15. I know that according to scientists the first human being must have been an African woman. But how do you square that with the word of God?

24. As in "right here in black and white." Plural would sound like "Prince."

THE WORMS' TURN Chapter Four

The sensation was like that of being dragged through subsoil by the Michelin man, only with no arms involved and more icky than pneumatic. "Eww!" reflected Blair and Shandy. "Who the hell's idea was it to start a visionary serial novel of the nineties about a homeless bisexual bond-trading couple taken underground by an enormous earthworm? It's disgusting, and we're sick of it."

Will it be continued anyway, in spite of the only human characters' strenuous objections? And if so, what kind of ism is that? Tune in next issue. ☛

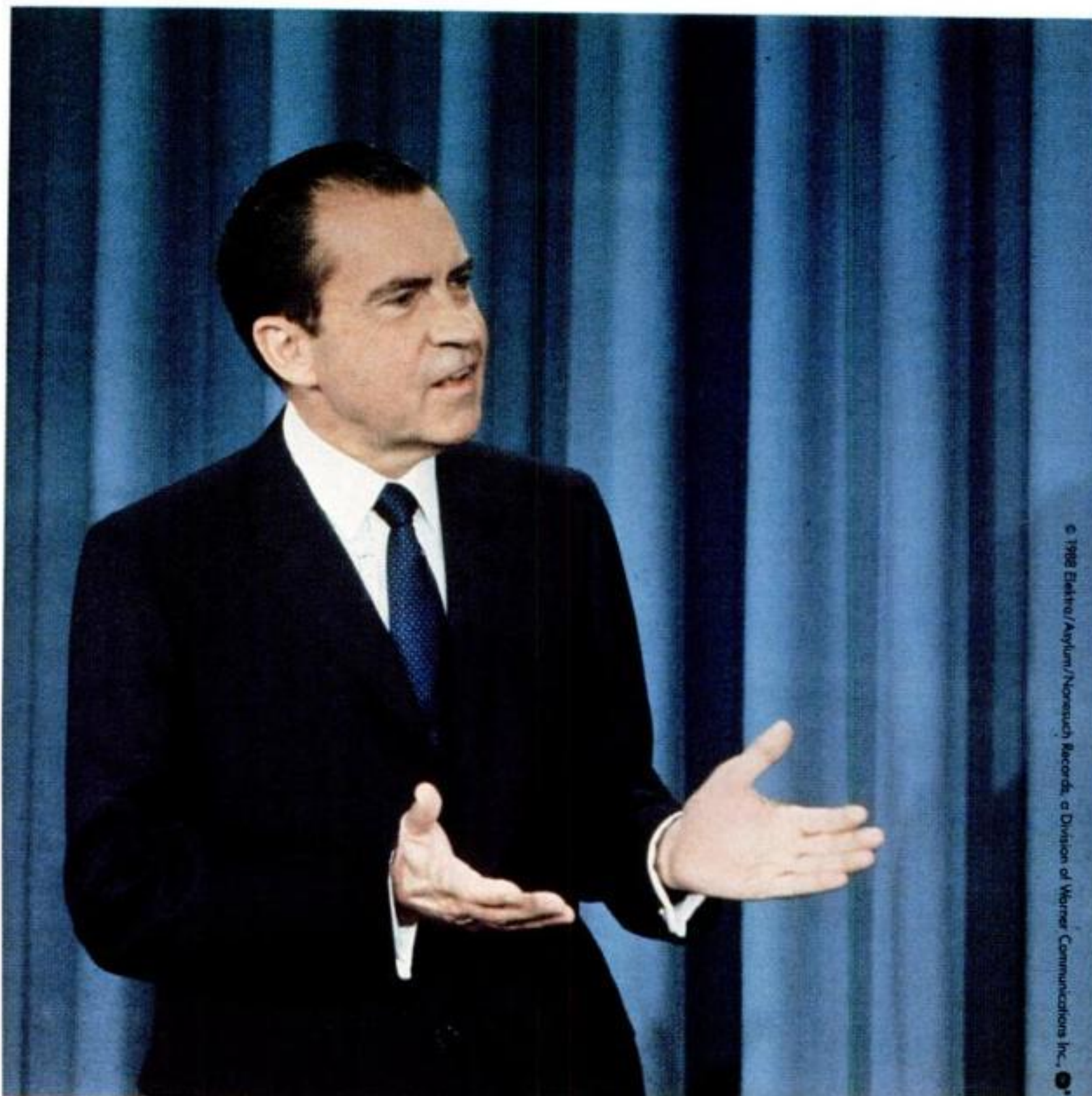
on the issues," he says, "and not one of personality." In responding to those who say he lacks a compelling reason for his candidacy, Stassen wheels out his Four Point Plan. "(1) I feel it is imperative that other countries pay a fair share of their defense. [He proposes a 30 percent defense-fund import tax on all items shipped into the States.]...(2) Zeroing in on agriculture. Moving equity financing behind the family farm, similar to the government getting behind New York City and Chrysler, both of which I was involved in....(3) A better United Nations for the next 40 years. [Stassen is the last remaining U.S. signer of the UN charter in San Francisco.]...(4) A new American child-care system."

Hardly any of the other candidates are nearly this specific. Of course, Stassen can afford to be more explicit because he is not a front-runner, but he is also willing to risk his political neck by going out on a foreign-policy limb. He recently held a Minneapolis press conference to unveil his Middle East plan—actually, he calls it the Near East, but he is referring to the same general place, Israel, Lebanon and the rest. Stassen deliberately kept his announcement low-key; he told me that he did not want to steal "George Shultz's shuttle-diplomacy thunder."

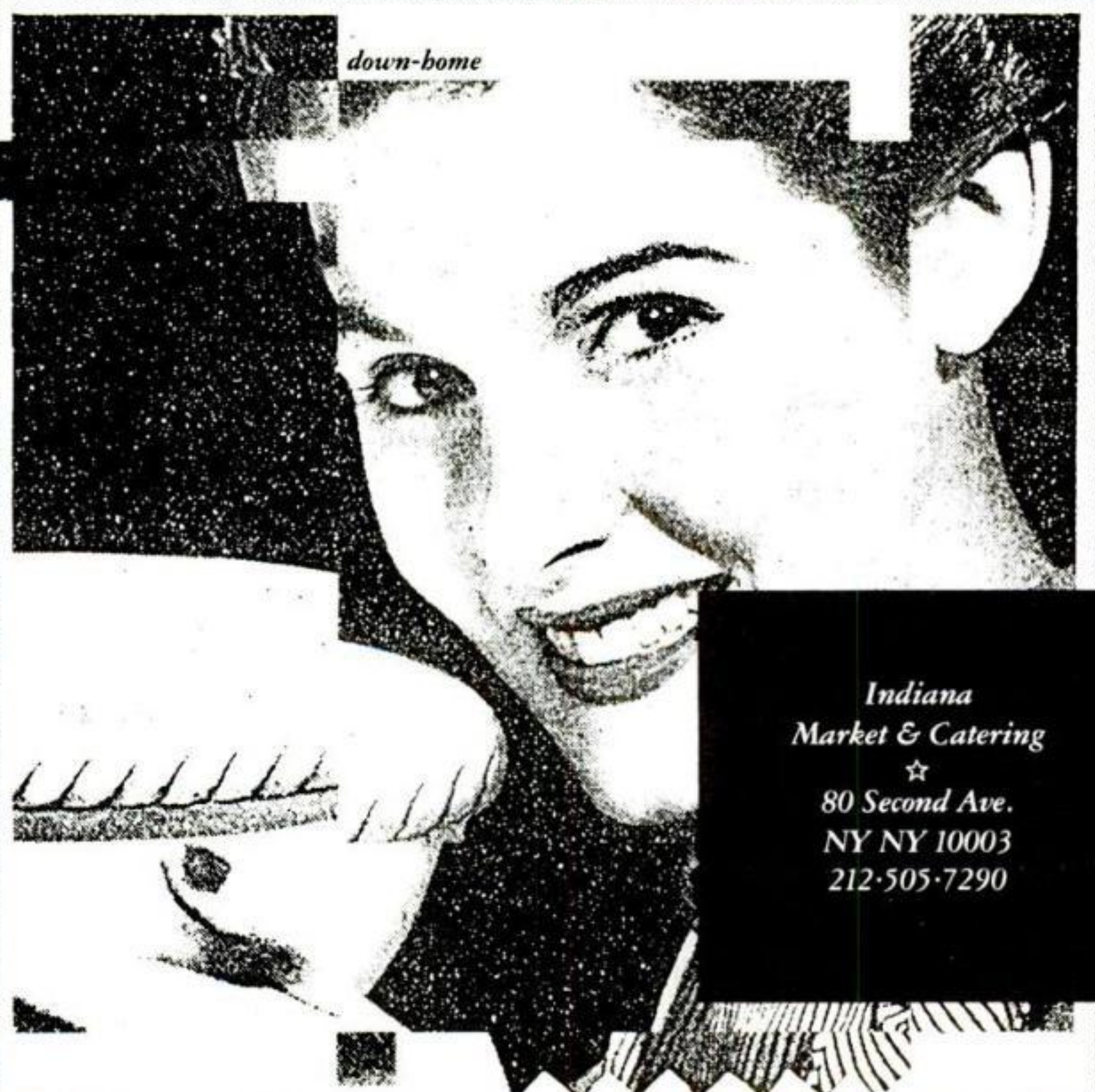
Stassen's style on the stump is not electrifying. But he does not regard this as a handicap. Like Michael Dukakis, for example, who is also a very serious guy, Stassen eschews back-slapping and trumped-up machismo. People talk about a "passion gap" between Stassen and Bush, but Stassen discounts it; he will not reinvent his political persona at this stage of the game.

The one exception to his sober mien is his rather fanciful toupee. In old pictures of Stassen, he was pretty much as bald as the proverbial cue ball. But today he sports a lustrous mop of brown hair, modeled, it would seem, on the Koppel Coiffure. So, why would this totem of credibility wear a rug? One explanation: it is so obvious that he is wearing a toupee that it becomes an inside joke, mocking the emphasis on youth and the hair-that-drapes-across-the-forehead style affected by so many of today's presidential aspirants. It is as if to say, "In my day a bald man could run for president."

I asked Stassen's media consultant about it. James Boyt of James O'Malley Boyt & Company in Des Moines has worked with Stassen on two campaigns,



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a new boy. Boyt, 60, who was a Navy chauffeur before getting into the public-relations business, admires Stassen enormously. "He's the only adult I know that I call Mister," he says. "I advise him on what will work politically, and I'll tell you, we sometimes have some heated discussions while we're driving." Stassen, he says, pays him promptly by personal check. But what about the toupee? "Well, frankly, I think he would look more distinguished without it. I mean, he's 81 years old; you don't need hair anymore."

If elected, Stassen would be America's oldest president, following in the footsteps of America's oldest president. Reagan, you will recall, nimbly sidestepped the age question in 1984 with a well-timed quip: when the question came up at a debate with Walter Mondale, Reagan amiably clucked that he would not hold his opponent's youth and inexperience against him. Stassen refuses to defuse the issue with humor. He confronts it head-on, with a clarity that is another sign of his undiminished powers. "I don't know how you'd get all the experience I've had and be young," he says simply. "You can't have both." Moreover, as he notes, he has science and genetics on his side: "Statistics say that on the average, I have eight or nine more good years of life. I am willing to devote four of those years to the leadership of America. Furthermore, the legend is that on the Norwegian side of my multiethnic ancestry, at the age of 100, they were still commanding Viking ships."

Stassen, like Jesse Jackson, has got something of a free ride during most of the campaign. While they were in the race, Dole and Jack Kemp never criticized Stassen or his positions, and Bush continues not to say a discouraging word. Indeed, a Bush campaign spokesperson refused even to explain why Bush was more qualified than Stassen to be president.

Yet despite his smooth sailing so far, Stassen is a realist. He knows that his fight may not end in electoral victory. He knows that at the moment he does not have the Big Mo on his side. But he will carry on until the Republican convention in August, and he is not entirely pessimistic. "I do feel my four issues are becoming more and more evident," he says. Like Jackson, Stassen is a tree-shaker, not a jelly-maker. "Winning is not my primary concern," he has said. "My primary concern is to move America." ▀

Brooking no QUARTER



BY ELLIS WEINER

ONE NIGHT LAST SOCIAL SEASON I was striding smartly along the border of post-trendy SoHo and semitrendy NoHo—along Ho itself, in fact—fresh from my triumph at having been invited to a big publishing party. I was wearing, for only the second time in my life, a tuxedo. I was flanked by my wife and an equally tuxedo-clad friend; even my wife was wearing a tuxedo, if only mentally. I was young and in love, dressed to the nines and dashing attractively, out for a glittering night on the town with glamorous people who worshiped me. The preceding sentence is false. Still, let's face it: I was, for once, elegant.

We were approached by a shabby black man: bent, loping, obsequious, but also histrionically jaunty, ready to play his role. Of his three possible auditors he chose, unerringly, me. My companions strolled on; I, meanwhile, assumed a physical attitude that I hoped would convey a deep and sincere blanket apology for everything in the universe. Dogging my steps, the man delivered a joke: "Why did God make Adam white? Did you ever see a black man who'd willingly give up a spare rib?"

Outwardly I forced a knowing, nodding laugh. Inwardly, though, I was—touchingly, nobly, uselessly—appalled. *Jesus Christ, I thought, it's bad enough for you that you're forced to ask for money. Do you have to court white people's favor by telling racist jokes? Begging—okay. But don't tell those jokes.*

Then he did indeed ask for money. I dug into the all-but-empty pockets of my satin-striped formal pantswear, came up with a quarter and gave it to him. He stopped, stared in contempt at the coin in his palm, muttered something that did not sound like "Thank you very much" and threw it away. Then he shambled off and I hurried to catch up with the others.

Yes, threw it away. Ambivalence swept over me like a tidal wave, but it also didn't sweep over me like a tidal wave. I felt annoyed (my offering had been rejected); embarrassed (I'd committed a faux pas); resentful (at being embarrassed); bewildered (the rules governing panhandler and panhandlee had apparently been subject to change without notice); regretful (a quarter hadn't been enough); ticked off (a quarter hadn't been enough); ashamed of myself (for only giving that much); proud of myself (for giving something).

I also felt like a rich white boy; a weak-kneed liberal; a cheap Jew; a class oppressor; a race oppressor; a callous bourgeois; an outraged citizen—not to mention a sucker, a chump, a patsy and a schmuck. My tuxedo, symbol of all my privilege and security, turned to ashes in my mouth, or would have, had I been eating it.

And maybe I should have been eating it. I tell you that eating my tuxedo would be no more ridiculous than what I ordinarily go through when approached by one of these wretched people—assuming, of course, that they are wretched.

Say I give one money: I feel bad. Indignant, stupid thoughts leap up shouting in my brain. What if he has figured out a way to fake abject misery? What if, in his supposedly pitiable life-style, he's happy? And even if he is really and truly miserable, aren't I encouraging the laziness, the fecklessness, the self-pitying feelings of victimization through which he brought this on himself? I shouldn't have done it.

Or say I don't give him money: I feel bad. Am I kidding? I can't spare a lousy quarter, or a dollar, or even more? Of course I can. Then what's the problem? I disapprove? Of what? Who cares if, when he says he needs 18 cents "for a subway token to get back to Rockaway," he means "for another bottle of Night Train to get plastered"? Do I think he's trying to get away with something—that, in his filth, bad health, rootlessness and general all-around social degradation, he's getting a free ride? Just why did I refuse? I shouldn't have done it.

It goes on. If I give money to one, then to all the others that day I certainly say no, and harbor the ludicrous desire to say—as though they were all representatives of a single charitable organization who had somehow gotten their jurisdictions confused—"There must be some mistake. I already gave." I'm more likely to respond

favorably to a guy with a clear gaze and a snappy request than to a rheumy-eyed alcoholic barely able to hold his hand out—in other words, I'll pay the one who is more able to go out and earn it himself.

And excuse me, but did somebody say "earn"? What does "earn" mean? Does, say, Ed McMahon "earn" \$152 jillion more per year than, say, an English teacher in an urban public school, who daily risks life and limb before a gang of students who probably think an adverb is a verb in an ad and a pronoun is a noun that plays for money? And if material well-being is not commensurate with labor and personal merit, then are destitute street people failures, victims, criminals, loafers, or what?

Unless the grown-up has the politics of a 50-megaton Republican or the insensitivity of a Latin American police interrogator, there is no way to experience anything but emotional confusion and intellectual meltdown when encountering these people who have, for one reason or another, broken their contract with capitalism and then proceeded to flaunt that fact in the grown-up's face. Beggars, bums, panhandlers, winos, indigents—whatever you call them, they are kryptonite to the grown-up's deepest complacency about life and society. (Actually, what we call them these days is "the homeless"—a perfect term for the eighties. It embodies the decade's obsession with real estate, and partakes of the Century 21 agent's pseudogracious, dumbbell-sappy substitution of *home* for the more accurate, less sentimental *house*.)

Some people I know carry a supply of cash—quarters, usually (the cheap bastards)—specifically to distribute on demand. That strikes me as a good idea—within limits. The experience of my father (who is nicer than I) is instructive. Years ago, returning from a successful business meeting, he bought something at a newsstand on Eighth Avenue. A man asked him for a handout. Feeling chipper, my father figured what the hell and gave the guy all the change he'd just received—three bucks. The man thanked him, walked a few steps and dropped dead of a heart attack.

Felled by disproportionate generosity? Or summoned by his Maker with a smile on his face? Whichever, one fact remains: most people who hear this story ask my father a single question, one that it didn't occur to me to ask. And that question is, *Did you take the money back?* ☹

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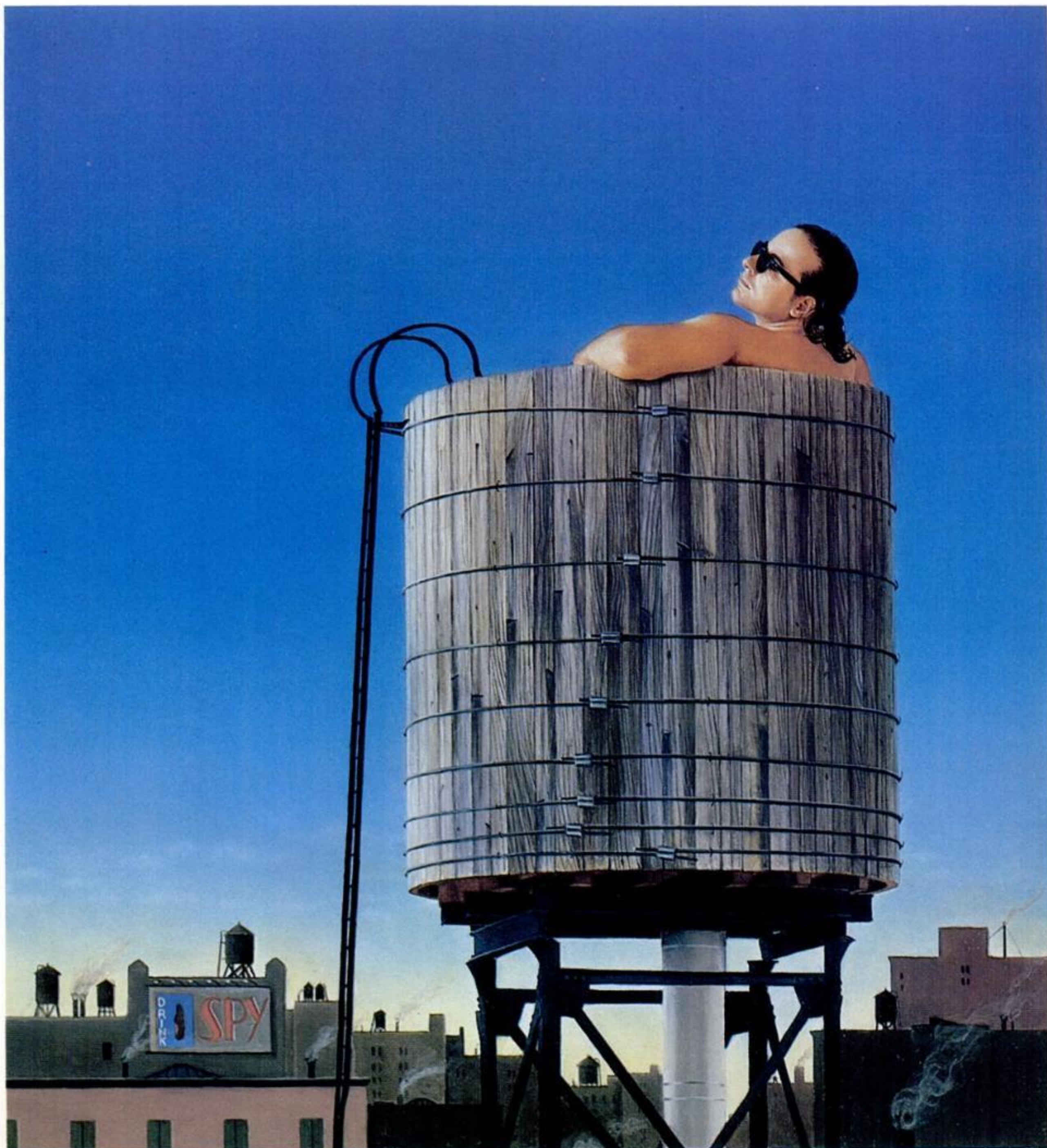




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M O N D A Y T U E S D A Y W E D N E S D A Y

THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

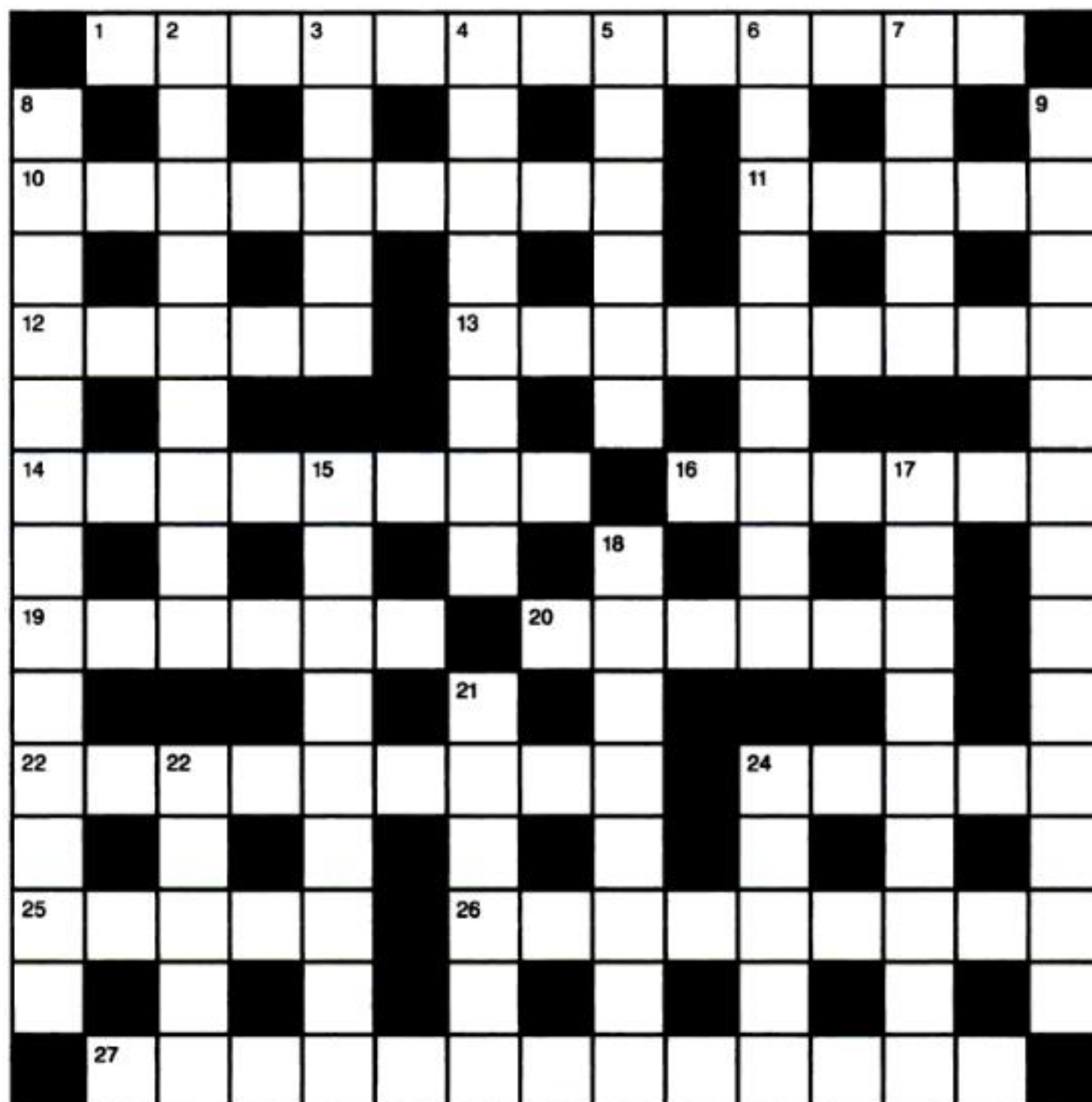
In Black and White

ACROSS

1. With 25, lot of land animal (hitched by odd Dana) promised to ex-slaves. (5,5,3,1,4)
10. Crazy Mister Tex sees things in black and white. (9)
11. Regressive no-necks, sounds like, in this club. (5)
12. Crème de la crème in East illuminated East. (5)
13. Burger chain less pasty as *colored* fortress. (3,6)
14. Should, we hear, in Brits' second year of century. (5,3)
16. Love is where you have subway in suitable surroundings. (4,2)
19. North Dakota rube muddled by what imperialistic white man carried, he maintained. (6)
20. Communist Party line, oddly, might be used to mark gray areas. (6)
22. Recently integrated group has kicks coming. (9)
24. Agent in place in bit of greenery. (5)
25. (See 1.)
26. Confused, I bowl in Lido with pale desire. (3,6)
27. Breaking down separatism in seating consuming Greg, following dead Eastern leaders. (13)

DOWN

2. Native canoe or French horse. (9)
3. Yonder is owned by them, we hear. (5)
4. "O batwing wild"—what Jesse Jackson calls New York now. (1,3,4)
5. Used to see about Ms. Turner. (6)
6. Person who's overheated as Mexican in ferment. (3,6)
7. What daring high-flier works with, breaking even. (2,3)
8. With 9, national chest-of-drawers probe, given old fart heads in middle, would form racist organization. (7,6,13)
15. Perhaps the severe remark by Adam on first feeling a nudge in his ribs. (6,3)
17. Firedog's damn tail a-wagging. (9)
18. Come up with *Gowasi, eh?* as colonialist answer to "Who is president of Zambia?" (2,2,1,3)
21. Story in Southern Rhodesia is less fresh. (6)
23. Create talk around crow's nest, we hear. (5)
24. Black and white if not singular would sound like *Purple Rain* creator. (5)



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

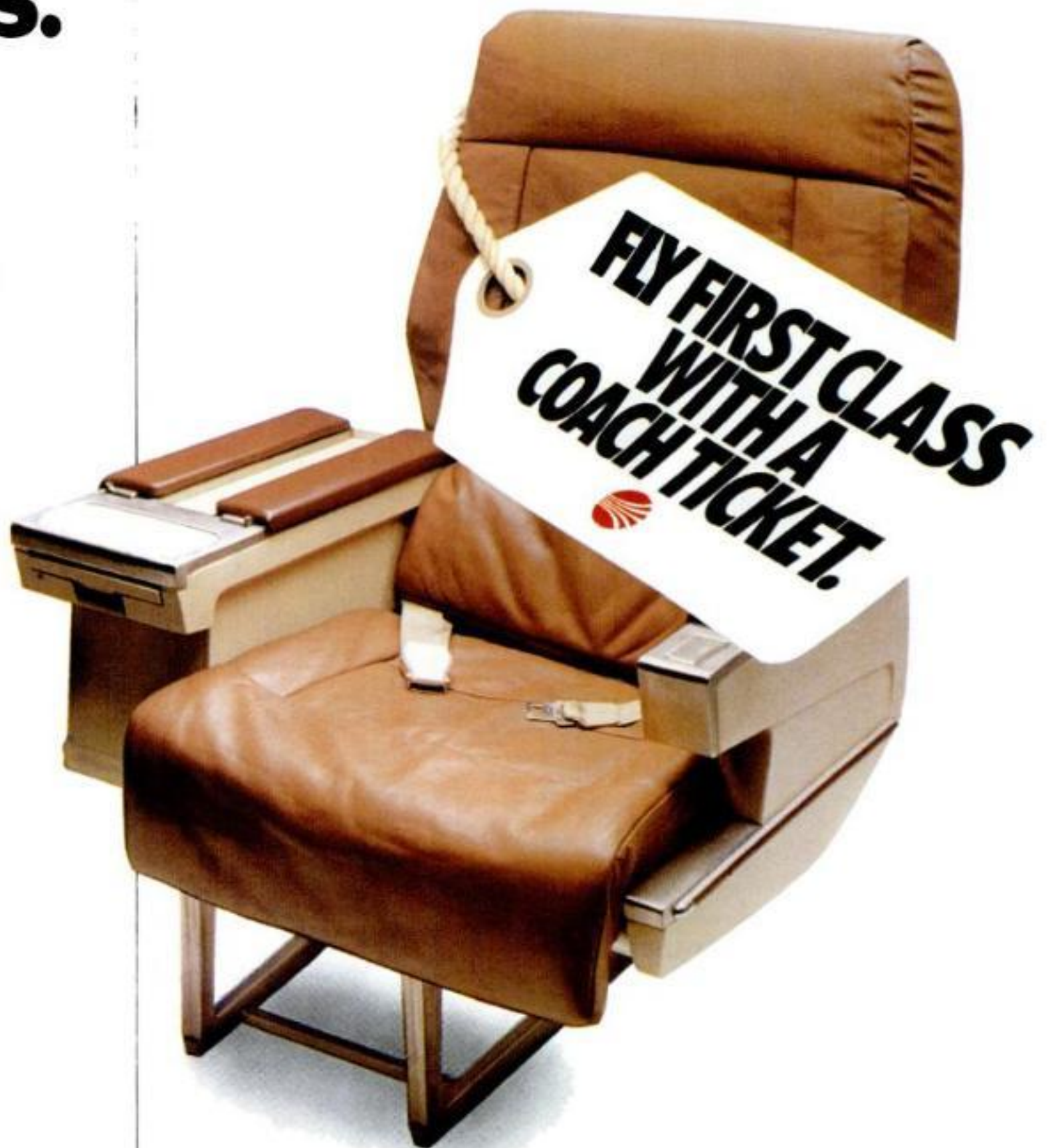


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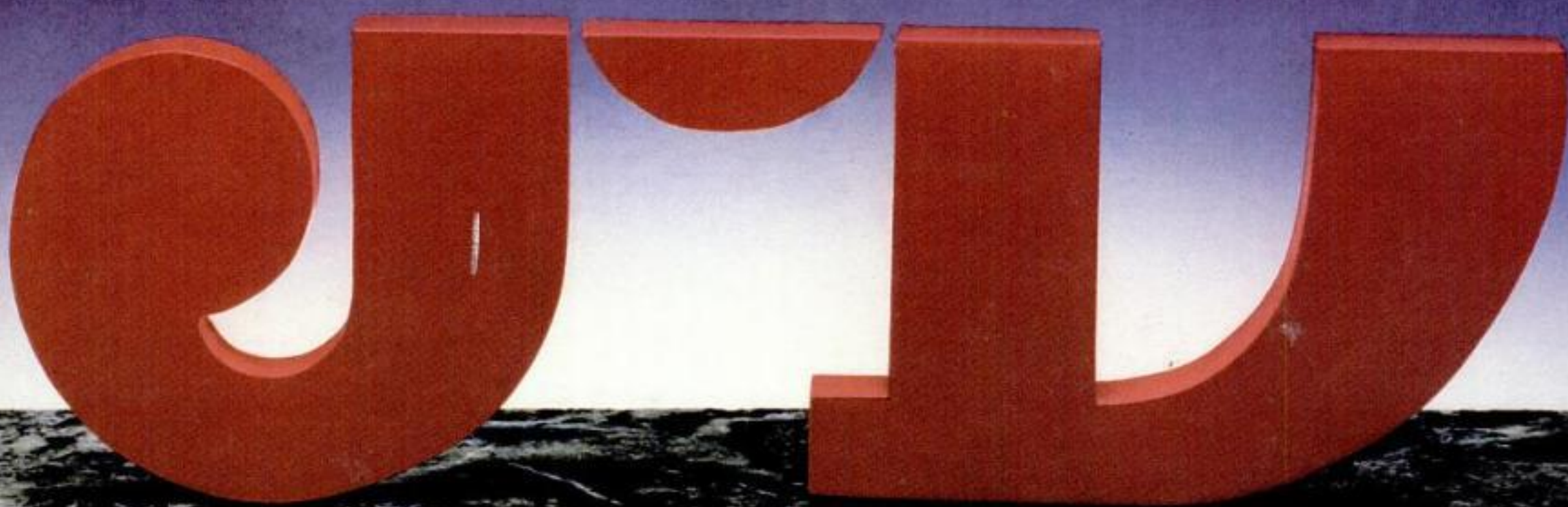
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